

THE



QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. LIII.

PUBLISHED IN

FEBRUARY & APRIL, 1835.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1835.

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FRIDAY 4 APRIL 1853

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LONDON:
Printed by **WILLIAM CLOWES and Sons,**
Stamford-Street.

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ART. I.—*Wanderings in New South Wales, Batavia, Pedir Coast, Singapore, and China; being the Journal of a Naturalist during 1832, 1833, and 1834.* By George Bennett, Esq., F.L.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. London, 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.

IF our readers are as weary of new novels as we confess ourselves to be, they will thank us for pointing out a book of travels, which carries one rapidly and pleasantly over a wide diversity of sea and land; presents many objects of natural history, and traits of social peculiarity, well calculated to excite and gratify our curiosity; and is distinguished by a merit now exceedingly rare among writers of this once rough-spun class, namely, freedom from the slang and cant of sentiment. Mr. Bennett sometimes, no doubt, treats of serious subjects in too light a vein; but we acknowledge that, as his offences in this way are not numerous, we are willing to overlook them on account of the satisfaction which results from the absence of pseudo-poetical raptures about nothing. Most recent travellers seem to have been bit with the ambition of rivalling those overgrown babies, male and female, honourable and right honourable, who record the ecstasies of 'what they call their minds' in the gilded pages of the *Annals*. We do not pretend to class Mr. Bennett, on the whole, with such authors as Captain Basil Hall and Sir Francis Head; but he has, in common with them, what must be felt as among their chief excellencies—a manly temperament, and a thorough scorn of puerile rhetoric.

We are told little or nothing of Mr. Bennett's own condition or personal objects—and in this omission we acknowledge another wholesome deviation from the prevalent fashion. We infer, however, that he has been employed for some years as a surgeon in the merchant service; and are hopeful that his literary adventure may stimulate many of the well-educated gentlemen who in these piping days of peace are content with such employment, to improve the opportunities which their mode of life affords for the extension of natural science in almost all its departments. Humbly as their position may be thought of, we are of opinion that it is in their own power, by so doing, to elevate it very effectually in general estimation. The number of persons destined for this branch of

the medical profession, who can afford to cultivate and expand their minds by extensive travel at their own charges, is extremely limited. A few voyages in a merchant-ship afford a very good succedaneum, and may serve to fill up not only pleasantly, but in every sense of the word profitably, those years which hang the heaviest on the spirits, as well as the purse, of the young practitioner, whether in town or village. No professional man, it must be remembered, is so effectually fettered to the spot, after he has once settled himself in life, as he who labours in this honourable walk. The lawyer has his long vacation, and usually contrives, in these days of steam-boating, to refresh himself with an annual excursion, either to another of his Majesty's kingdoms, or to some interesting part of the Continent. But a week after he has been bawling himself hoarse in the noisome atmosphere of Westminster Hall, he may be detected in eating *pâtés de chamois* on the Simplon, or dancing reels in the Hebrides, or gliding in a *carriole* amidst the gloom of a Norwegian forest; nay, by skilful management, he may re-appear at Michaelmas with a budget of good stories from Moscow or Constantinople—or even bring back with him from Jerusalem a legitimate claim to the style and title of *Hadgi*. Even the parish clergyman may occasionally command a furlough, and enlarge and strengthen his attachment to his own country and calling by a few months' perambulation of less favoured regions. But the country doctor is a complete fixture; nay, it is considered as the most hazardous thing in the world, even for the first-rate physician or surgeon of London, to absent himself for a fortnight on end, even at the dullest season of the year, from the habitual scene of his exertions. We believe a Halford or a Brodie would no more dream of spending an August at Töplitz or Baden, than a Pemberton or a Follett of passing a winter at Washington or St. Petersburg. In short, patients are apt to regard and resent it as a positive injury, when they are compelled, by the absence of a first confidant, to make their delicate discoveries to a second. On every account, then, the young *Æsculapian*, if he has any ambition to 'survey mankind with extensive view,' ought to make *carpe diem* his motto.

Mr. Bennett's title-page has this defect—that it does not prepare us for finding a considerable portion of his book occupied with observations made neither in New South Wales, nor Batavia, nor China, but on ship-board, while far enough from any land whatever. This part of the work is, however, about the most interesting; and no wonder—for here he has had time and opportunity to test his first-sight impressions by subsequent remark and experiment, much more largely than with respect to any of the announced scenes of his 'Wanderings.' The mass of facts which

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he has brought together concerning the oceanic birds, in particular, appears to be highly curious. We shall not, however, in this place, consider critically what additions he has made to the materials of science strictly so called—we mean as to the addition of species, if not of genera, to the zoological system; but afford the general reader some specimens of the style in which he describes those incidents of his life at sea which he has turned to solid account in the technical sections of his Appendix.

We begin with a paragraph or two on that well-known phenomenon which has so long perplexed and divided our philosophers,—the peculiar phosphoric light given out by the ocean, more especially and more brilliantly in tropical regions, during the absence of the sun's rays. Mr. Bennett had one splendid opportunity of witnessing this effect when traversing the bay of Manilla. He thus writes:—

'The wake of the vessel is one broad sheet of phosphoric matter, so brilliant as to cast a dull, pale light over the after-part of the ship; the foaming surges, as they gracefully curl on each side of the vessel's prow, are similar to rolling masses of liquid phosphorus; whilst in the distance, even to the horizon, it seems an ocean of fire—and the distant waves, breaking, give out a light of inconceivable beauty.'—vol. i. p. 36.

'It must not be for a moment conceived that the light described as like to a sea of "liquid fire," is of the same character as the flashes produced by the volcano, or by lightning, or meteors. No: it is the light of phosphorus, as the matter truly is, pale, dull, approaching to a white or very pale yellow, casting a melancholy light on objects around, only emitting flashes by collision. To read by it is possible, but not agreeable; and, on an attempt being made, it is almost always found that the eyes will not endure the peculiar light for any length of time, as headaches and sickness are occasioned by it.'—p. 36.

Having stated his concurrence in the opinion, that this brilliant appearance is mainly occasioned by shoals of the molluscos and crustaceous tribes, but that it may often be accounted for merely by the *débris* of dead animal matter with which sea-water is loaded—our author gives us the result of a practical experiment of his own on the 8th of June, 1832, after a large shoal of fish had been observed:—

'Late at night the mate of the watch came and called me to witness a very unusual appearance in the water, which he, on first seeing, considered to be breakers. On arriving upon the deck, this was found to be a very broad and extensive sheet of phosphorescence, extending in a direction from east to west as far as the eye could reach: the luminosity was confined to the range of animals in this shoal—there was no similar light in any other direction. I cast the towing-

net over the stern of the ship, as we approached nearer the luminous streak, to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary and so limited phenomenon. The ship soon cleaved through the brilliant mass, from which, by the disturbance, strong flashes of light were emitted; and the shoal (judging from the time the vessel took in passing through the mass) may have been a mile in breadth: the passage of the vessel through them increased the light around to a far stronger degree, illuminating the ship. On taking in the towing net, it was found half filled with *pyrosoma atlanticum*, which shone with a beautiful pale greenish light—and there were also a few small fish in the net at the same time; after the mass had been passed through, the light was still seen astern until it became invisible in the distance, and the whole of the ocean then became hidden in darkness as before this took place. The scene was as novel as it was beautiful and interesting, more so from having ascertained, by capturing the luminous animals, the cause of the phenomenon.'—vol. i. p. 39, 40.

Of the length to which albigores, bonitos, sharks, and dolphins will follow a ship Mr. Bennett gives us many striking instances. One albicore having been wounded on the back by some sharp instrument, leaving a noticeable scar, first caught his attention on this voyage, 3° north latitude, and he continued to recognize it almost daily as far as latitude 11° south—a distance of eight hundred and fifty miles. The length of aerial voyages accomplished by the huge albatross and other oceanic birds is even more extraordinary. In reviewing Earle's residence at Tristan d'Acunha, a few Numbers back, we extracted some curious details as to the habits of the albatross when on shore; but that writer said nothing of the real *roc* on the wing. Mr. Bennett says:—

'It is pleasing to observe this superb bird sailing in the air in graceful and elegant movements, seemingly excited by some invisible power—for there is rarely any movement of the wings seen, after the first and frequent impulses given, when the creature elevates itself in the air—rising and falling as if some concealed power guided its various motions, without any muscular exertion of its own—and then descending and sweeping the air close to the stern of the ship, with an independence of manner, as if it were "monarch of all it surveyed." It is from the very little muscular exertion used by these birds that they are capable of sustaining such long flights without repose.'—p. 45.

The largest albatross shot by Mr. Bennett during this voyage measured fourteen feet, but we have seen distinct accounts of specimens reaching across the wings to full twenty feet. He proceeds to say:—

'When seizing an object floating on the water, they gradually descend with expanded or up-raised wings, or sometimes alight, and float like a duck on the water while devouring their food; then they skim the

the ocean with expanded wings, as they run along for some distance, until they again soar in mid-air, and recommence their erratic flights. It is interesting to view them, during boisterous weather, flying with, and even against, the wind, seeming the "gayest of the gay" in the midst of howling winds and foaming waves.

'To watch the flight of these birds used to afford me much amusement, commencing with the difficulty experienced by them in elevating themselves from the water. To effect this object, they spread their long pinions to the utmost, giving them repeated impulses as they run along the surface of the water. Having, by these exertions, raised themselves above the wave, they ascend and descend, and cleave the atmosphere in various directions, without any apparent muscular exertion. How then, it may be asked, do these birds execute such movements? The whole surface of the body in this, as well as, I believe, most, if not all, the oceanic tribes, is covered by numerous air-cells, capable of a voluntary inflation or diminution, by means of a beautiful muscular apparatus. By this power, the birds can raise or depress themselves at will; and the tail, and great length of the wing, enable them to steer in any direction. Indeed, without some provision of this kind to save muscular exertion, it would be impossible for these birds to undergo such long flights without repose as they have been known to do; for the muscles appertaining to the organs of flight, although large in these birds, are evidently inadequate in power to the long distances they have been known to fly, and the immense length of time they remain on the wing, with scarcely a moment's cessation.

'When several species of the albatross, as well as petrels and other oceanic birds, are about the ship at the same time, no combats have been seen to take place between them; but on the death of one, the others soon fall upon and devour it.'—vol. i. pp. 46, 47.

Another great source of amusement was shark-fishing—of which sport Captain Hall's enthusiastic details must be in every reader's recollection:—

'The capture of one of these voracious animals frequently beguiles a tedious hour during a long voyage. Its struggles, when brought on deck, are very great, but a few severe blows on the nose soon disable it from further exertion. When seizing any object, the animal turns on the side, not (as is generally supposed) on the back. The shark, judging by an European palate, is not good eating: the fins and tail are very glutinous, and are the portions most relished by the seamen; when dried, they form an article of commerce to China, where they are used in soups. . . . I have seen several sharks and bonitos about the ship at the same time, but I never observed the former attempt to molest the latter.

'Attending the shark is seen that beautiful little fish, the *gasterosteus ductor*, or pilot-fish; which first approaching the bait, returns as if to give notice, when, immediately after, the shark approaches
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and seizes it. It is a curious circumstance that this elegant little fish is seen in attendance only upon the shark. After the shark is hooked, the pilot-fish still swim about, and for some time after he has been hauled on deck; they then swim very near the surface of the water, and at that time I have seen them taken by a basket from the chains of the ship. When the shark has been hooked and afterwards escapes, he generally returns, and renews the attack with increased ferocity, irritated perhaps by the wound he has received.'—vol. ii. p. 266.

The shark, Mr. Bennett says elsewhere, is more wary of taking the bait when unaccompanied by the pilot-fish; he will then come close, and withdraw again, several times before he ventures to seize it; but when the little pilot is in company it hazards the first advances to the rancid beef or bacon, reconnoitres carefully, and at length reports the result at head-quarters, upon which the huge monster is seen at once to plunge onward, and makes his snap at the bait without hesitation.

'That which is termed muscular irritability, and which is met with in all cold-blooded animals, is well exemplified in the shark, which perhaps possesses it to a greater degree than other kinds of fish. I have seen a shark transfixed with a harpoon after it had been hooked, so as to cause the viscera to protrude; it was hoisted on deck, when, after a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the lower part was separated from the upper—the detached lower portion for a long time displayed great powers of vitality;—when the head and upper portion were afterwards thrown into the water, the pectoral fins were moved as in the action of swimming. How long this irritability continued I cannot say, (but from other instances that I had seen I should consider for a long period,) as it soon went astern of the ship. I have frequently seen the animal hauled on deck, the whole of the viscera extracted, and the body, when thrown overboard, swim for some distance in this mutilated state. Again, a shark has been hung up with the abdomen ripped open, the whole of the viscera extracted, and the head detached; yet symptoms of vitality, or rather muscular irritability, remained for three hours from the time of its removal from the water; and this frequently occasions the spectators to consider that the animal is in a state of suffering. It is only in the cold-blooded animals that we meet with this to such an extent; in the warm-blooded animals it occurs, but in a very slight degree.'—*Ibid.* p. 270-272.

Blumenbach, in his Manual of Natural History, says,—'The extraordinary strength of the reproductive power in several amphibia, and the astonishing facility with which the process is carried on, depend, if I mistake not, on the great magnitude of their nerves and the diminutive proportion of their brain. The former parts are, in consequence, less dependent on the latter: hence—

hence *the whole machine* has less powers of motion, and displays less sympathy; the mode of existence is more simple, and approaches more nearly to that of the vegetable world than in the warm-blooded classes; but, on the contrary, *the parts* possess a greater individual independent vitality. In consequence of this latter endowment, stimuli which operate on one part, or one system, do not immediately affect the whole frame by sympathy, as in warm-blooded animals; and hence it is that we are enabled to explain the peculiar tenacity of life which is displayed under various circumstances in this class—as, for example, how frogs still continue to jump about after the heart has been torn out, and turtles have lived for months after the removal of the whole brain from the cranium. The long-continued power of motion in parts which have been cut off from the body, as in the tail of the water-newt and blind-worm, is to be explained upon the same principles.'

The length of time during which this irritability exists in snakes has given rise to the opinion of the vulgar, that 'if a snake is killed in the morning, it will not die before sunset.' Among numerous instances of such irritability even in the warm-blooded class, the human heart, for some little time after death has taken place, may be stimulated to perform its natural action by being punctured; and in a limb after amputation, the muscles are excited to contract by the plunge of a scalpel. Of the effects of galvanism we need say nothing.

Among other marine objects discussed in this chapter, we find 'the Guinea-ship' of our old navigators—called, in the dialect of modern sailors, the 'Portuguese man-of-war'—that beautiful molluscous animal the *physalia*, of which Lamarck enumerates four species, all inhabiting the tropical seas, but some of them seen occasionally in high latitudes during the summer months. They are, of course, more readily discerned in calm weather than in strong breezes, and have then a strong resemblance to a miniature vessel resting on the surface of the waters—whence their popular names, ancient and modern. The vulgar notion that the animal has the power of voluntarily collapsing its bladder-sail, and sinking to the depths of the ocean, when danger approaches, appears to have been for ever disposed of by our author's observations. He found several thrown on the shore of New South Wales in tempestuous weather, the bladder portion still remaining inflated; and while at sea he frequently landed them on deck from his hand-net in the same condition. The inflated membrane is evidently meant merely to keep the creature buoyant on the surface, while its long tentacula are extended below in search of prey. The bladder is of a light azure hue, streaked with delicate sea-green, and the

the most brilliant crimson—nothing can be more beautiful; but the long purple appendages below are dangerous instruments. They twine themselves instantly round their natural prey, or the hand of the rash captor, and inflict pungent and intolerable pain by means of their acrid exudation. Mr. Bennett appears to have subjected himself to a day of great agony by one of these experiments. For what purpose a similar property has been affixed to certain vegetable tribes is one of Nature's mysteries.

On the 'flying-fish' Mr. Bennett bestows several interesting pages; and he seems to have successfully combated the notion of Cuvier, that 'the animal beats the air during its leap, alternately expanding and closing its pectoral fins.' Our author says, 'the structure of a fin is not that of a wing: the pectoral organs of the flying-fish are simply enlarged fins, capable of supporting, perhaps, but not of propelling, the animal.'

'In fish, the organ of motion for propelling them through the water is the tail, and the fins direct their course; in birds, on the contrary, the wings are the organs of motion, and the tail the rudder. The only use of the extended pectoral fins in the fish is for the purpose of supporting the animal in the air, like a parachute, after it has leaped from the water by *some power* which is possessed even by the whale. From the structure of the fin, I cannot consider it at all calculated for repeated percussions *out of the water*; while in that fluid it continues its natural action uninjured; but it soon dries when brought into contact with the air, and the delicacy of the membrane between the rays would very readily become injured, were the organ similarly exerted in that medium. The greatest length of time that I have seen these *volatile* fish on the *fin* has been thirty seconds by the watch. . . . Their usual height of flight is from two to three feet; but I have known them come on board at a height of fourteen feet; and they have been well-ascertained to come into the channels of a line-of-battle ship, *i. e.* as high as twenty feet and upwards. But it must not be supposed that they have the power of elevating themselves in the air, after having left their native element: on watching them I have often seen them fall much below the elevation at which they first rose from the water, but never in any one instance could I observe them raise themselves above that height: I therefore regard the elevation they take to depend on the power of the first spring or leap they make on leaving their native element.'—vol. ii. p. 31.

The flight of these animals has often been spoken of as if it resembled that of birds; but our author says,—

'I cannot perceive any comparison—one being an elegant, fearless, and independent motion—whilst that of the fish is hurried, stiff, and awkward. Its repeated flights are merely another term for leaps.'

Mr. Bennett laughs at the common talk about the severe
persecution

persecution to which these poor things are exposed: he says they are no worse off than any other branch of the animated creation; but surely he himself paints their situation, when he saw a great shoal of them near the Cape Verd group, in December, 1832, as rather more distressing than is usual with either birds or fishes—pursued through the waves by a host of bonitos, and whenever they rose into air, pounced on by a flock of gannets and boobies. The sight of this double *chasse*, says the philosophical surgeon, 'afforded much amusement and interest to those who beheld it.'—(p. 35.)

But we must now get ashore, and attend Mr. Bennett in some of those 'Wanderings in New South Wales' which occupy more than half of his book. He seems to have made good use of the time which his captain's stay at Sydney enabled him to bestow according to his own inclinations—in short, to have performed several long and laborious journeys to different points of the colony—exploring, to the best of his ability, the manners of all classes of its inhabitants, rational and irrational. On colonial politics he does not say much; and here we shall follow his example. It is, however, his well-considered opinion, after all that he saw and heard, that convicts should no longer be sent to New South Wales otherwise than 'for the purpose of being employed on the public works,' and that free emigration ought to be strenuously encouraged. We are much inclined to believe that the time is come when the society of this colony should be delivered, if possible, from further influx of moral pollution, and a new penal settlement established on some other part of that vast continent. The population of the existing colony is now a large one; and it is the duty of Government to give it the best chance of entirely shaking off the lamentable taint of its original formation, which it can scarcely be expected to do so long as a constant succession of fresh blackguardism is infused into the system. Who can doubt that this is a country which *must* make a great figure in the world, either for good or for evil, before three generations more shall have passed away?—or contemplate without alarm the existence of a powerful nation born and reared amidst such a moral atmosphere as at present shocks every new visitant of Sydney, and is but too apt to corrupt and harden the whole being of any one who protracts his residence there? We believe that, if it were consistent with our feelings of duty to lay before our readers a detailed picture of real life, as it exists even among the upper class of society in that colony—of the domestic crimes and tragedies which have been brought to light there even within the last few years—it would be readily allowed that no fiction could surpass the horrible truth of such a statement. The exceptions are,

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we well know, many—and we consider them as among the most honourable exceptions in the world; but the prevalent tone of that society in which incidents that we might particularize *could* have taken place, must be something quite beyond the reach of an unsophisticated English imagination.

But to waive these grave matters;—the common stories about the extreme severity of labour in the penal *gangs* are considered by Mr. Bennett as gross and wilful exaggeration. He saw a farm-servant, who had for some misdeed been spending six weeks in one of the 'iron gangs,' on the day of his return to his usual employer's establishment. His fellow-servants immediately remarked how much he had improved in appearance since he left them; and on being weighed, it turned out that the man had gained twenty pounds in the course of his unhappy six weeks.

What sort of convict makes the best shepherd? We venture to say no man could have guessed the fact—it is the *London pick-pocket*! He is the laziest of animals, and in that fine climate the shepherd's is the most indolent existence possible.

The surgeon gives us many painful and disgusting details about the aboriginal savages of this region, but has not, we think, added much to the stock of valuable information. He evidently contemplates their utter disappearance at no very distant date; and, in truth, we see no reason to differ from him on this head. These scarcely human tribes must go, almost as surely as the wild animals, their sport and prey. All attempts at civilization have utterly and completely failed: they appear, indeed, to be very many degrees below even the worst of the New Zealanders,—we mean morally and intellectually, for, as to physical structure, the New Zealanders are a very handsome race—these among the most hideous of all the living caricatures of humanity. They have, however, like all degraded human beings, their share of cunning; and we could not but smile at Mr. Bennett's account of his meeting with one of them, who took his black coat for an indication of the clerical profession, and immediately advanced a claim for a shilling, on the ground that Government gives an annual grant of five hundred pounds for the promotion of Christianity in this quarter—of which, by conversing for a few minutes with the stranger 'white feller' in the said black vestment, this shrewd 'black feller' considered himself to have fairly earned a portion. Mr. Bennett explained the gentleman's mistake, and was curious to hear what his notion of a clergyman might really amount to. The answer brought out his pregnant definition:—

'He white feller belonging to Sunday, get up top o' waddy, pile long corrobera all about debbil, debbil, and wear shirt over trowsel.'

—vol. i. p. 210.

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He retails elsewhere an old but not a bad story of General Macquarie's attempt to induce the natives to cultivate the ground, by a distribution of seeds and implements:—

'Among the packets of seed sent for distribution were some which contained fish-hooks: these, together with the seeds, were given by the governor to the sable monarch, King Bungaree. Some time after the governor inquired of him whether the seeds had yet come up? "Oh, berry well, berry well," exclaimed Bungaree, "all make come up berry well, except dem fish-hooks; dem no come up yet."—p. 336.

Wherever men can be compared with women, we are pretty sure to find the moral advantage with the latter; and here, it seems, is no exception to the rule. Mr. Bennett has one short story, which we shall allow to speak for itself—dismissing some flourishes with which, unlike himself, he introduces it:—

'A female of one of the aboriginal tribes in the Murrumbidgee country cohabited with a convict named Tallboy, who, becoming a bush-ranger, was for a long time sought after by the police for the many atrocities he had committed, but always eluded pursuit. This female concealed him with true native ingenuity, and baffled his pursuers—she would fish and hunt for him, whilst he remained secluded in the retreat she chose. She often visited the stock-keepers' huts at the different stations, and whatever provisions she received from them were immediately conveyed to the unworthy object of her devoted attachment. Although many knew she was privy to his concealment, yet it was found impossible to elude her vigilance; neither promises of rewards—enough to excite the cupidity of any individual, but one in whom a higher feeling was paramount—nor threats, could induce her to acknowledge that she was acquainted with his place of concealment. The brute, however, manifested no kindred affection, but would frequently beat and ill-use her. Whilst she administered to him the refreshing cup of kindness, he bestowed on her misery in return. Shortly after he had, in one instance, given way to his natural brutish disposition, by ill-treating the being who had done so much for him—he was on the verge of discovery—indeed had himself given up all hopes of escape: when she again saved him, by engaging to point out to the police his place of retreat, and led them away, under that pretence, in a contrary direction, affording her paramour time and opportunity to seek out a safer asylum. When she arrived with the police at the spot where she had informed them he last was, he of course was not there, and a strict search in the vicinity was equally unsuccessful: she then left them to continue their pursuit, pretending to know nothing further respecting him. At last he was captured by venturing out too boldly during her absence; was tried, condemned, and expiated his offences on the scaffold at Sydney. She wished to follow him, on hearing he was a prisoner, but that was impossible; so, reclaimed by her tribe, she was obliged to become an unwilling wife of one of the blacks.

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'This unfortunate female was ordered by her husband, whose word is law, to follow him at a time when she was rendered incapable by illness: on her hesitating, he with savage barbarity struck her with his tomahawk over the head and legs so severely, that she fainted from loss of blood. She was found lying on the ground, and taken to the house of a settler residing on the banks of the Murrumbidgee river, and every kindness and attention shown her; but after lingering, suffering severe mental and bodily anguish, she expired.'

The *dingos*, or native dogs of New South Wales, are the wolves of the colony—they breed in the holes of rocks, attain great size and strength, commit grievous ravages among the herds and flocks of the settlers, and are hunted by whole packs of European dogs. The cunning of these animals, and the agony they will endure without any external indication of suffering, are favourite subjects with our author, and we must spare room for one or two of his anecdotes:—

'One had been beaten so severely, that it was supposed all the bones were broken, and it was left for dead. After the person had walked some distance, upon accidentally looking back, his surprise was much excited by seeing master dingo rise, shake himself, and march into the bush, evading all pursuit. One, supposed dead, was brought into a hut, for the purpose of undergoing "decortication;" at the commencement of the skinning process upon the face, the only perceptible movement was a slight quivering of the lips, which was regarded at the time as merely muscular irritability: the man, after skinning a very small portion, left the hut to sharpen his knife, and returning found the animal sitting up, with the flayed integument hanging over one side of the face.

'Another instance was that of a settler, who, returning from a sporting expedition, with six kangaroo dogs, they met a dingo, which was attacked by the dogs, and worried to such a degree, that finding matters becoming serious, and that the worst of the sport came to his share, the cunning dingo pretended to be dead. Thinking he had departed the way of all dogs, they gave him a parting shake and left him. Unfortunately for the poor dingo, he was of an impatient disposition, and was consequently premature in his resurrection, for before the settler and his dogs had gone any distance, he was seen to rise and skulk away, but, on account of the rough treatment he had received, at a slow pace; the dogs soon re-attacked him, when he was handled in a manner that must have eventually prevented any resuscitation taking place a second time.

'These instances may account for the fact why skeletons of the animals are not found in places where they have been left supposed dead. I have more than once been taken where one had been killed, as I desired to have a skeleton, but no remains of the beast were visible; and crows and hawks do not devour animals, bones and all, in this country.

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The Australian dog never barks; indeed, it is remarked by Mr. Gardiner, in a work entitled *The Music of Nature*, "that dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his associating with man.—vol. i., p. 235.

In this, of course, as in every book about New South Wales, the kangaroo claims right to fill a considerable space. The chase, by no means a very safe amusement, of the 'old man kangaroo,' as the blacks call the full-grown male, seems to have found great favour with Mr. Bennett, and he sketches some scenes which, as he himself says, might have deserved to be immortalized by the pencil of a Landseer. We content ourselves, however, with one or two of his lighter pages. An Irishman of his acquaintance had a favourite dog, who rashly pursued a large kangaroo into a water-pool, and was ducked almost dead for his pains:—

'Pat, in a great rage at the threatened death of his dog, would have shot the kangaroo, but his gun missed fire; he then entered the water-hole "to bate the brains of the baste out" with the butt-end of the gun; but the "baste," not fancying to be thus treated, turned from the soused and now senseless dog to his more formidable adversary, and a struggle took place, in which the man was often thrust under water, and victory was promising much in favour of the kangaroo, when some of Pat's companions fortunately coming to his assistance, attacked and killed the animal with clubs, and rescued him in almost an insensible condition. I asked him how he felt when the beast hugged him; he replied, "Not very comfortable, he tumbled me about famously; they are mighty strong bastes, and don't seem to like being meddled with." Indeed, many persons when alone are afraid to face a large "old man" kangaroo. A man, recently arrived in the colony, was sent after cattle; he returned in great terror, having come suddenly on the ranges upon a kangaroo, as "large," he said, "as a horse." I asked him the colour of the animal; he replied, that he did not *recollect* it; he only wished to get away from the beast, and, running down the hill, was glad when he saw the animal *warn't* following him. It is probable, when he went down one part of the range, the animal, equally, if not more frightened, descended another.'—vol. i. p. 236.

The part of the kangaroo most esteemed for eating is the loins; but the tail, which abounds in gelatine, furnishes an excellent and nourishing soup: the hind legs are coarse, and usually fall to the share of the dogs. The natives (if they can be said to have a choice) give a preference to the head. The flesh of the full-grown animal may be compared to lean beef, and that of the young to veal: they
are

are destitute of fat, if we except a little occasionally between the muscles and integuments of the tail. The colonial dish, called a *steamer*, consists of the flesh of this animal dressed with slices of ham. The liver, when cooked, is crisp and dry, and is considered a substitute for bread.'—*Ibid.* p. 289.

The passion of the aborigines for hunting kangaroos, opossums, and so forth, appears to be inextinguishable, but to be much more intimately connected with the cravings of the stomach than with any of the nobler stimulants of the chase. The moment the kangaroo is killed, the struggle begins, not, as in an English field, for the brush, as a trophy, but for a limb to be forthwith broiled (with the hair on) and devoured. Nay, in many cases, they do not even wait for any application of fire, but, tearing the animal joint from joint, knock off the end of a bone *instantly*, and begin sucking the marrow before it has time to get cold. No abundance of beef and potatoes seems to damp in the smallest degree these ancestral appetites; and no new artificial habits strike deep enough to interfere with their immediate indulgence when opportunity is afforded. A friend of our author observed a native woman, well clothed, and of really decent appearance, engaged in some domestic offices in the plentiful kitchen of a farmer on the Murrumbidgee. He expressed his satisfaction at what he saw, but was assured that, though she had just risen from a capital dinner, if she discovered an opossum on the top of a tree, she would instantly strip herself to the skin, and mount seventy or eighty feet into the air, rather than lose the chance of securing such a *bonne-bouche*.

We find it still more difficult to sympathise with these people in that rage for the flavour of pounded moths, which collects whole tribes of them as often as the proper season comes round, upon certain masses of granite, not far from the Been Station on the Tumat. Captain Cook was astonished, when at Thirsty Sound, with the profusion of butterflies—'the air absolutely crowded with millions of myriads of them for three or four acres together;' and Captain King, in his Survey of Australia (vol. i. p. 195), describes much the same scene at Cape Cleveland: 'the stem,' he says, 'of every grass tree (*xanthorrhoea*), which plant grows abundantly on the hills, was covered with butterflies, and on their taking wing, the air appeared as it were in perfect motion.' We presume the two captains were not scientific enough to distinguish a butterfly from a moth, and that they both refer to the same species of insect, called by the natives *bugong*, of the grand annual capture and cookery whereof the present author had an opportunity to be an eye-witness.

'The bugong moths collect on the surfaces and also in the crevices of the masses of granite in incredible quantities: to procure them with

with greater facility, the natives make smothered fires underneath those rocks, and suffocate them with smoke, at the same time sweeping them off frequently in bushels-full at a time. After they have collected a large quantity, they proceed to prepare them, which is done in the following manner:—

‘A circular space is cleared upon the ground, of a size proportioned to the number of insects; on it a fire is lighted and kept burning until the ground is considered to be sufficiently heated, when, the fire being removed, and the ashes cleared away, the moths are placed upon the heated ground, and stirred about until the down and wings are removed from them; they are then placed on pieces of bark, and winnowed to separate the dust and wings mixed with the bodies: they are then eaten—or placed in a wooden vessel, and pounded into masses or cakes, in colour and consistence resembling lumps of dough made from smutty wheat mixed with fat. The bodies of the moths are large, and filled with a yellowish oil, resembling in taste a sweet nut. These masses will not keep above a week, and seldom even for that time; but by smoking they are able to preserve them for a much longer period. The first time this diet is used, violent vomiting and other debilitating effects are produced; but after a few days they become accustomed to its use, and then thrive and fatten exceedingly upon it.

‘These insects are held in such estimation among the aborigines, that they assemble from all parts of the country to collect them from these mountains. The crows also congregate for the same purpose. The blacks (that is, the crows and aborigines) do not agree about their respective shares—so the stronger decides the point; for when the crows enter the hollows of the rocks to feed upon the insects, the natives stand at the entrance, and kill them as they fly out, and afford them an excellent meal, being fat from feeding upon the rich bugong. So eager are these feathered blacks after this food, that they attack it even when it is preparing by the natives; but as the aborigines never consider any increase of food a misfortune, they lie in wait for the crows, with waddies or clubs, kill them in great numbers, and use them as food.

‘The quantity of moths which may be collected from one of the granite groups it is calculated would amount to at least five or six bushels. The largest specimen I obtained measured seven-eighths of an inch, with the wings closed, the length of the body being five-eighths of an inch, and of proportionate circumference; the expanded wings measured one inch and three quarters across; the colour of the wings dark brown, with two black ocellated spots upon the upper ones; the body filled with yellow oil, and covered with down.

‘When the natives about the Murrumbidgee river heard, on my return, that I had visited the “bugong mountain,” they expressed great delight, and wished to see what I had collected. On showing them the few insects I had, they recognised them instantly; but I thought there was a feeling of disappointment at their curiosity only, not appetites,

tites, being gratified by my little entomological collection.'—vol. i. pp. 270-274.

We have stayed so long with Mr. Bennett at New South Wales, that we must make short work with the rest of his 'Wanderings.' He gives a fuller and livelier description of Macao, its inhabitants, Portuguese, English, and Chinese, than we have elsewhere met with; and of Canton itself he furnishes sundry sketches which will also reward the reader's attention. We were amused with the following note:—

'The brilliancy of the Chinese colours for painting, &c., has often been very highly extolled as being superior to the European. What surprise must it create, then, when we are informed that the colours used are of English manufacture, and the Chinese artists are eager for, and anxiously inquire after *them*! This reminds me of the gross ignorance displayed by one of our countrymen who purchased an elegant London clock in a shop at Canton, at a high price, to take to England as a specimen of China manufacture. But do not we see these follies committed by our countrymen almost every day at Paris?'—vol. ii. p. 61.

To be sure we do; and we have no doubt much use is made of English colours, as well of English clocks and watches, in China: but that the Chinese artists have some colours of their own which no European skill has as yet rivalled, is a fact as well ascertained as any in the world.

At Macao the two *lions* that principally occupied Mr. Bennett's leisure hours were the public museum of rare animals, fossils, weapons, &c. &c., collected at the general expense of the English residents, and the aviary in the private gardens of one of our countrymen, a venerable gentleman of the name of Beale, who had spent forty years in this distant region, and spared no cost to assemble a vast population of Chinese, Javanese, and Indian birds, which appeared to occupy the whole attention of a considerable establishment of servants, and to be kept altogether in a style that would have done honour to the taste and munificence of any sovereign prince in the world. The recent change in the affairs of the East India Company must, as Mr. Bennett regrets to observe, put an end ere long to the *English Museum*—nor is it likely that, under any future circumstances, an individual resident will be found either disposed or enabled to rival the useful and elegant collection of Mr. Beale. Our author gives two amusing chapters to this old gentleman's aviary: we must be contented with extracting a single specimen of them—he is talking of the *mandarin duck*:—

'A drake was stolen one night, with some other birds, from Mr. Beale's aviary; the beautiful male was alone taken; the poor duck, in

in spite of her quacks during the distressing scene, was left behind. The morning following the loss of her husband the female was seen in a most disconsolate condition: brooding in secret sorrow, she remained in a retired part of the aviary, pondering over the severe loss she had just sustained.

'Whilst she was thus delivering her soul to grief, a gay, prim drake, who had not long before lost his own dear duck, which had been accidentally killed, trimmed his beautiful feathers, and, appearing quite handsome, pitying the forlorn condition of the bereaved, waddled towards her; and, after devoting much of his time and all his attention to the unfortunate female, he offered her his protection, and made a thousand promises to treat her with more kindness and attention than her dear, lost drake. She, however, refused all his offers, having made, in audible quacks, a solemn vow to live and die a widow, if her mate did not return. From the day she met with her loss, she neglected her usual avocations; her plumage became ragged and dirty; she forsook her food and usual scenes of delight.

'Some time had elapsed, when a person, accidentally passing a hut, overheard some Chinese of the lower class conversing together. One said, "It would be a pity to kill so handsome a bird." "How, then," said another, "can we dispose of it?" The hut was noted, as it was immediately suspected that the lost mandarin was the subject of conversation. A servant was sent, and, after some trouble, recovered the long-lost drake by paying four dollars for him. He was then brought back to the aviary in one of the usual cane cages.

'As soon as the bird recognized the aviary, he expressed his joy by quacking vehemently and flapping his wings. An interval of three weeks had elapsed since he was taken away by force; but when the forlorn duck heard the note of her lost husband, she quacked, even to screaming, with ecstasy, and flew as far as she could in the aviary to greet him on his restoration. Being let out from the cage, the drake immediately entered the aviary—the unfortunate couple were again united: they quacked, crossed necks, bathed together, and then are supposed to have related all their mutual hopes and fears during the long separation.

'One word more on the unfortunate widower, who kindly offered consolation to the duck when overwhelmed with grief. She in a most ungrateful manner informed her drake of the impudent and gallant proposals made to her during his absence;—it is merely supposition that she did so; but at all events the result was, that the recovered drake attacked the other the day subsequent to his return, pecked his eyes out, and inflicted on him so many other injuries as to occasion his death in a few days. Thus did this unfortunate drake meet with a premature and violent death for his kindness and attention to a disconsolate lady. It may perhaps be correctly written on a tablet over his grave—"A victim to conjugal fidelity."

Since we are on the chapter of Ducks, we may notice here our author's diverting account of the *duck-boats* at Whampoa and elsewhere

elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Canton. As is well known, the owners and their families inhabit the upper part of these vessels, while their innumerable flocks of feathered creatures are accommodated in the hold. Mr. Bennett was fortunate enough to inspect some of them just after the rice harvest had been gathered, which is the season of joy for the broad-bills, as they are then at liberty to fatten upon the rich gleanings of the paddy-fields.

'On the arrival of the boat at the spot considered proper for feeding the quacking tribe, a signal of a whistle causes the flock to waddle in regular order from their domicile across the board placed for their accommodation. When it is considered that they have gorged sufficiently, another signal is made: immediately upon hearing it, they congregate and re-enter the boat. The first duck that enters is rewarded with some paddy, the last is whipped; so that it is ludicrous to see the last birds (knowing by sad experience the fate that awaits them) making efforts *en masse* to fly over the back of the others, to escape the chastisement inflicted upon the ultimate duck.'—vol. ii. p. 115.

Mr. Bennett had the good luck to sail, in his return from Canton to Macao, in company with Mr. Davis, the accomplished orientalist, then chief superintendent of the Honourable East India Company's establishment; and he appears to have owed much valuable information to that enlightened gentleman's conversation. But we have perhaps given as much space to this book as the nature of its contents may seem to justify—so we must now close our extracts with the surgeon's account of the mode in which the Chinese and Japanese produce those dwarf trees, which we mentioned in our last number when reviewing Messrs. Fischer and Meylan:—

'The Chinese procure the dwarf orange trees, laden with fruit, by selecting a branch of a larger tree upon which there may be a good supply of fruit: the cuticle being detached from one part of the branch, is plastered over with a mixture of clay and straw, until roots are given out, when the branch is cut off, planted in a pot, and thus forms a dwarf tree laden with fruit. Other means are adopted to give the trunk and bark an appearance of age; and these, with the dwarf bamboos and other trees, must certainly be regarded as the principal Chinese vegetable curiosities.'

In Mr. Bennett's volumes, if our reader has been at all amused with what we have exhibited in this article, he may depend on finding a great deal more of at least as interesting matter: he will, in particular, be well entertained with the author's history of a favourite *Ungka ape*, which partook his cabin with him during his last voyage from Singapore to London. This creature seems to have been about the most intelligent and amiable specimen of the *turpissima bestia* hitherto recorded: he regularly dined with the

the doctor's mess, and was on intimate terms with most of the passengers—but more especially—which, indeed, will surprise none who have observed the manners of animals—with a child on board, whom it attended almost like a nurse. Ungka liked every thing in the way of eating and drinking that passes current among men—except only wine; but if he had any relish for tobacco, Mr. Bennett does not mention it. Some few years ago, however, a captain in the Company's naval service brought to this city an animal of (we believe) the very same species, who not only took snuff habitually, but indulged himself with a pipe or two every day after dinner, filling the bowl for himself, and even lighting it very knowingly. This little gentleman, too, was quite free from the Mahometan prejudice against the juice of the grape. A friend of ours visiting him the first week after his arrival in Cheapside, found him in the act of finishing his mutton chop and potatoes, and about to begin his usual pipe, with the accompaniment of some Madeira negus. He was sold for the high price of 500*l.*, but died very soon afterwards.

There are two or three monkeys now in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, whose passion for snuff affords much amusement to the visitors. They seem to rub it zealously into their eyes and ears, as well as their nostrils, and, after some minutes of triumphant sneezing and snorting, to enjoy the narcotic influence of the Nicotian weed, with the calm contentment of an old-fashioned philosopher.

ART. II.—*Correspondance de Victor Jacquemont, avec sa Famille et plusieurs de ses Amis, pendant son Voyage dans l'Inde, 1828-1832.* 2 vols. Paris. 1833.

The same translated. 2 vols. London. 1834.

M. JACQUEMONT was, we understand, the son (born in 1801) of an apothecary in Paris, who, having shown considerable aptitude for what is called natural knowledge, was, on the recommendation of Baron Cuvier, appointed by the administration of the French Jardin des Plantes to travel into Central India for the purpose of investigating its natural history and collecting specimens of zoology, botany, mineralogy, &c. During this mission, which extended from August, 1828, when he sailed from Brest, to September, 1829, when he landed at Calcutta, and thence to December 1832, when he died at Bombay, he wrote a series of letters to his family and friends, which they have rather indiscreetly published, and which have been, we are informed, received with more approbation than we can think them—in any respect—entitled to.

It is singular enough that about the time when Mr. Burnes was employed in his travels in Central Asia, of which we gave an account in our last Number, M. Jacquemont should be traversing parts of the same region, and that the results of their respective labours should be produced almost simultaneously. It is impossible, however, to imagine a stronger contrast than these works exhibit; and we can boldly and conscientiously pronounce that, in every respect *but one*, the comparison is in favour of our countryman. Jacquemont is, we admit, a livelier writer than Mr. Burnes: the epistolary form—the variety of persons to whom his letters are addressed—and a very loose versatility of topics, are naturally more *amusing* than the orderly and accurate style of narrative employed by Mr. Burnes; but in all other respects—in all the solid and valuable qualities which inspire esteem for the man or confidence in the traveller—he is infinitely superior to his French competitor.

M. Jacquemont is, indeed, the personification, the *beau ideal*, of a literary coxcomb of the modern French school. Clever, having *some* acquaintance (we, as yet, possess no means of judging how *much*) with the inferior sciences, and a loose smattering of popular literature, his letters are in general lively and entertaining enough, but disfigured by such frequent vanity, vulgarity, and impiety, as would, in our opinion, counterbalance all their literary merit, were that ten times greater than in fact it is. For much, however, of what is blameable in the work we must not too severely censure Jacquemont personally; he wrote in confidence to his nearest relatives, and *perhaps* did not intend that his letters should ever be made public—at least he is not responsible for their publication; but we confess that it adds considerably to the regret and alarm which we already felt as to the state of moral feeling in France, to find that a family, which seems otherwise amiable and respectable, should, for the sake of either notoriety or *profit*, have betrayed to the public the confidential letters, in which this giddy young man not only takes unwarrantable liberties with the characters of gentlemen—and, what is infinitely worse, of *ladies*—into whose society he was admitted, but exhibits *himself* as having lived a professed atheist and died with no more sense or hope of an immortal soul than one of the baboons of his own zoological collection.

We dare say that, if the truth could be known, it would turn out that this profession of atheism was mere swagger. We have always doubted whether there could be such a thing as a *sane* atheist; but a *naturalist-atheist* would assuredly be a monster. If there be any one study more than another which teaches that

‘Arguit, in *fabro*, non in *se*, machina mentem,’

it is that of the mechanism of nature; and Jacquemont's atheism was probably, like his incredulity on several other topics, either utter thoughtlessness, or (which is more likely) the silly affectation of passing for an *esprit fort*. For this reason, and for more serious considerations suggested by his early death, we shall say no more on this part of the character which he has drawn of himself, and which his family have had the lamentable indiscretion to publish. We shall have but too much room for censure on less offensive topics; but before we arrive at them we have two or three observations to make on the preliminary part of the work.

It appears from the preface to the translation, (for the original edition does not condescend to give us one syllable of explanation relative either to Jacquemont or his mission,) that in June, 1828, Jacquemont came to London to make some preparatory arrangements for his expedition. The translator taxes the French editor with something like ingratitude for not having acknowledged the civilities and assistance which Jacquemont received on this occasion from some individuals in London; but we are not quite sure that the French editor has not, in this single instance, acted with discretion. The chief assistance that Jacquemont received in London was a packet of letters of recommendation to sundry persons of consideration in India, and seeing (as our readers will by-and-by) how very unpleasant—even to those of whom he means to speak most civilly—must be Jacquemont's indelicate revelations of their social and domestic life, the French editor may have thought that he conferred a favour on the givers of those letters in not making them publicly responsible for their result. We honestly confess we never should have forgiven *ourselves* if we had had the misfortune to have introduced Jacquemont to any one of the ladies of whose names he makes such familiar, and we think indelicate use.

The translator next reproaches the Court of Directors—the 'Merchant-Kings' as he sneeringly—the '*Vieilles Perruques*,' as Jacquemont insolently calls them, of Leadenhall-street—with some illiberal reluctance—some 'fastidious delays'—to give M. Jacquemont the necessary permission to travel in their territories. Now, when we recollect some former French missions, which, as is now avowed, cloaked aggressive projects against our Indian empire, under scientific and diplomatic pretences—when it is notorious that the most powerful of the native princes, Runjeet Sing, has actually *French* officers in his service who have disciplined his troops in European tactics, even to the degree of receiving the word of command in *French*—we should have thought the Court of Directors highly blameable if they had, without some previous inquiry, opened India to this new mission.

mission. The delay, however, so far from being vexatious, or even 'fastidious,' must have been wonderfully *short*, for Jacquemont's whole stay in England was less than three weeks. His special patrons first announced his mission to the Asiatic Society on the 19th June; the permission of the Directors is dated the 25th June; and the recommendation of Jacquemont, as a member of the Asiatic Society, (by one of whom this complaint seems to be made,) did not take place till the 28th June;—so that the *tardy* consent of the '*Vieilles Perruques*' was granted within a week after the *first* steps, and three days *before* the *next* steps taken by his zealous friends in the Asiatic Society. We shall see, by-and-by, that Jacquemont abused the indulgence thus, we will say, *too readily* afforded him; and the Court of Directors, instead of being the objects of reproach, might, with more reason, complain of those (whoever these were—for that does not appear) who so inconsiderately recommended a person of whom they seem to have known nothing, and whose indiscretion—if he tells the truth—might, on more than one occasion, have produced very deplorable consequences.

Before we arrive with M. Jacquemont at Calcutta, we must notice a curious incident that took place on his passage out. Soon after they had left the Cape of Good Hope, the French brig-of-war, the *Zélée*, in which he was a passenger, fell in with an English merchant-ship, into which—after the stranger had hailed them in *English*, which was heard and known to be English—(she must therefore have been so close that every seaman must have seen she was a merchantman)—into which vessel, we say, the captain of the French man-of-war, in a paroxysm of terror, fired his *whole broadside of round and grape*,—and so near were the ships, that Jacquemont says the broadside was fired at the moment that they thought the stranger was about to board them*.

This seems to us one of the most wanton and unjustifiable attempts at wholesale murder that we ever read of: but our readers will be anxious to know what damage was done—how many innocent lives were lost by this atrocious discharge of 'round and grape' at so short a distance. We are happy to inform them that only one spar and one sail were so much as touched; and but one man was wounded:—a wonderful escape—but more wonderful still, when it is added that the one sufferer was a *French*

* Such is Jacquemont's own story. But we are assured, as this sheet is passing through the press, by a gentleman recently arrived from India, that the blame of this affair rested not indeed solely, but chiefly, with Jacquemont himself, who volunteered to act as interpreter, but unluckily misunderstood and misreported the answer of the English captain: but this, if true, would be no justification of the French commandant, who should rather have believed his own eyes than Jacquemont's ears.

sailor,

sailor, wounded on board *their own* ship, in firing *their own* cool and well-directed broadside! Although we are unwilling to recur to the subject of Jacquemont's impiety, we cannot refrain from extracting the consistent conclusion of this remarkable story, which we sincerely hope is not characteristic of the French navy in general. The wounded man was so badly hurt that amputation of the arm became necessary, and his life was in danger—the rest Jacquemont shall tell in his own words.

‘The priest, whom we have on board, of course availed himself of our man's amputated arm yesterday, to go and *puzzle* him with salutary thoughts on life and death. But, being informed of what was going on by M. de Melay, who had seen his reverence going on tiptoe towards the hospital door, I went immediately, and caught him in the *very fact of frightening the poor devil*. He understood me directly, and sheered off as soon as he perceived me. I have advised the wounded man's friends not to quit his bedside, but to keep the *curé*, as they call him, at a distance; if he insists, they will receive him with a good broadside of slang.’—vol. i. p. 66.

This M. de Melay was the royal governor of Pondicherry: M. Jacquemont also was on board in an official capacity; and both held appointments under a sovereign who then bore the title of *Most Christian King*—and who at least was a *Christian King*! The whole affair is in perfect consistence! Their broadside wounds their own man, and their public functionaries insult the discipline of the ship and the religion of the state! But it is time to turn our attention more directly to Jacquemont himself.

It is said by one of our essayists that, if you wish to discover a man's character, you should try to get him to talk of himself, because you may generally conclude that he is really the very reverse of whatever he may represent himself to be. This is literally true of Jacquemont, for *à force de se préconiser* as the most modest—the best natured—the politest and most fascinating of mankind, he convinces you that he was one of the most impudent, conceited, ill-bred, and tiresome coxcombs that ever inflicted their impertinence on society. Let us prove our assertion out of his own mouth.

We will begin with his *débüt* in Calcutta:—

‘The company was assembled in Lady William Bentinck's drawing-room. I was once more her *chevalier*, and sat next to her at dinner, that being of course the place of honour. Every thing around was royal and Asiatic: the dinner completely French and exquisite, delicious wines, served in moderation, as in France, but by tall servants with long beards, in white gowns with turbans of scarlet and gold. Lord William asked me to take wine, a compliment which I immediately returned, by begging the honour of taking wine with my fair neighbour, who was conversing with me on a variety of agreeable topics, and offered to act as my cicerone. To give our appetites time to revive
for

for the second course, an excellent German orchestra, led by an Italian, performed several of the finest symphonies of Mozart and Rossini, and in a most perfect manner. The distance from which the sound proceeded, the uncertain light flickering between the columns of the neighbouring room, the brilliancy of the lights with which the table was illuminated, the beauty of the fruit which covered it in profusion, and the perfume from the flowers by which its pyramids were decorated, and perhaps also the champagne, made me find the music admirable. *I experienced a sort of intoxication*, but it was not a stupid intoxication. I chatted with Lady William in French on art, literature, painting, and music, while I answered, in a regular English speech, the questions put by her husband concerning the internal politics of France. I did not avoid showing, in my opinions, all that might excite disapprobation, employing, however, to express it, the most modest forms, which a lad of sixteen in England considers himself entitled to dispense with.' [What impudent dogs these English are!] 'Returning to Lady William's drawing-room to take coffee, of which I drank five or six cups without perceiving it, I found myself complimented by every one enough to turn my head. You will imagine that I did not fail to engage the physician, who is still young, in conversation, on the novelties in physiology; for I had no opportunity, in the general conversation, of speaking on subjects connected with my own profession of naturalist, and I wished to show myself in character before the hour of departure.'—vol. i. pp. 277—279.

Can there be a more perfect picture of the mingled astonishment and assurance of an impudent and vulgar person, admitted for the first time into good company, and painfully labouring to appear at ease! The immediate return of Lord William's compliment by asking Lady William to take wine—the intoxication produced by such unusual phenomena on a dinner-table as lights, fruits, flowers, and champagne—the chatting in French to Lady William on art and—besides art—on literature, painting, and music—which we suppose are not arts—the set speeches in English to her husband—the five or six cups of coffee drunk without knowing what he did—the being complimented thereupon by every body to a degree to turn his head; and finally the crowning the whole by entertaining the mixed and admiring audience of ladies and gentlemen by a physiological discussion with the doctor, for the purpose of 'showing himself in character,' are all traits of the highest comic. The last, in particular, is almost equal to that other ingenious *savant*, M. Thomas Diafoirus, immortalized by Molière, who, wishing 'to show himself in character' to Mademoiselle Angélique, invites her and her friends to a physiological discussion—'à venir voir l'un de ces jours, pour vous divertir, la dissection d'une femme sur quoi je dois raisonner!'

Our next extract, however, must excite more serious feelings, and

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and will temper our amusement at his folly with something approaching to disgust at his effrontery. Before we produce it, we think it proper to premise, that Lady William Bentinck is not more distinguished for her high rank and personal accomplishments, than for her *piety* and exemplary moral conduct in all the relations of life. We owe this preliminary tribute to an amiable lady, whose name we should not have been induced by any consideration to have quoted, if it had not been already obtruded on all Europe in this publication, and if the anecdotes in which she is mentioned had not been extensively circulated in our own periodical literature, without that censure of Jacquemont's ingratitude and impertinence which they so richly deserve.

'Lady William Bentinck is religious, or rather endeavours to be so.'—vol. i. p. 99.

'For a week I was overwhelmed with attentions [at the Governor-General's country house]. *There was no Lady William for any one but me.* I spent several long days with her—*tête-à-tête—chatting about God—she for, I against—of Mozart—Rossini—painting—Madame de Staël; of happiness and misery; and of LOVE in reference to both—of all things, in short, which require, if not intimacy, at least a great deal of confidence and reciprocal esteem especially on the part of a woman—English too—religious and strict, with a man—young, a BACHELOR and a—FRENCHMAN!*'—p. 114.

This last word was utterly superfluous!—Is there a man in Europe but a *Frenchman* who could have penned such a passage even in the most confidential private letter?—is there a father in Europe, except a *Frenchman*, who would have sanctioned the publication of such a letter from a recently deceased son? Another passage, though not so flippant, is to our feeling—and, must be, we have no doubt, to that of Lady William Bentinck—still more offensive; for he would have us believe that these alleged discussions '*for and against God*' had a serious effect on her ladyship's mind.

'I,' says he, 'am no better for her attempt to convert me, whilst *she*, I really fear, is not quite so sure of the truth of her doctrine as she was before.'*—vol. i. p. 88.

We shall see, as we proceed, so many proofs of the mendacious vanity of the man, that we cannot help doubting even his most ordinary statements; but anecdotes so inconsistent as the foregoing with the character of *any* Englishwoman, and most especially with that of Lady William Bentinck, we reject at once, on the internal evidence, as well as on the general character of the witness.

There are some other ladies treated with, if it be possible, still

* This is our own version—the translator having, as we shall hereafter more fully show, mistaken this and several other idiomatic passages.

greater impertinence, and the passages, if quoted, would give our readers a still worse opinion of Jacquemont; but we refrain from doing so, because we are unwilling to revive or prolong the pain which they and their friends must have felt, at finding their names so cruelly, and, we can have no doubt, so causelessly insulted by the visions of such incredible vanity. He does not, indeed, dare to impute any positive levity of conduct, but it must be very mortifying to English women to find their unsuspecting good-nature and innocent urbanity to a stranger,—introduced to them by their husbands and fathers,—mistaken by the disgusting coxcomb himself and trumpeted to the world as having something of a more sentimental and tender character. But if we entertained—which we do not—the slightest doubt of the *falsehood* of all such insinuations, it would be removed, by observing that M. Jacquemont was, or affected to be, under a similar delusion with regard to every *man* whom he happened to meet. A few specimens of this *Admirable Crichton* will amuse our readers and enable them to form their own opinion—if it be not already settled—of the ingenious and ingenuous author; and it is in a special degree worthy of admiration, that it was not merely in the polished circles of Calcutta, and under the bright and favouring influences of Lady W., or Lady G., or Miss P., that he was thus astonishingly successful. His attraction was not *fashion*, but *fascination*—it was equally powerful over both sexes and in all situations. There was no *dip* in his magnetism—and in the camp of the torrid desert, or the hut of the snowy Alp—in the quarters of the Ensign, or in the palace of the Rajah, we find him exercising the same omnipotent power. In this respect Jacquemont's work is a real curiosity, and we think it right to exhibit at some length the most marvellous portrait of personal vanity which has ever been produced to our eyes.

‘My manners, which I have left natural, and have not made stiff, as it is perhaps expedient to do with the English of the common class, have had the good fortune to please. I have spoken of all things to the best of my ability, and without affectation. Some, perhaps, have liked me [*m'ont aimé*] on that account; all have shown me [*m'ont prodigué*] attention. Very seldom, I think, has a Frenchman had such extensive and *universally agreeable* intercourse with the English. I forgot that I *knew the language very little*;*—I spoke like a Frenchman. They were *infinitely pleased with my want of pretension, my genuine simplicity, and my unaffected manners*. My academic dignity from London has been of no use to me, any more than my official title

* Jacquemont, in one of his French letters, introduces one of his own *English* after-dinner speeches, which shows him to have been anything but accurately skilled in our language; but he had previously travelled in the United States of America, and affected, when he arrived in Calcutta, both to speak and write English—with what justice our readers will see at p. 53.

from Paris; and no modesty can prevent me from saying, that it is on my own personal account [*pour moi et à cause de moi*] that every one has been so kind and hospitable. Wherever I went, I tried to pay in ready money, by giving some interest and a little diversity to the tiresome monotony of English [life]; talking, in fact—whenever I thought the folks fit to taste that pleasure so little known among the English.’—vol. i. p. 113.

This—for one who is obliged to make an effort to shake off even for a moment his natural *modesty*—is pretty well. We may by-and-by say a word or two on the severe judgment against English manners with which he thinks it necessary to contrast and set off the superior fascination of his own: at present, we shall confine ourselves to specimens of his ‘*genuine simplicity*’ and ‘*want of pretension*.’

‘I know not,’ he says, ‘how it is that I inspire *such confidence* in these people [the English society at Calcutta], that they *open their hearts to me* upon points about which they are afraid to speak to each other after years of acquaintance.’—p. 85.

And again:—

‘The English have *nothing which resembles what we call society*, and are almost universally destitute of that facility which we learn in it, of talking gracefully about nothings, and without dulness on serious subjects. We thus have an immense advantage over them, when we can lead them to a somewhat general conversation, the subject of which is sufficiently familiar to allow us *gradually to take the greatest share in it*, and to give it its tone. It is to this artifice that I owe most of my success in what they call their *society*.’—p. 281.

That is, the artifice of having all the talk to himself—a practice which does not usually produce such astonishing *success in society*. He proceeds:—

‘A Frenchman has much greater facility in entering into an Englishman’s friendship than another Englishman. They are like bodies similarly electrified, which repel each other. We are decidedly more amiable than they—much more affectionate; and I see that *all who are worth anything* are charmed with my manners.’—p. 102.

But such is his extreme and *obstinate* modesty, that eighteen months experience did not entirely enlighten him as to the exact source of all this fascination. Of the *fact* of course he can have no doubt, but he is not quite so clear as to the *cause*.

‘I am not *yet*,’ he writes from the Himalaya in 1831, ‘accustomed to the *singular attraction which I exercise over the English*—its effects often astonish me!’—p. 334.

In another passage he gives us a kind of arithmetical measure of his own good qualities. In stating to his brother the narrowness of his allowance of 6000 francs per annum, he adds,—

‘I estimate

'I estimate myself not according to money, but according to my own personal good and amiable qualities. By the vulgar method, I should require at least 150,000 francs per annum to maintain the position which I occupy with my 6000 francs, and should still probably remain beneath it.'—p. 121.

Or, in other words, the 'personal good and amiable qualities' of Monsieur Victor Jacquemont are to those of ordinary men in the proportion of rather more than 150 to 6. This, however, must only be understood as of the relative merits of Jacquemont and an *Englishman*. With a *Frenchman*, the difference, though great, is not so enormous:

'If a thousand of my countrymen were to come into this country with double or triple what I brought, they could not probably succeed in getting into even tolerable society; by a peculiar [*unique*] favour I have obtained a dispensation from riches, and my relative poverty has only added to the gratification of my *amour propre*.'—p. 168.

That is—to any *Englishman* I stand in point of personal merit at 150 to 6,—to an *ordinary Frenchman* at about 2 or 3 to 1—but one *Frenchman* in a thousand might, perhaps, be equally successful! And what places the truth of these calculations beyond all doubt is, that it is the English themselves—arrogant and selfish as, on all other occasions, they are—who assign to M. Victor Jacquemont this exalted place in the scale of human nature.

Nor, after he has left the artificial order of society, where men may be estimated by money, does he find that he is at all depreciated; he is, if we may venture to pursue his own allusion, a kind of Spanish dollar, which is current all the world over. He writes—

Encamped at Moneah.—'I have the happiness to please every distinguished person that I have met.'

Encamped at Sinniput.—'Welcomed as I everywhere am, though an entire stranger, because I always bring the most honourable recommendations, I am soon after caressed for my own sake.'

From Delhi.—'My letters of introduction always procure me a very flattering reception, but I should consider myself singularly unlucky indeed, if I did not find out in the evening that it is for my own sake that I am thus welcomed. My manners immediately force English stiffness to unbend, and I metamorphose into *bonnes gens*—that is, into *Frenchmen*—all the English with whom I spend even twenty-four hours.'

This would be very flattering to our national pride, if we could entirely believe it—to be within twenty-four hours of *perfection*, would imply a very advanced state of civilization; and be, that in the lesson of one day can become a *Frenchman*, must be already very near the summit of human excellence; but our modesty—awakened by the contagion of Jacquemont—is afraid to indulge

in such presumptuous hopes, particularly when we recollect that in those passages in which he evidently speaks with the greatest enthusiasm and sincerity—we mean those which dilate on *his own* transcendent qualities—he seldom fails to enhance them by some very injurious comparisons with the dull, unhappy English—dull and unhappy, at least, when not instructed and enlivened by his vivifying presence. But, as we before hinted, it is not the English alone who are subject to his charm.

‘Wade [the English resident] writes me word from Loodiana, that Runjeet Sing has written to him about me, and that of *all European lords* he had seen, no one pleased him so much as *I* have done.’—vol. ii. p. 9.

And then, lest it should be supposed that this was an unauthorised report of Captain Wade’s, Jacquemont prudently confirms it by his own authority—

‘He [Runjeet] *proves* it by his attention to me.’—*ib.*

Runjeet Sing, it is well known, writes and acts to every European he sees exactly as he did to M. Jacquemont—but all the commonplaces of oriental civility passed for honest tributes of personal admiration with this happiest of men.

Then his thoughts recur to the countless number of *dear friends* whom he has left scattered along the lines he has travelled, like little Poucet’s pebbles in the forest—‘whose friendship shows itself in his absence in a thousand ingenious ways,’—but he thinks it necessary explicitly to add—

‘*I owe it all to myself.* I am the real architect of my fortunes. I do not allude to the 5000 rupees which I have collected in my strong box, [he however looked, as we see, to the main chance,] but to the *honourable reputation I enjoy with every one.*’—vol. ii. p. 74.

His friends in France were, it seems, astonished, and somewhat incredulous, at the accounts he had given of the amiability of the English; but he apprises them that they have read his letters too hastily—that he meant not to say that the English were amiable in general, but only made so by his means and under his influence.

‘You say,’ he writes to his father, ‘that since the English are so amiable to me they must be very different in India from what they are at home—there may be something in that—but *I take to MYSELF the greatest part of the merit of this kind of MIRACLE.*’—vol. ii. p. 242.

‘How singular is my fortune with the English! They assume to me an *expression of kindness, in spite of themselves* as it were, and probably *for the first time in their lives!* Your friendship for me, my dear Zoé, would enjoy the *MIRACLES* I thus and without effort operate.’—vol. ii. p. 260.

When a man gets to the performance of *miracles*, we think it high time to submit at once to his supremacy, and we therefore here close our feeble and imperfect exhibition of M. Victor Jacquemont’s

mont's innumerable and indescribable virtues and accomplishments, as testified by the best-informed and most unprejudiced of all witnesses—M. Victor Jacquemont himself.

Is not all this very surprising?—We talk of the march of mind and of the lights of the age—but has there appeared, since letters were invented, such an extravagant tissue of personal vanity?—The only thing that we recollect at all like it is the strange Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini; but here is a French *savant*, selected by his Government as a man of *science* and *discretion*—noted in his own family, even to ridicule, for *excessive modesty*—who makes his first appearance in the world in higher flights of extravagant egotism than the crack-brained Italian did, even after he had astonished the world by the still unrivalled productions of his art!

As to M. Jacquemont's scientific qualifications for, or success in the mission on which he was employed, we can pronounce no opinion; for, strange to say, amidst the vast mass of letters, and the great variety of topics which he introduces, there is scarcely an allusion to his scientific pursuits. We are told that his *collections* were large, and for aught we know they may be found to contain some very valuable articles,—but we confess that we do not anticipate much addition to natural knowledge from his own scientific essays. He seems not to have been of a discriminating or analytical turn of mind, and is miserably deficient in the first elements of induction. We shall give a few specimens. Happening to have fine weather during the first two-thirds of his voyage, he frequently and decidedly expresses a total disbelief in storms—a slight gale off the Cape only confirmed that opinion:—

'Two days after our departure, we encountered off the Cape of Tempests and as we doubled it, the gale rendered a matter of course by poetical tradition. It drowned a few of our fowls, and that was all. You know that decidedly there are no tempests. The longer I am afloat, the more I am convinced that they are only a happy fiction of poets. The word is hardly known to seamen, and they never make use of it. The maximum of the species, speaking prosaically—that is, sticking to the truth—is a very strong wind: it breaks a mast or two, and drowns nobody. It is not terrible to look at; it is only *vexigenous* [engendering vexation], disagreeable, and ugly. The picturesque in it is very rare.'—vol. i. p. 61.

This letter was closed at the Isle of Bourbon, on the 3d of February, but on that very day week, this *Parcus deorum cultor* was destined to receive, like Horace, (but not, we are sorry to add, with so good a result,) a lesson from the angry heavens. On the 10th February began a hurricane, which was attended with

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the most appalling appearances and the most calamitous results both ashore and afloat; the *Zélée* was blown out of the roads, leaving Jacquemont, and, what was worse, all her officers—except one Lieutenant and one midshipman—on shore. This event cured him of his presumption about storms; but he does not seem to have drawn from it the better and more extensive lessons with which it was pregnant. Before he has even landed in India, he had formed a decided opinion on the insalubrity of the mode of life prevalent there amongst the English:—

‘I am fortifying myself in a devout love of abstemiousness, which, I have no doubt, will cause me to enjoy perfect health in India, amid *hepatitis, fevers, dropsies, and disorders without number*, which afflict the rich English, who commit excesses at table *seven hundred and twenty times a year.*’—p. 77.

To this subject he frequently recurs—and repeats his censure of the perilous absurdity of the English mode of life—or we should rather say of *death*—for ‘the English for the most part die,’ as he tells us, ‘from not following a regimen similar to his.’—(p. 122.) Nor is it at Calcutta only that this mortiferous system prevails; in all the remote stations, even up to the Himalayah, he regrets that his excellent and hospitable friends were—in spite of *his* precept and example—digging their own graves by those habits which cannot fail to produce, as this sapient oracle warned them, ‘*hepatitis, fever, &c.* ;’ and we cannot doubt that he would have given us a similar account of the deleterious habits at Bombay, but that—unfortunately—just as he reached that presidency, *he himself* died of ‘*hepatitis and fever* ;’ and it so happens, that, at the last account we have seen from India, all the numerous friends to whom he had predicted early death—the Bentincks, Wades, Kennedies, Halls, &c.—were—every man of them—alive to lament his loss, and what they may probably consider a not much lighter misfortune—the publication of his letters. A pretty conclusive refutation of his medical hypothesis.

It is to the same presumptuous and thoughtless style of reasoning that we attribute those violent *boutades* against the English character in general, which contrast so strongly with his panegyrics on every *individual* Englishman he encounters. He had imbibed, it seems, from the old apothecary his father—who, for aught that appears, had never been in England, nor even spoken to an Englishman—the idea that the English were ‘stiff’—‘proud’—‘harsh’—‘unamiable’—‘with little natural affection’ and ‘no idea whatsoever of the charms of *society*.’ M. Victor Jacquemont comes amongst them, and finds them to his infinite surprise, in every instance, and *without one single exception*—hospitable—kind—amiable—affectionate—social, and in short, the exact reverse of his preconception.

tion. How does this phenomenon strike the mind of our philosopher? If his father, hot from a history of Siam, had told him that all the elephants in India were *white*, while he had found, on the contrary, that every elephant, wild or tame, which he had seen, was, without a single exception in some thousand specimens, *brown*, would not a reasoning naturalist have suspected that the apothecary, who had never been in India and never perhaps had seen an elephant, except *one* in the *Jardin des Plantes*, might be mistaken, and that the real colour of the animal was certainly *brown*? Not so Jacquemont! in spite of the evidence of his own senses, he continues to be of his original opinion; but not being able otherwise to reconcile his father's *theory* with his own *experience*, he comes to this rational and scientific conclusion, that, although it is indisputably true that all elephants are naturally white, yet it invariably and '*miraculously*' happens, that *whenever a Frenchman approaches one of these animals he instantly becomes brown*;—or, to come to Jacquemont's point—all Englishmen are naturally *brutes*, but under the bewitching influence of a Frenchman, they miraculously change their natures, and become the most civilized and amiable of mankind.

The following, though not quite a corollary of the former proposition, is nearly allied to it. He sneers at the multitude of native servants which every lazy Englishman requires, and he contrasts that with *his own personal activity and simplicity*. 'I shall,' he says, p. 119, 'have but *six* servants, while an English captain of infantry' [a vastly inferior animal to M. Jacquemont] 'would have *five-and-twenty*.' And again—'An English ensign has a table in his tent, as well as chairs; for my part, I will eat kneeling or standing.' (p. 123.) Now mark the sequel of this boast. We turn over a few pages, and we find that, in the pride of his heart, he acquaints his father (vol. i. p. 316), that he never has less than *fifty* attendants, exactly double what he had before ridiculed in an English captain of infantry; and he subsequently tells us that he had 'chairs and a table, and not less than *sixty* attendants.' And here we cannot but express some little wonder at the kind of state in which this worthy appears to have travelled. His allowance from his own government was originally but 6000 francs—i. e. 240*l.* a-year—about the same as the pay of an *English ensign* in India—and he frequently complains that the subsequent additions to his income were not available to him.—How then were the expenses of his escort, and other services of that nature, defrayed? Was the Indian government at any charge for Jacquemont's journeys?—We hope not. Lord William Bentinck has—as M. Jacquemont and better authority than M. Jacquemont's tell us—attempted a system of economy so strict as to occasion
great

great dissatisfaction in our Indian army. We can have no objection to any safe and reasonable economy, but one instance (amongst many others that have reached us) mentioned by Captain Archer in his amusing 'Tours in Upper India' (vol. i. p. 226), seems to us so unfeeling and so inhuman as to be almost incredible—the suppression of the *convalescent establishments* in the hills. We therefore hope it will turn out that—whatever Lord W. Bentinck may have thought fit to do with his own personal resources—the country which is so straitened in its finances as to be obliged to deny its own military servants the means of health and the chances of life, has not been put to any expense in furthering the mission of a *toad-eater*! We beg our French translator (if we are to have one) not to mistake this for *frog-eater*, and misrepresent it as a national reflection; we use it in its popular acceptance of a *sycophant*—a part which Jacquemont seems to have played with Lord William Bentinck; and if only such a trifle as twenty pounds has been expended from the *public purse* upon Jacquemont, we shall consider it as in principle a most reprehensible and unjustifiable misappropriation.

In the same strain as that last quoted, M. Jacquemont frequently censures the English for their harsh, not to say, inhuman treatment of the poor natives:—

'The English treat them like dogs and beasts of burden, the labour of which these poor devils in truth perform. For some days I imitated cold English *hauteur*, but returned afterwards into my natural character of a good-natured fellow.'—vol. i. p. 316.

Now, let us give a few sketches of the '*good-natured fellow in his natural character*':—

'I have formed an escort as I could wish, of people accustomed to wait on officers, and to be harshly treated by them; and I am already so much modified by the contagion of example, that I will suffer no relaxation of discipline. A man [even the benevolent Jacquemont himself] is degraded, and brutalised, by living among such debased beings.'—vol. ii. p. 133.

Again—

'An ill-tempered fellow on the road having called me "*you*" this morning instead of "*your highness*," I was forced to give him a very severe lesson in politeness. I had fully as much right to do so as the Parisian philanthropist would have in boxing the ears of a rustic for *thee* and *thouing* him. I ought to be the more jealous about etiquette as the simplicity of my equipment, the hard life I lead, the privations and fatigues I endure along with my people, my dress of common stuff proper for this kind of life, and everything in me and around me, tempt them to depart from it. "*My lord*," therefore, is not sufficient for me; I must have "*Your majesty*," or, at least, "*Your highness*."—vol. ii. p. 213.

And again—

'I ascended them [the Snowy Mountains] twice, at the interval of a day—being stopped, on the first occasion by the superstition and above all by the stupid cowardice of my men, much below the point which I had purposed reaching. I should in the same manner have been thwarted in the object of my second expedition, if, to the first promises encouraging them to follow, I had not added *threats of chastisement*, to be inflicted on those who refused to march. One only—my gardener, the most stupid and timid of the Hindoos—remained faithful to me; the rest of the band, squatting in the sun, on a rock which pierced the mantle of snow upon which we had been marching for two hours, became perfectly mutinous, and called back my poor gardener. . . . I darted like a stone upon the rock of revolt, and made an active use of the *bamboo*. The traitor whose voice I had recognised calling the gardener paid for all, and *very dearly* too. The least weakness on my part—a half measure—would have been the most dangerous of all measures. The culprit being besides the most active, the most robust, and habitually the most evil-intentioned of all, I gave it him so *heartily on his shoulders* from the first that he would not have been able to reply, had he made the attempt. As these poor devils, notwithstanding their piteous and humble condition, are of *high caste*, and essentially military, I really did not know how the others would take this lesson. Rajpoots, and mountaineers though they are, they took it as true Hindoos—that is, joining their hands and asking pardon.'—vol. ii. pp. 210, 211.

All this Jacquemont relates with a view of exhibiting the effect of his own courage, firmness, and decision, over the intimidated Hindoos. Intimidated they no doubt were by the unjustifiable violence of such an assault, but we are much mistaken if Jacquemont did not owe his impunity to the character in which he travelled as the friend and *protégé* of the Governor-General, who, we dare say, will be very sorry to learn how grossly and cruelly his patronage was abused. But Jacquemont, as we have just seen, pretends that these poor people were used to this treatment from British officers, and that he was forced to follow their example. We however know that, though individuals may have hasty tempers and exhibit occasional harshness, such are not the general characteristics of the treatment of the natives by British officers; and we happen, singularly enough, to have at hand a parallel case of disobedience on the part of the natives to an English traveller in these mountains; but we shall see how differently it was dealt with. Captain Mundy, in his very interesting 'Pen and Pencil Sketches in India,' informs us that a similar difficulty happened to him at the very outset of his excursion into the Himalaya—

'Our native servants at first took fright at the cold; and some of them refused even to enter the hills.'

This, we see, [was a much more serious disobedience than that of the servants of Jacquemont, who only refused to climb one particularly

particularly snowy summit on one particular occasion—whereas Captain Mundy's men were disposed absolutely to desert his service before there was any difficulty, and on a mere apprehension. Let us see then how an English staff-officer, the aide-de-camp of the commander-in-chief, behaved on such an occasion. We hear of no bamboo—no assault—no constraint: on the contrary, the more obstinate were allowed to depart, and

'the others were *persuaded* by the promised *advantages* of additional *warm raiment* to accompany us: and though they sometimes looked sufficiently miserable, yet they did not suffer in their health by the unwonted change of climate.'—*Mundy*, vol. i. p. 238.

Indeed, the whole spirit of Captain Mundy's book—its unaffected simplicity—its accurate details—its brilliant descriptions of scenery—its slight, but able sketches of manners—and, above all, its modest tone and gentlemanlike spirit, afford a very striking and a very agreeable contrast with the confused and often unintelligible statements, and the eternal egotism of Jacquemont. It is remarkable, too, that we find in Captain Mundy's volumes—though his journey had no scientific objects and he pretends to no scientific character—ten times the number of facts in natural history that can be extracted from Jacquemont. Indeed, in the whole of the Frenchman's work there is scarcely an allusion to the peculiar objects of his mission: all that we recollect is, that he sent his cousin Zoé a primrose, which bloomed, he says, at a height which, in the European Alps, would have been above the line of eternal snow; he talks also of having seen one animal which he *hopes* may be a new species of a well-known genus; and he mentions that he had made a journey in search of a bed of shells, at a great elevation in the Himalaya—but with what result we have yet to learn. He talks, too, very vaguely, of having four times passed over snowy ridges higher by 700 metres than Mont Blanc; again, of having crossed mountains 18,300 feet high; and he adds, that in a five days' march, his lowest encampment was at the height of 14,000 feet (p. 265)—but not a hint of how these heights were ascertained; nor do we find any allusion to barometers or barometrical calculations, except in the description of the hurricane at Bourbon, when he says that his barometers were blown out to sea in the *Zélée*; and on one occasion in Cashmere he mentions in a cursory way his having had recourse to logarithms for ascertaining the height of that valley.

It is true that Jacquemont says that he reserves all his scientific observations for his official reports—and *there* they may have been entered—and *there* we may hereafter find them; but it certainly is singular, that a professed *savant* should have written such a mass of letters under such peculiar circumstances, without affording the slightest indication of anything that has even the colour

of science. We prejudge nothing; and certainly M. Jacquemont's discoveries, whatever they may be, will have lost none of their *éclat* by any premature disclosure to his private friends.

But whatever he may turn out to have been as a man of science, he was assuredly, notwithstanding all his pretensions, a very ordinary traveller. He seems to have had very little enterprise, and we did not think it possible that, writing so much, he could have given us so little information concerning the features of the country or the manners of the people. In truth, he saw, felt, and described nothing, but in its relations to *himself*; and India was to him an immense mirror, which reflected nothing but his own image.

We before hinted that some of his proceedings might have had very serious consequences. On one occasion, particularly, he—shamefully, if he speaks truth—abused the protection which was afforded him. Our readers will recollect* Lieutenant Webb's being stopped at the Nitee pass, in 1819, by the Chinese Tartars, and with what patience and propriety he submitted to the local authorities. We know, also, that several other British officers were induced by similar motives to check their enterprise and curiosity. But M. Jacquemont was restrained by no such consideration, and boasts that he made a hostile and wanton inroad upon the Chinese territory—

'My little army, for it was truly an act of hostility I was committing against his *Tea-ifying* Majesty of Peking, exceeded sixty men, six of whom, reckoning myself, were fighters. By rare good luck, I found Chinese vigilance at fault on the frontiers; and the unexpected arrival of my caravan, in close column, surprised the people of Behar so much that they fled on my approach, instead of offering any opposition. I encamped peaceably in a chosen spot, and next day received in my little tent the visit of a Chinese officer, who commands a turret of sandstone, fortified with two leather-guns, at no great distance. He came to complain. I transformed him into the accused; put a multitude of questions to him without allowing him to speak, except in answer to them; then dismissed him and his staff with a nod, after I had sifted him to the bottom. I designedly put on a threatening look, and commanded my people to do the same, in order that such demonstration might suffice. The Beharites had no idea of a double-barrelled gun, still less of a percussion one,

'It was on that day that I encamped so high as sixteen thousand feet. During the night, some horsemen came to lie in ambush near my camp; however, I had intimation of their arrival, and of their small numbers. Not caring at all for them, I commenced my examination at day-break, followed by six servants at most. The Tartar-Chinese cavalry immediately got into motion, following my steps, but at a respectful distance. I commanded one of them to approach; and the fellow doing so without alighting to speak to me, I laid hold of him by his pig-tail and threw him off his horse. This comes,

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxii. p. 421.

my friend, of living a year in India: a man thinks himself very sincerely insulted by every act which is not servile. Here I was wrong, for the poor devil of a Beharite was ignorant of Indian etiquette. But I saw only one thing—the colour of his skin; and, forgetting the difference of places, I took his ignorance for deliberate insult: *inde iræ*. His comrades had galloped away. The poor man remounted his nag with a good deal of trouble, and joined them as quickly as he could.’—p. 265-268.

And this insolent outrage was, in fact, still worse than it even at first sight appears; for it was not merely an outrage—it was a deliberate abuse of the confidence which the British authorities had placed in him, and might have produced retaliatory measures of plunder and bloodshed on our own frontier.

‘My being a Frenchman is far from disadvantageous to me: an Englishman could not have undertaken the journey which the *French lord* has just terminated so fortunately. *The Government forbids English subjects to approach the Chinese frontiers*, in order to avoid the trouble of the complaints which violations of territory might excite. Being free from this restraint, and persuaded that my little caravan would march in these deserts like a conquering army, I fearlessly ran my chance.’—p. 298.

We must here observe, that not only was his personal conduct unjustifiable in violating the orders of the government under whose protection he travelled, but his attendants must have been persons supplied to him by the British authorities in consequence of Lord William Bentinck’s commands. He goes on—

‘Several times I found, in much greater numbers than my retinue, people assembled from all the villages around, to stop my progress: sometimes on the summit of a mountain, sometimes in a narrow defile which a single man might have defended against thousands, sometimes on the banks of a torrent. I never hesitated to push forward without paying attention to their injunctions; and I had very seldom occasion to use any of these good people roughly, in order to disperse their astonished companions. Notwithstanding their bold appearance before the engagement, I never saw in them any signs of resistance by open force; but they endeavoured to famish me, in order to force me to retire: they did not dare positively to refuse to sell me provisions, but laid a very high price on them, and the farther I advanced the more they increased it. At length I adopted the resolution which I ought to have taken in the first instance. I dictated the price myself, on a very liberal scale, and warned them that, if they did not submit to it, I would plunder the village, and carry off their cattle: a menace which was sufficient for my purpose, and which I had never any occasion afterwards to repeat.’—pp. 298, 299.

Again—

‘They endeavoured to stop my progress by the excessive price they put upon the provisions of which my caravan stood in need. Their

Their refusing them altogether, which they should have done as faithful Chinese subjects, would have been compelling me to plunder their villages, and take by force what I required; but their circumspection preserved them from such a measure. I, however, considered the excessive dearness of their consent as a refusal, and reformed the prices by my own authority, still leaving them very high. I added the formal threat of plunder, if my camp was not well provisioned on these conditions; and I was allowed to want nothing.'—pp. 314, 315.

All this would be very bad—and Lord William Bentinck would have much to answer for in having enabled him to commit such aggressions—but, to say the truth, we do not believe one word of it—he and his attendants might, perhaps, have pulled a solitary Chinese off his horse, but that he could have marched and counter-marched, and *taken* the 'town of Behar,' &c., &c., and threatened to plunder villages and lay the country under contribution, and defy and repel its whole population—in passes and defiles where children rolling down stones would be as formidable as artillery—we do *most entirely disbelieve*—nay, we have our suspicions about his ever having visited Behar at all; for it was on this expedition that he asserts that he had *four times* traversed ridges higher by 3500 feet than the summit of Mont Blanc (p. 257), and in regions, according to his account, hitherto unexplored by any European—yet, not a syllable do we find of explanation or description of his line of march, nor of local features—no mention of time—no note of any observations—not a word of what he did—or felt—or suffered—or saw—except only the account we have just quoted of his personal scuffle with the inhabitants of Behar. Nor is this very suspicious silence to be attributed to haste or negligence. He loves to tell the tale of his invasion of *China*, as he complaisantly calls it—he repeats it to at least *five* different correspondents—to his cousin Miss Zoé Noiset (p. 217)—to his brother (p. 265)—to M. Elie de Beaumont, a naturalist (p. 291)—to M. Dunoyer, a man of letters (p. 294)—to M. de Tracy, a politician (p. 307)—but in all these repetitions we cannot discover any allusion to either *time* or *place*, by which we can trace whence he departed—in what direction he marched—how far he went—or by what line he returned. *Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*. His statements may be true, but they look to us very improbable; and we suspect the whole journey may be a fable—or at least an exaggeration, suggested to Jacquemont's mind by seeing on the maps of India a track laid down from the Sutledge to the village of Behar: for it is a very remarkable fact, that with all his lofty pretensions to activity and enterprise, we cannot find, on a careful examination of his journeys, that *he*

went

went one mile in any direction where there is not a regular line of route laid down on the ordinary maps!

After this, as we believe, imaginary capture of Behar, he made another hostile excursion into Chinese Tartary, in which he states that he proceeded to a fort called *Dunker*—*which he took*. About this capture of *Dunker* we have still more serious doubts than about that of Behar. In the first place, we observe, that in *two* letters written to M. Beaumont, in a third to M. Dunoyer, and a fourth to M. Tracy, all expatiating on his personal prowess at *Behar* and all subsequent to the supposed capture of *Dunker*, there is no allusion whatever to any such event; and, though he boasts that he extended his excursion very far to the northward, and though *Dunker* is the most northerly point of his track—he does not so much as mention its name, but designates his extreme position by the quotations of the latitude of $32^{\circ} 10'$. The whole and *sole* mention of the capture of the fort of *Dunker* is, in a subsequent letter to his father, in these loose terms:—

'Assisted by three servants, I literally took the fort of *Dunker*, in *Spiti*, which you will find somewhere astride on the 32nd degree of latitude.'—p. 315.

Considering the loquacious vanity with which he repeats all his other personal exploits, it is strange that this one, performed on the extreme verge of his Himalayan excursions, should not have been more particularly explained. After all, he *may* have visited Behar and *Dunker*—other persons had previously done so, and there are routes to both laid down in the maps—but it must be regretted that he should have slurred over so loosely and obscurely these the two most interesting, because the most remote and least known, portions of his travels.

But we have still more distinct grounds for doubting his accuracy in such matters. He occasionally hazards an assertion which we can detect, amidst the studied (as it would seem) obscurity of his movements, to be unfounded, as, for instance, when he writes to M. de Tracy—

'I proceeded as far as the mountains above the source of the *Jumna*; I also approached those of the *Ganges*.'—p. 241.

And to M. de Beaumont—

'I went to the sources of the *Jumna*, and near those of the *Ganges*.'—p. 291.

And to M. de Tracy—

'On the 12th April I visited the sources of the *Jumna*—I also approached those of the *Ganges*, and ascended considerably above them on the eternal snows of the colossal chain that separates India from Tibet.'—p. 247.

Now, it is certain, that this story thus solemnly repeated three times over—of his approach to the sources of the *Ganges*—is, in the

the meaning he wishes to convey, utterly false. He never was higher up the Ganges than Hurdwar, a town as easy of access as Delhi—if, indeed, he was ever so far—for, though the map prefixed to his book traces his route to Hurdwar, his verbal narrative does not mention and seems to negative his having visited it. But be that as it may, it is certain that he never ascended the *Bhagarutee*, the sacred branch of the Ganges, which, as our readers know,* descends from the mysterious Gangotree, which the Hindoos revere as the sources of the holy river. On the contrary, he took a different, much easier, and more frequented route, by Dehra, towards the sources of the *Jumna*; and although one of his letters is dated but one day's journey from Jumnotree, we cannot help doubting whether he had the courage and perseverance to accomplish the last stage of this perilous pilgrimage, which, however, many English gentlemen, and at least one English lady, have performed. We observe that in his letter to the most respected of his correspondents, M. de Tracy, he does not say that '*he visited the sources of the Jumna*,' but only that he '*proceeded as far as the mountains above the source of the Jumna*.' If he did reach scenes, which we are told by other travellers far exceed the most stupendous magnificence of the European Alps, is it not strange that he should give no account whatsoever of those very remarkable scenes? nor, indeed, does he so much as mention the fact itself, till more than a month after, when he says, in the cursory manner we have quoted, '*I have visited the sources of the Jumna*.' The reader who will refer to Mr. Frazer's travels, or to our article referred to in the foot-note, will think that such a scene would deserve some more distinct notice. But whether Jacquemont actually went up to the sources of the *Jumna* or not, it was his approach to *them* which gave him the only pretence he had for saying that he approached *the sources of the Ganges*—which, taking their rise on opposite sides of mountains covered with eternal snow, are at a comparatively short but utterly impassable distance from those of the *Jumna*. Jacquemont's assertion is exactly as if a traveller who had visited the source of the Aveiron in the valley of Chamouni, should boast

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxiv. p. 127, for Mr. Frazer's interesting account of the sources of both the Ganges and the Jumna. We should also beg leave to refer our readers to Captain Skinner's '*Excursions in India*.' He visited both Jumnotree and Gangotree, and his work is a most interesting delineation both of manners and scenery. We can give the same praise to Captain Archer's '*Tours in Upper India*;' but both these officers impair the ease of their narratives and the pleasure of their readers by the occasional affectation of a kind of literary merit which is—like many of M. Jacquemont's pleasantries—quite out of place. Captain Skinner's quotations from Shakspeare, and Captain Archer's efforts to be facetious, have, we beg leave, with great respect for their talents, to say, the very contrary effect of what they intend. Their books are very clever, and with these slight blemishes very amusing—without them they would be delightful!

that

that he had also approached the sources of the *Po*—some of which rise on the opposite side of Mont Blanc—distant only a few leagues in a direct line, but a journey of ten days or a fortnight by any practicable road.* When we find M. Jacquemont thus equivocating to some and *lying* to others of his most respected correspondents, we conclude that he is not more trustworthy when he is *palavering* to his cousin Zoé and his brother Porphyre. We ought, however, in fairness to add, that there is one circumstance which might account for his omission of all local description, and which renders it possible that he may have visited the sources of the Jumna and the interior of the Himalaya, though he says nothing of the natural features of either; namely—that Jacquemont, selected by the Parisian *savans* for this remarkable mission, had the strange qualification of being so *shortsighted* as not to be able to distinguish an object at more than a few yards distance:—

‘My sight has certainly grown shorter within the last year: I only take off my spectacles to read and write, and even with them I do not see far enough to make use of my carbine. The range of my fowling-piece [from thirty to fifty yards] is just the same as that of my eyes; so I have left my carbine at Sharunpore.’—p. 207.

This really may be the cause not only of the extraordinary absence which we have noted of all local description, but of the very egotistical complexion of his letters. When a man cannot see what other people are about, he must naturally be a good deal occupied with himself. But, after making all allowances of this kind, we must repeat that M. Jacquemont was evidently by no means an adventurous traveller. He indeed promises—agreeably to his national proverb—‘*Monts et merveilles* ;’ but the *monts* he never very willingly climbs, and the only *merveille* he thinks it worth while to produce is *himself*. He writes from the other side of the Himalaya :

‘I shall return to India by the Burunda Pass, through what the Indian and European public improperly term the great chain of the Himalaya. The Burunda Pass scarcely exceeds fifteen thousand feet in elevation. This will be *mere child’s play* to me, who have reached, four times, an elevation of eighteen thousand three hundred, and eighteen thousand six hundred feet.’—p. 286.

‘*Child’s play*!’ very well! but what was the result? He did *not* attempt the Burunda or any other of the difficult passes of the chain. This adventurous and curious explorer of the Himalaya

* Captain Skinner, who seems to have possessed extraordinary courage, activity, and strength, was fourteen days in traversing the shortest practicable line between Jumnotree and the sources of the Ganges. The toil of the journey was immense, but was amply repaid by the magnificence of scenery to which M. Jacquemont does not even allude.

returned,

returned, as he had gone, by the valley of the Sutledge, along a road over a considerable portion of which he confesses he was luxuriously 'carried in a kind of arm-chair.'—p. 239.

He has, as we have seen, and in many more places than we have quoted, indulged himself in reflections on the over-attention of the English officers to their comforts, and extols his own superior hardihood. The following refutation of both these assertions is amusing. At Dehra, where he sojourned a short time, he complains grievously of the excessive severity of the climate and the desolation of the scene, but he nevertheless endures all these hardships with unabated strength and courage.

'At Dehra the lightning struck a tree under which my little tent had been pitched. Two of my people were in it with me, and both were for some instants paralysed in the left side. On the heights of *Missouri*, which overhang the valley of Dehra, the space around me was strewn with the splinters of a blasted rock; whilst, chilled with cold and wet, I made my anxious and slender repast. It seems in truth that they are aiming at me from on high. The two first shots have not touched me; but I must beware of the third.'—pp. 206-208.

How grand! On the receipt of this letter Zoé no doubt assembled all the young ladies of Arras, and Porphyre all the students of the *Pays Latin*, to admire and sympathize with the magnanimous sufferer. Now hear how one of these effeminate English deals with exactly the same place in the same season of the year, Captain Mundy's visit to the heights of *Missouri* being in April, 1828, and M. Jacquemont's in April, 1830.

'April 15th.—Therm. in our tents at Deyra 82°.—At 4 A.M. this morning, my friend and myself started on an expedition to the two mountain-stations, Llandowr and Missouree. Mr. Shore was kind enough to send two capital ghoonts (mountain ponies) for us to Rajpore, a village at the foot of the mountains, seven miles from Deyra. We galloped on our own horses to this place, where we found the rough little brutes, with two guides, awaiting us. We immediately mounted upon the well-padded saddles and commenced the ascent, being duly cautioned by the men to lay the bridle on the necks of our ponies, and allow them to rest when they pleased. . . . The journey is certainly a nervous one for beginners, for though we have both rambled through the Alps, we have been rather accustomed to trust to our own feet than to ride in mountainous expeditions. . . . We reached the little half-built colony without accident, and breakfasted with Major Brutton of the Eleventh Dragoons, who commands the dépôt of European invalids. . . . After inspecting the several buildings, and enjoying the most splendid view of the snowy range, the beautiful Doon, (Valley of Dehra,) the mountains beyond it, and in the dim distance beyond them the wide-spreading plains of Hindostan, we remounted our ghoonts, and set off for Missouree, which is somewhat lower than, and three miles distant from, Llandowr. Among the various

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various and beautiful trees and shrubs of these mountainous regions, I was delighted to recognize many old English friends. The oak and the rhododendron are the largest timber trees; and of the latter, which in Europe and America is a mere shrub, the beams of the Llandowr houses are formed. At this period they are covered with a luxuriant crimson flower, and their stems, as well as those of the oak, are thickly clothed with a long and hoary moss. During our descent I also discovered the cherry, pear, barberry and raspberry, which are unknown in the plains. Missouree is situated on a table-hill, and is less wooded than Llandowr: but it has greatly the advantage in point of space. We called upon Major Young, who resides here, and he obligingly furnished us with directions for hunting tigers in our progress through the Doon towards Simla. The descent we found infinitely more fatiguing than the ascent, but our nerves grew callous in proportion to our fatigue; though we were obliged to dismount in a few bad places. At Rajpore we found our gig, and drove into Deyra just in time to dress for dinner. It was a good day's work. We rode twenty-six miles, nineteen of mountain equitation, and drove seven miles.'—*Mundy's Sketches*, vol. i. pp. 185-190.

Thus we see that, in circumstances of such suffering and horror, that the magnanimous Jacquemont saw reason to suspect that the *vengeance of offended heaven* was specially aimed at him, these *bêtes* of English, with an 'awkward affectation of manliness' (vol. i. p. 92), seek for health and pleasure, and, after a good day's sport, *drive home in their gigs to dress for dinner*. We cannot now, for the last time, mention Captain Mundy's lively and interesting work* without requesting our readers not to judge it by the short and mutilated extracts we have made. We think it fully equal to Jacquemont's in point of amusement, and vastly above it in every other respect; and there is one very curious circumstance connected with the two works which we must notice, though we cannot explain. Captain Mundy's tour was made in 1828 and 1829, and his book published in London in 1832. Jacquemont died in the beginning of 1832, and never could have seen Captain Mundy's volumes; yet there are some remarkable passages in Jacquemont's letters which seem *identical* with facts stated by Captain Mundy. Any reader who will take the trouble to compare Jacquemont's account of the robbery in his tent, (vol. i. p. 214;) of the fall of his horse over a precipice, and his being caught in a tree half way down, (p. 350;) and of the residence, court, and person of the Rajah of Nahun, (p. 352,) with Captain Mundy's relation in similar words of similar accidents and circumstances occurring in the same neighbourhood—any person, we say, who will make the comparison, will, we think, see a strong similitude. Jacquemont

* Pen and Pencil Sketches of India. By Captain Mundy, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1833.

could not have seen, as we have said, Captain Mundy's book, and it is impossible to believe that his editor can have interpolated such passages; yet the coincidences are curious. We are almost induced to suspect that, as Captain Mundy's adventures were of course well known at Simla, near which place they occurred, and where Jacquemont made two or three long visits as the guest of Captain Kennedy the resident there, the Frenchman may have heard the stories, and, with his usual accuracy and modesty, thought himself justified in repeating them for the amusement of his domestic circle, as having occurred to himself. It would be strange that circumstances so nearly resembling each other should have occurred to two different travellers and so nearly in the same neighbourhood.

We will pursue no further our hostile criticism on M. Jacquemont, though we are far from having exhausted the topic. We now turn to the more agreeable task of saying, that, with the drawback of his monstrous vanity and the partialities and inaccuracies which such extravagant egotism must produce, his letters are amusing, and, where his personal and national prejudices do not interfere, show considerable tact and discrimination. There is a great deal of tautology, and the same story is sometimes tediously repeated, but that is the fault not of himself, but of the form in which he writes, as he is obliged to repeat the same events to different correspondents. By the omission of some of these duplicate letters, and of those passages which offend religion and delicacy, (and these might easily have been removed,) the book would have been an agreeable, though very loose, gossip on the state of Indian manners and society. Jacquemont seems to have had a good deal of conversational pleasantry, and the art of telling a story agreeably, though there are everywhere traces of effort and affectation. Of course our limits will not allow us to give many specimens of qualities which are in their nature rather diffuse; but, as an example, we shall select a passage which we think is in his best style:—

'A few broken legs, and shattered shoulders, are so much a matter of course in Indian hunting, that none is ever undertaken without a surgeon. As for hunting lions and tigers, it is (for gentlemen I mean) a most harmless amusement, since the game is never sought on horseback, but only on an elephant. Each hunter is perched, like a witness in an English court of justice, in a strong and lofty box, fastened upon the animal's back. He has a little park of artillery near him; namely, a couple of carbines and a brace of pistols. It sometimes happens, but very seldom, that the tiger, when brought to bay, leaps on the elephant's head, but that does not concern us; it is the affair of the conductor (mahout), who is paid twenty-five francs a month, to run the risk of such accidents. In case of death, the latter

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latter has at least the satisfaction of a complete revenge, for the elephant does not play the clarionet unconcernedly with his trunk, when he feels he has a tiger for his head-dress: he does his best, and the hunter assists him with a ball point-blank. The mahout is, you see, a sort of *responsible editor*. Another poor devil is behind you, whose duty it is to carry a parasol over your head. His condition is still worse than that of the mahout; when the elephant is frightened, and flies from the tiger, which charges him and springs on his back, the true employment of this man is to be eaten in the gentleman's place. India is the Utopia of social order for the aristocracy: in Europe, the poor carry the rich upon their shoulders, but it is only metaphorically; here it is without figure. Instead of workers and consumers, or governed and governors—the subtle distinction of European politics—in India there are only the carried and the carrying, which is much clearer.'—pp. 194, 195.

This, although the pleasantries are rather too elaborate, is lively enough—the best hit, however, that of the '*responsible editor*,' will be lost upon those readers who are not versed in the modern practice of the French courts in the trials of newspaper libels.

At Loodiana, on the banks of the Sutledge, M. Jacquemont was introduced to two ex-kings of Cabul,—Shah Zeman, who had been blinded as well as dethroned; and Shah Soojah, his brother, who had also been dethroned, but escaped with his eyes still about him into the Himalaya mountains. The adventures of Shah Soojah, who, after having been twice dethroned, is now a third time a king, are of the most romantic character. They have been recorded by himself in Persian, and translated and published in the Calcutta Journals. Of the two brothers M. Jacquemont says:

'There are two ex-majesties here, who preserve the title, and before whom I did not appear without taking off my shoes; these are Shah Zeman and Shah Shaudjah his brother, formerly kings of Cabul, Afghanistan, and Cashmere; and great sovereigns twenty years ago. The British government sent them a magnificent embassy, and sought their alliance, at the period when the presence of General Gardanne, at Tehran, raised some suspicion in the cabinet of Calcutta with regard to the views, generally not very pacific, of your friend, the great man, as Courier used to say. Mr. Elphinstone, the British Ambassador, disputed for a fortnight with the Grand Master of the Ceremonies and the Chamberlain of Shah Shaudjah, about the etiquette of his presentation to the king. The latter agreed at last to exact from Mr. Elphinstone only thirty-nine bows; while he himself, the king, would show his nose at the window, the ambassador remaining with his whole suite in the court-yard, at a distance of three or four hundred paces.'

'His ex-majesty has the most magnificent black beard I ever saw; and I found him a very gracious personage. A pensioner on British generosity, to which, in truth, he has no claim, [we must be allowed to smile

smile at the coolness of Jacquemont in this description.] Shah Shaudjah lives here in freedom, but under the surveillance of the British political agent, my present host. By this officer I was conducted to a private audience of the Shah, with whom I spent an hour, conversing about Cashmere, whither I am going, and where he formerly made war, from Cabul, his country,—from his mountains, of which he spoke to me with affecting eloquence. Do you recollect that the women broke open the doors of the *hotel Sinet*, to see the Tunis envoy's handsome secretary? I know not what they would do if Shah Shaudjah went to Paris; the National Guard would not be sufficient to preserve public order, he is so handsome! The old emperor, Shah Zeman, who had his eyes put out, spends his time in devotion, which, however, does not prevent his having a large seraglio. He related to me his pilgrimage to Mecca, which he undertook after he became blind."—vol. i. pp. 372, 373.

Of Runjeet Sing M. Jacquemont gives the following account. It corresponds, as to essentials, with the portraiture of Burnes, and supplies some amusing *traits* which our countryman's gravity feared perhaps to introduce.

'Lahore, March 16, 1830.—I have several times spent a couple of hours in conversing with Runjeet, *de omni re scribili et quibusdam aliis*. His conversation is like a nightmare. He is almost the first *inquisitive* Indian I have seen; and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation. He has asked a hundred thousand questions of me about India, the British, Europe, Bonaparte, this world in general, and the next, hell, paradise, the soul, God, the devil, and a myriad of others of the same kind.

'This pattern of an Asiatic king is, however, no saint: far from it. He is bound by neither law nor honour, when his interests do not enjoin him to be just or faithful; but he is not cruel. He cuts off the nose, ears, and a hand of very great criminals; but he never puts any to death. He is passionately fond of horses, quite to madness; and he carries on a murderous and expensive war against a neighbouring province, in order to obtain a horse which has been refused him either as a gift or a purchase. He has great bravery, a somewhat rare quality amongst the princes of the East; and although he has always succeeded in his military undertakings, it is by perfidious treaties and negotiations alone that, from a simple country gentleman, he has become absolute king of the Punjab, Cashmere, &c., and is better obeyed by his subjects than the Mogul emperors in the zenith of their power. A Seikh by profession, a sceptic in reality, he every year pays his devotions at Umbritsir; and, what is very singular, these devotions are paid at the tombs of several Mohammedan saints; yet these pilgrimages offend none of the puritans of his own sect.

'He is a shameless scoundrel, and cares not a bit more about it than Henri III. formerly among us. It is true that, between the Indus and the Sutledge, it is not even a peccadillo to be a scoundrel. But what horribly offends the morality of these good people is, that the king, not content with the women in his own seraglio, often fancies those

those of others; and what is worse, those which belong to everybody. In spite of the mystery which the orientals, even of the lowest class, throw over their intrigues, whether purchased or not, Runjeet has often exhibited himself to the good people of Lahore, mounted on an elephant, with a Mussulmaun courtesan.—vol. i. pp. 395-400.

M. Jacquemont says that it was only after his entrance into the Punjab that he fully appreciated the benefit of British rule in India. Before he even reached Bengal, however, he had found out that 'the colossal magnitude of English sway was a blessing;' that 'the British colonial institutions were admirable, as seen at the Cape,' and 'those of the French execrable as exhibited at the Isle of Bourbon' and Pondicherry; at all which places he touched on his way thither. In p. 244, vol. ii., he remarks,—

'It is evident that it is not by physical force that the English keep under the immense population of these vast regions. The European army consists of only 20,000 men; that is all. The principle of their power is elsewhere. It is in the respect with which their character inspires these nations.'

Even the mode in which we have obtained our paramount sway in India, for which we have been so often and so largely abused by foreigners, appears neither unjust nor wonderful in the eyes of M. Jacquemont. He remarks (p. 233)—

'In France, we consider as an hypocritical farce the excuse of necessity, alleged by the English, for the prodigious aggrandisement of their Asiatic dominions; nothing, however, is more true, and certainly no European government was ever more faithful to its engagements than that of the Company.'

We believe it may be truly asserted, that in all the wars in which the British have been engaged in India, the native potentates were, more or less, the aggressors. Ambition is, in their eyes, as in the eyes of more civilized nations, a godlike virtue—'*super et Garamantes et Indos proferet imperium.*' It is true that the Company have generally indemnified themselves for the expenses of wars, thus forced on them, by extension of territory, so as at once to reduce the strength of their adversaries and augment their own; but their policy and their interest are and have been essentially pacific. Even the most successful wars, followed by acquisitions of territory and even of money, such as those waged against Tippoo, have not ultimately enriched their treasury; whilst some hostilities, even when prosecuted to a glorious termination, such as the late war with the Burmese, have entailed upon them ruinous expense. It must be confessed, no doubt, that territory has often been acquired in a more questionable way, by compelling the native princes, to whom we have supplied subsidiary troops, to cede portions of their possessions in payment of the military entertained for their protection and defence; but this

this has, in almost all instances, been the consequence of the non-payment of the stipulated subsidy, arising out of the vicious mismanagement of the native princes themselves; and has generally, if not always, been necessary to protect their subjects from extortion and oppression. Jacquemont, in bearing testimony to the general moderation of the Company's policy, adds a remarkable instance of the wanton bad faith, ingratitude, and folly, by which these princes provoke the reluctant interference of the English.

'The Indian princes have obliged the Company to absorb them all into its power, one after the other. They have all succumbed, in the rashest, the most stupid enterprises against the Colossus, *which would have left them in peace, had they not madly provoked its interference.* Thirty years ago, the English drove the Mahrattas out of Delhi, where they found, imprisoned in the fort, a blind old man, whose long life had been but an uninterrupted series of misfortunes. This was Shah Allum, the descendant of Timour. He had never reigned but by name. The English leave him his vain title, and pay him all the honours formerly enjoyed by the Mogul emperors. They give him a magnificent pension (four millions of francs); guaranteeing this title, these honours, and these advantages, to his family. What use do you think he once made of the guns which have been given him for form sake to fire a salute whenever he leaves his palace? *He fired them at the English troops.* In less than five minutes the imperial palace was attacked, and the guns retaken. Well! such are the Indian princes. They are all like children, who cannot be trusted with a razor in their hands; not the princes only, but the whole population, which is utterly destitute of reason and moral sense.'—vol. ii. pp. 97-98.

It must be recollected, too, that these native governments are themselves a series of fluctuating *usurpations*—that *our* territorial appropriations have seldom invaded long-established rights, and, what never can be said of the change of native dynasties, have been always attended by decisive advantage to the mass of the people who have thus come under our sway.

But where, it will be said, is this system to end? The answer is, on the Indus to the west, as it has already ended on the Irrawaddy to the east. The north is barricaded by the Himalaya Mountains, and the south is guarded by the sea. Beyond these limits of Hindooism no indemnities can be found. If we cannot defend India, thus defined, out of her own resources, we must abandon her. M. Jacquemont gives it as his opinion (p. 217, vol. ii.), that 'the sway of the British in India; though it may last centuries, may be terminated in a day.' In this we must all agree with him. It is impossible that a people differing in blood, complexion, language, manners, and religion from conquerors, who neither domesticate themselves among them during their stay, nor stay longer than they can help, can ever cordially

like

like such intruders. Our superiority in arms first compelled them to submit, and the general justice and humanity of our government have certainly gone very far to reconcile them to our dominion. But the *prestige* of our superiority is now, we fear, rapidly evaporating before the entire freedom of the native, as well as the European press—the diffusion of English education—the multiplication of half castes—and the increasing numbers of European settlers and adventurers of all descriptions. The late fanatic insurrection within a few miles of Calcutta, and the long continued Cole war at no great distance from it, are pregnant instances of the decay of that moral ascendancy which Europeans once exercised over the native mind.

M. Jacquemont is, however, of opinion that 'the British power in India will never perish by foreign aggression; and in this opinion also we are inclined to agree with him. Yet, although the probabilities are that any western power which might invade India would be ultimately repulsed, prudence requires that a watchful eye should be kept on the movements not only of the Russians, but of others. What has been done may be done again. As to Russia, there can be little doubt that, supposing her to have *fully attained and secured* certain older as well as nearer objects; she might, without difficulty, land an army on the southern and eastern shores of the Caspian. She has already steam-vessels on that inland sea; and, by the Volga, troops might be embarked almost at the gates of Moscow, and conveyed, with little trouble or expense, to Astrabad on the south, or the Bay of Balkan on the east coast of the Caspian. From either or both those points the occupation of Khiva, which M. Mouraviev was sent to reconnoitre in 1820, would not be difficult; for the distance does not exceed two hundred or three hundred miles, across a region which is called indeed a desert, but in which Tartar camps and villages are found frequently interspersed; forage is procured for camels, the ships of the desert—and water at a depth of only eighteen feet; a country in which the Khan of Khiva, in 1831, maintained a large army for several weeks, according to Lieutenant Burnes, and which, in fact, has never opposed any serious obstacle to the progress of an invader, either on the side of Persia or Tartary. From Khiva, on the Oxus, the route is open upon, and along, the banks of that river to Bukhara, also reconnoitred by the Russian embassy under M. Mayendorff, in 1820; whence the road to Cabul has again and again been traversed by conquering armies. This is one route. The other, from Asterabad to Cabul, by Herat, presents no physical obstacles whatever. Both routes might be undertaken in combination and at the same time. From Cabul to the Indus there is no difficulty.

'The Russians,' M. Jacquemont remarks, 'might present themselves

in force on the banks of the Indus almost without meeting any obstacle on their route. They would march at their ease through Persia, and it is beyond doubt the Afghans would spontaneously swell the number of any army marching to the conquest of India. . . . Runjeet Sing, the ruler of Punjab, will promise, sign, swear all that is asked, and will then consider himself quite free to act according to his fancy. If he thinks that by aiding the Russians, they will succeed in driving the British from India, he will most certainly assist them, being well persuaded that these new comers will not be able to maintain their conquest, and that then his own time will come to attempt gaining possession of India. And such,' he adds, 'is the stupidity of the Indian princes, that they would either forsake the British government, or act against it, the moment a Russian army crossed the Sutledge. Yet what other nation in Europe would have left the vanquished in India so fair a portion?'—vol. ii. p. 202.

Turkey as well as Persia may now, we fear, be said to be quite at the mercy of the Czar. Whilst Persia could oppose his advancing armies in front, and Turkey attack them in the flank and rear of their line of operation, an attempt upon India could never have been hazarded; but our recent diplomacy has cleared the way. We can *now* suppose various circumstances of the European world, under which the scheme of Napoleon for the invasion of India might be revived by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, in whose minds the missions of Messrs. Mouraviev and Mayendorff to Khiva and Bukhara sufficiently show that the project has never been abandoned as entirely impracticable. Yet, with common precaution on our part, it never could succeed. Armies of horse and foot, accompanied by field artillery, might be transported from Moscow to the Indus, and a Russian army advancing through Persia, Tartary, and Afghanistan might, and probably would, have its numbers rather augmented than thinned in its progress; but if we had a few strongly fortified posts on the banks of the Indus, the Sutledge, and other Punjab rivers, how can an army, unprovided, as a Russian army must be, with a battering train and a sufficiency of siege ammunition, either take such posts or leave them in the rear? At present, we have no fortification of strength beyond Agra, whence all military supplies are furnished even to the troops on the Sutledge; but when the Indus shall be open, as it soon must be, to Bombay, no time should be lost in erecting a fortress on its banks which might bid defiance, not only to all native attacks, but to any which could be made with '*matériel*' to be brought from Europe. The line of the Sutledge, from the Himalaya mountains to the Great Indian Desert, (so far at least a desert that no large body of men ever has passed it,) is a very strong line of defence—not exceeding one hundred miles in extent—in a country in which an invading army from the north could not long subsist, especially during the intense heats

of summer, but in which our native and seasoned European troops could easily maintain themselves, if protected and provided with *munitions de guerre et de bouche*.

So much for Indian politics, as to which we perhaps have said more on this occasion than may seem to be called for by the value of M. Jacquemont's decisions on any subject—or even of his reluctant testimony to the excellence of our administration in that vast empire.

Of his opinions concerning his own country we shall offer a specimen. Of the July Revolution he received the first news with great enthusiasm, but seems to have been surprised, as well as displeased with the subsequent account of the results of that fraudulent insult on common sense.

‘What blunders the Chamber of Deputies committed in the first week of last August! I see by the English papers that M. de Lafayette has resigned the command of the national guard, which proves that there is discord in the camp of our friends. But now that we have returned to the famous legal order, how can we sweep off the peers by an ordinance? Peyronnet would cry out from his prison, “Set me at liberty, since you have infringed the new charter, as I did the old!”’
—p. 109.

And subsequently—

‘My letters last winter expressed the enthusiasm with which the revolution inspired me, and the bitter regret I have sometimes felt at being so far from France at that memorable period. Since then my opinion concerning those great events has much changed. It has been modified, like your own, in proportion as I saw so many base, absurd, and ignoble consequences proceed from so noble a principle. I see many people speak in the tribune of the events of the great week, as being their handiwork—as if they had fired a gun in the streets with the working mechanics, and as if it was not solely by the muskets of these mechanics that the revolution was achieved.’—p. 173.

We can have no great faith in his appreciation of our own national prospects, but as a specimen of the opinion of the radical youth of France it may be worth quoting:—

‘However, the thing [a revolution] is brewing in that quarter [England]. You and I are destined to see the shell burst. The abolition of the rotten boroughs will do no more good there than did Catholic emancipation in Ireland. That which the Irish most wanted before all—especially before the equality of political rights—was potatoes to eat: emancipation has not put a single one more into their mouths. What the English people now want is bread. They have the simplicity to believe that a reformed parliament will give it them: an error which they will soon rectify when they come to put their new electoral laws to the test. I would not exchange the lot of France for the next thirty years for that of England.’—pp. 210, 211.

On the whole, it is observable that, as Jacquemont recovered

from the first vulgar intoxication of his reception at Calcutta, he grew better—his vanity became rather less obtrusive—his prejudices less obstinate—his affectation moderated—his views enlarged—and his natural good sense developed. He might, we think, had he lived, have realised the old observation, that a young Frenchman is the most intolerable, and an old Frenchman the most agreeable of social men. His deathbed letter to his brother is affecting—the very circumstances of the case, of a young man dying, placidly and unrepining, (just as he had successfully completed what he thought a splendid mission,) amidst strangers—and in a distant land—are of themselves sufficient to touch any heart; but ours is pained still more deeply, when we see that the pangs of early death and the prospect of a stranger-grave were not alleviated by the hopes of immortality—of meeting in another world those friends whom he loved in this, and of foreseeing, beyond that stranger-grave, a re-union of an affectionate family in the bosom of their common Father.

We must now make a few observations on the translation which we have *generally* employed in our extracts, but which is frequently incorrect. We seldom think it worth while to make remarks on the translation of such books as these, when they express with anything like accuracy the meaning of the author. But this translator has advanced rather higher pretensions. He has prefixed an introduction to the work, in which, as from the critical chair, he pronounces a high panegyric on M. Jacquemont and his writings, a somewhat pompous eulogy on the taste and discrimination of Jacquemont's friends and *sponsors* in London, and a censure on the illiberality of others who were not quite so forward in patronizing a person whom they knew nothing about. This obliges us to observe that we think the translator a very inadequate authority, and that, before he passes such decided opinions, it would be as well that he understood a little more accurately the language of the book which he undertakes not only to translate but to panegyrize. We shall amuse our readers with a few specimens of this writer's qualifications for his task.

We begin with an instance or two not of ignorance but *bad faith*. Jacquemont, *amusing* himself at the expense of the chaplain of the ship, (whom, as we have seen, he taught the sailors to insult in the performance of the most solemn of his duties,) says, that the poor man was obliged to hear '*les plus belles impiétés*,'—vol. i. p. 24. But lest this should shock English readers at the outset, the translator renders it—in complete contradiction to the sense and to the writer's feelings—'the most *dreadful impieties*.' A similar instance is where Jacquemont, describing his travelling library of three small volumes, one of which is *Tristram Shandy*—calls it '*la pièce de résistance*!'—*the solid dish*! The idea of

Tristram

Tristram Shandy being any man's *solid dish* is too ludicrous, and therefore our honest translator softens it into 'Tristram Shandy is a feast of itself.' We note this trifle the rather because the mention of *Tristram Shandy* in this letter, dated 19th December, 1828, led, as we apprehend, to a little subsequent *embarras* in M. Jacquemont's respectable family. We have seen that M. Jacquemont had a young female cousin residing at Arras, Mademoiselle Zoé de Noizet, and we find that in July, 1831, Jacquemont learned, by a letter from his fair cousin, that, after his example, she had been endeavouring to perfect herself in the English tongue, and for that purpose had undertaken—of all the books in the world—to translate *Tristram Shandy*. Jacquemont, who in the interval had probably so far improved his English as to be able to see the drift of *Tristram Shandy*, is exceedingly surprised at the choice which poor Miss Zoé had made, and he writes to her to express, as decently as he can, that it is altogether an *improper book* for her purpose. He had, no doubt, totally forgotten the style in which, two years and a half before, he had talked of *Tristram Shandy*; but what wonder that the poor girl and the poor girl's friends thought that if she were to learn English, no book could be more proper than that which her clever literary cousin had taken with him all the way to India as his *solid dish*? We, however, can easily imagine Zoé's perplexity in endeavouring to discover, in the obscure and filthy sensualities of Sterne, the moral meaning which had recommended the book to the *savant*. But it is clear that to this hour the learned family of the Jacquemonts have not discovered their error; for however indifferent they might be about Lady W. and Lady G., they would not, knowingly, exhibit their young relation in so ridiculous a light. Nor do we think the *savant* himself ever knew very much about English literature, which he so confidently talks of, for we find him saying, so late as May, 1831—

'That he has no appetite for his dinner if he has not *Locke* or *Sterne*, or some other illustrious dead to bear him company at table.'
—vol. ii. p. 72.

We need hardly suggest, that no man who had ever read and understood a page of any of Locke's works, would have classed him with the author of '*Tristram Shandy*.' In truth, Jacquemont knows no more about Locke than dear Zoé did of Sterne. And although he talks of his great proficiency in English—and of the set speeches which he made in that tongue to Lord William Bentinck on his first arrival—we find that even after having spent *six* months in the society at Calcutta, where, he says, he spoke nothing but English, he can make no better attempt at our language than the following:—

* Conclude

'Conclude from this chapter, if you will, that I am, perhaps, a too great admirer of the foretold lady, and that it is high time for me to depart with the occasions of meeting her often.'—vol. i. p. 144.

But we must return to our translator. The preceding examples are of wilful though trifling misrepresentation; what follows is pure ignorance:—

'I have always had but little faith in the theory which accounts for the trade-winds constantly blowing from the same quarter. You may just as well give the same reason to explain why your daughter is dumb.'—vol. i. p. 23.

This grave incoherent nonsense about a dumb daughter and the trade-winds is in the original a pleasant allusion to a passage in Molière, which has become a proverbial expression for any inconclusive reasoning:—*Voilà justement ce qui fait que votre fille est muette.* (*Médecin Malgré lui*, a. ii. s. 6.)

When Jacquemont is describing the discomforts of his mode of living in the mountains, the translator makes him eat 'a careful repast,' the very reverse of the truth, for the repast was a miserable improvisation—the original expression is '*soucieux*'—and the meaning—an anxious and scanty meal.

The *Zélée*, in getting out of the harbour of Rio, runs foul of a merchantman, and a good deal of damage is done; 'but no matter; the French agent will pay the damage,' p. 27. Poor Jacquemont, instead of this matter of fact *platitute*, meant a sly political joke—'*Le contribuable français est là qui paiera les avaries*'—i. e. 'The poor French tax-payer will have to pay the damage'—as if an Englishman should have said, 'Our ignorant captain has caused the damage, but *John Bull*, "*le contribuable Anglais*," must pay for it.'

These mistakes are only ludicrous; but some are more serious. In the account of the strange affair between the *Zélée* and the English merchantman, the translation says the *Zélée* was worked in a particular manner, 'so as not to wait for his (the Englishman's) broadside,' vol. i. p. 62. This would imply that the English ship had a *broadside* to fire, and that the conduct of the French captain had so much of an excuse. The original expresses directly the contrary—'*Immédiatement après une bordée à boulets et à mitraille, et tandis qu'on rechargeait toutes les pièces d'un bord, le navire manœuvrait de manière à ne pas faire attendre sa seconde bordée.*' 'Immediately after the first broadside of round and grape, and while they were re-loading the guns, the [French] ship was manœuvred so as not to delay her SECOND broadside.'

Another very serious mistake occurs in the version of Jacquemont's impertinence about Lady W. Bentinck, which we have already alluded to. The translator makes Jacquemont say that 'Lady William's attempt to convert him had failed, and that he even feared that she was a little less sure of her aim than she was

at

at first.'—p. 88. This is quite inoffensive, and would only imply that she began to doubt whether she should succeed in converting him. But the real meaning is—as we have rendered it—that she not only failed to convert him, but had herself become a little less confident in her own belief—*sûre de son fait*—than she was before.

The following version also contradicts the meaning of the original. Jacquemont calls the Hindoostanee '*a contemptible patois, not worth learning*'—'*the language of the court and courtiers*.'—p. 90. It surprises one that the language of *court and courtiers*, generally considered the most correct and polite, should, in this instance, be a '*contemptible jargon*.' The French is, '*de cour et des courtiers*,'—i. e. '*lawyers and brokers*.'

The following passage must perplex an English reader:—

'In half an hour Shah Mohammed dismissed his court; and I retired in procession with the resident. *The drums beat in the fields* as I passed before the troops with my dressing-gown of worked muslin. Why were you not present to enjoy the honours conferred upon your progeny?'—vol. i. p. 190.

Again—

'At Lahore, I lived in a little palace of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; a battalion of infantry was on duty near me; *the drums beat in the fields* when I put my head out of doors; and when I walked in the cool of the evening, in the alleys of my garden, fountains played around me by thousands!'—vol. ii. p. 216.

One cannot conceive how drums *beating in the fields* can have any thing to do with the honours paid Jacquemont in the cities of Delhi and Lahore; but the French phrase, *Les tambours battirent aux champs quand je passais*, means no more than that when he passed the guard was turned out, and the drums *beat a salute*.

In the same way, when Jacquemont tells a story of a poor Swiss professor, who, having proved that the history of William Tell was a fable of the eleventh century, was condemned to death for having overturned a belief which is one of the dearest heirlooms of a Swiss peasant; the translator makes him add that, '*fortunately being contumacious*,' he escaped with his life.'—p. 290. One wonders why, if the error was so criminal, the being *contumacious* in it should have procured a mitigation of the punishment. The explanation is that *absent* offenders are condemned as '*contumaces*'—and Jacquemont meant to say, that being fortunately *absent*, he was condemned in effigy only, and so his life was saved.

We suppose these instances, selected at random, from the first half of the first volume, will satisfy our readers as to the qualifications of the translator in the niceties of the French idiom; and that they will agree in our opinion, that it would have been as well if, instead of criticising other people, he had employed himself in learning his own business.

ART.

- ART. III.—1. *Abstract of the Answers and Returns made pursuant to an Act passed in the eleventh year of his Majesty King George the Fourth, intituled 'An Act for the taking an Account of the Population of Great Britain, and the increase or diminution thereof.'* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 2nd April, 1833. 3 vols. folio.
2. *Abstract of Returns under the Irish Population Acts—Enumeration, 1831.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th August, 1833.
3. *Sur la Population de la Grande Bretagne. Par L. R. Villermé, 1834.*

SUCH documents as those named at the head of our paper, however generally interesting, are accessible to so few who are not members of the legislature, or of the government offices, that we think our readers may be gratified by a short account of the nature of the inquiries which have been instituted and of their most important results.

When David numbered the people it was justly imputed to him as a sin, for he had done it in a spirit of pride and vain-glory; but the investigations, of which the results are here before us, were undertaken, in the first place, to enable the legislature to exercise an enlightened justice in their fiscal, political, and moral enactments; and, in the second place, to afford to individuals authentic data for the regulation of some of their most important mutual transactions. With these objects censuses of more or less detailed investigation have been instituted both by ancient and modern governments; but in no other age or nation has there been displayed such an analytical view of the whole frame of society, such an anatomical exhibition of the body politic, as these volumes present. It is obvious that in a series of such censuses, made at equal intervals of time, the value of each is increased by the power of comparing it with all the others; thus augmenting the probability of tracing the causes of difference, whether of good or evil, by observing what other variations are concomitant with each. For such comparison it becomes absolutely necessary that at each census the returns should be made from precisely the same subdivisions of districts, and again combined always into the same larger divisions.

The operation of the poor-laws has made the inhabitants of every place, maintaining its own poor, interested in accurately knowing their own boundaries; and from the overseers of every such place returns were required on four and twenty questions, comprising details which must have demanded considerable attention, and occasioned much personal trouble. And it is creditable

ditable to the zeal and intelligence both of questioners and respondents, that 'no place has been known finally to have omitted making due return, though the number of such places amounts to 16,655, besides 11,301 returns on the subject of parish registers.'* To digest, and reduce into order, so as to render easily accessible such an unwieldy bulk of information, required a mind at once strong, and clear, and indefatigable: rightly, therefore, was the task remitted to Mr. Rickman, who had, for thirty years, so successfully laboured in the same field—to whom experience had shown the defects of the three previous decennial investigations,—to whose suggestions much of the present amended mode of inquiry has been owing,†—and to whom we are indebted for a most lucid arrangement of the consequent returns—together with calculations, inferences, and results both in a tabular form and in the important observations contained in his preface, besides above four thousand three hundred notes scattered through the volumes,—*passimque spargere lucem*.

Mr. Rickman's preface is indeed a curious document in more ways than one. We once heard an eminent lawyer declare that a clause of an Act of Parliament, in which the arrangement of the words was the best that could be, gave him as much pleasure in the perusal as the finest stanza of Spenser's. In the same way everything which is perfect in its kind, and consummately contrived to answer its purpose, may convey to one who understands its skilfulness, a pleasure similar to that with which we contemplate what is more distinctively denominated a work of art. Such a sort of satisfaction have we derived from Mr. Rickman's preface. It is not alone remarkable in respect of its scientific merits, but is also worthy to be studied as exhibiting perhaps the most perfect example which is anywhere to be found of practical ability in setting on foot a statistical inquiry of enormous extent.

It is curious to trace the devices, and interesting to contemplate the success, with which a statistician sitting in his closet could take order for the execution of a project which required that twenty-four millions of mankind should, in the course of one day, render

* After noticing the ambiguity of the terms parish, parochial chapelry, &c., and another class of doubtful parishes created by the act of 1818, for the building of additional churches in populous parishes, Mr. Rickman says, 'for any general purposes the number of parishes and parochial chapelries, in England and Wales, may safely be taken at 10,700. The number of places in England and Wales, of which the population is distinctly stated in the present abstract, is 15,609; the number of parishes in Scotland is 948; of population returns, 1046.'—*Pref.* p. 18.

† See his elaborate statements in the 'Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee on the Bill for taking an account of the Population of Great Britain, and of the increase and diminution thereof,' ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 11th May, 1830; and again before the 'Committee on the Re-committed Bill,' ordered to be printed, 26th May, 1830.

such an account of themselves as these returns contain ; and dry as the faculties are supposed to be which minister to statistical research, when we see how much knowledge of human nature, and what an active fancy, were required to conceive all the crosses and hinderances, and provide against all the errors which might have attended this investigation, one is tempted to think that more of that knowledge, and more of imagination, would not be needed for a writer of a fiction to figure to himself a succession of probable incidents. Mr. Rickman's knowledge of human nature seems to have taught him never *unnecessarily* to trust to the common sense of any man, for doing in the best way any act, however simple and mechanical. Thus the overseer, who is to go from house to house, is furnished not only with a schedule to be filled up, but with a formula of the scratches which he is to make 'with a hard black-lead pencil or ink,' as the surest way of numbering the inhabitants, and he is 'to carry the printed formula papers in a pasteboard or other convenient cover;' 'and if ink is used by the inquirer, let him also use blotting-paper.' 'Everybody knows *that*'—would be the remark of many people; but Mr. Rickman was well aware that there is no matter so plain and elementary of which it can be safely predicated that 'everybody knows *that*;' and he was likewise sensible that it was only by forecasting the progress of such an inquiry at every step, and at every stumble, that its multitudinous results could be brought out with accuracy and completeness.

The nature of the information sought, and so successfully obtained, on the subject of population, will be best understood by specifying the heading of each column in the returns : *—1st, the name of the place with its designation, as parish, township, hamlet, extra-parochial, &c. ; 2nd, area in acres ; † 3rd, inhabited houses ; 4th, families ; 5th, houses building ; 6th, other uninhabited houses ; 7th, families employed chiefly in agriculture ; 8th, trade, manufactures, and handicraft ; 9th, all other families ; 10th, males ; 11th, females ; 12th, total of persons ; 13th, males above twenty years old ; 14th, number of such occupying land and employing labourers ; 15th, number of such not employing labourers ; 16th, number of males, above twenty years old, employed as labourers in agriculture ; 17th, in manufactures, and in making manufacturing machinery ; 18th, in retail trade or handicraft, as masters

* The formula would have been improved by the numbering of the columns (which, in his Preface, Mr. Rickman has himself adopted), as saving circumlocution in the discussion of the subjects.

† It would have made the column containing the number of acres more instructive if that had been followed by one expressing the annual value at which the real property of the place was assessed in 1815, which is given in the comparative account of the four censuses, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 19th Oct, 1831.

or workmen ; 19th, as capitalists, bankers, professional and other educated men ; 20th, males above twenty employed in labour not agricultural ; 21st, other males above twenty years (except servants) ; 22nd, male servants above twenty ; 23rd, male servants under twenty ; 24th, female servants.

Before proceeding to notice the most interesting results of these inquiries, it is desirable, in order to place under one view the scope of the whole investigation, to state here the nature of the information sought and obtained from the parish registers of England and Wales. Each officiating minister was requested to state,—1st, the number of baptisms and burials appearing in his register in the several years from 1821 to 1830, both inclusive, distinguishing males from females ; 2ndly, the number of marriages in each of those years ; 3rdly, the ages of the deceased, from 1813* to 1830, both inclusive ; 4thly, the number of illegitimate children born in the parish or chapelry during 1830, distinguishing male and female children ; 5thly, any explanatory remarks are requested on any of the subjects, particularly on the annual average number of births, marriages, and deaths, which may have taken place without being registered. Such, then, are the perquisitions that have been made ; and we shall proceed to notice some of the most curious and interesting results.

First, with regard to territorial division :—Mr. Rickman justly deprecates any alteration of the boundaries of those places from which the returns have hitherto been made, as tending to diminish the value of the comparative results of different censuses. But this seems no reason for allowing such divisions to continue in reference to other subjects, where it produces effects of unbalanced evil. What Mr. Rickman seems alone to contemplate is the circumstance where parishes and counties are not conterminous. In that case, the inconvenience, it must be admitted, is not of comparative magnitude. But where portions of counties are insulated in other counties, or separated by an intervening county, the evils are of so enormous a magnitude, that, even if a change in their political and juridical allocation should disturb, as far as they were concerned, the results of statistical investigations, yet these ought to succumb to considerations of paramount interest. Happily, however, there is no necessary collision of interests. The statistical boundaries may remain unaltered whilst the political and juridical districts may be consolidated with infinite advantage, just as the circuits of the judges, the diocesan divisions, and the judiciary districts are efficient, each to their own purpose, without any mutual interference.

* The Act (5^o Geo. III. c. 146) requiring the age of the deceased to be inserted in the register of burial, did not take effect till 'from and after 31st Dec. 1812.'

In elucidation of what is here intended, we will adduce the example of the county of Durham, from the metropolis of which Norham (on the Tweed), and the neighbouring districts of Holy Island, Kyloe, and Belford, are separated by nearly the whole length of Northumberland,—the nearest being more than sixty miles distant; as Craike is, on the other side, being within about ten miles of York. Omitting Bedlington (insulated by Northumberland), which is only about thirty-five miles from Durham, the population of these places exceeds twelve thousand; and the rental, in 1815, exceeded 79,000*l*. Such a population and such a property must necessarily involve many cases of civil and criminal jurisdiction, which can only be decided at the metropolis, where the jail is situated, and where the assizes are held, and whither all parties,—criminal, witnesses, and jurymen,—must be brought. In civil cases, the consequence is, that weight is added to the heaviest purse; and in criminal cases impunity follows from the unwillingness of magistrates to commit, and of prosecutors to persevere in bringing offenders to justice. Nor is this all. We remember that, some years ago, a poor Scotch woman, who had come to Norham to work at the harvest, hung herself in a barn. The coroner was to be sent for. He lived at Ryton, a village on the Tyne, a few miles above Newcastle; he was in the southern part of his district. In the mean time, the vicar of Norham found it necessary, from the heat of the season, to cause, on his own responsibility, the body to be interred; which, when the coroner did arrive, was obliged to be exhumed, to the imminent peril of health and life in all the attendants. With glaring examples of annoyance from casualties like this (and twice a year, at least, in assize time) it is singular that such anomalies should be permitted to continue, whilst there exists the very easy remedy of an Act of Parliament to annex the districts in question, juridically only, to the immediately adjacent counties,—as they have been, for election purposes, by the late Reform Bill; and future censuses would no more be disturbed by the one regulation than by the other. The next two columns containing the number of inhabited houses, and the number of families who occupy them, involve a question of considerable interest, as influencing the comfort, the health, the cleanliness, and moral habits of a people. And, if two cases could be found where all other influences were equal, we have no doubt that a difference in the degree of domiciliary isolation would produce a marked difference in all the important circumstances we have stated.

In England and Wales there are 117 families for 100 houses; in Scotland, 133; in Ireland, 110; but the circumstances of the three kingdoms in other respects are so diverse, that no inference can be drawn from a comparison on the present subject. We

We have had, however, the curiosity to calculate and compare London and Liverpool, as somewhat similarly situated. We find London, for every hundred houses, has 171 families, and 1 in 44 of its population died in the year 1830: whilst Liverpool, for every hundred houses, has only 131 families, and only 1 in 52 of its population died in the same year. Hull has 134 families in 100 houses, and 1 in 49 is the mortality; whilst Bristol has but 131 families in 100 houses, and only 1 in 61 dies. The differences in mortality are obviously not proportioned, however they may be influenced, by isolation of domicile, because there are other influencing causes. Thus, though the isolation in Liverpool be the same as in Bristol, yet the mortality in Liverpool is much greater, of which one cause is particularly insisted on by Dr. Currie, viz., the residence of numerous families in cellars, or underground apartments. Again, in Manchester there are 116 families to 100 houses, and the mortality is 1 in 30; whilst in Birmingham, where there are only 105 families in 100 houses, the mortality is less than half—1 in 68. This enormous disproportion is probably owing, principally, to the destruction of juvenile life, by the joint cupidity of the employers and the parents of children in the Manchester manufactories; whilst the material of the Birmingham manufacture being intractable to the fingers of childhood, the parties are not exposed to the same temptation.*

In the woollen manufacture the applicability of infant labour holds a middle place; and the crowding of population and the mortality are somewhat proportionately less; for in Leeds there are 111 families in 100 houses—and 1 in 48 dies.

If such be the apparent influence, when the difference in the congregation of families under one roof is small, what must be its amount where, as in Dublin, there are 252 families in 100 houses, in Edinburgh 319, and in Paisley 360; but we have no means of ascertaining the mortality in these places.

We are sorry to observe that whilst, in England and Wales, the coacervation of families has been diminishing about two per cent. in the interval between the last two censuses, it has, in Scotland, increased at about the same rate. Nor is the disproportion likely to be remedied; for in Scotland the houses building make 1 for 147 of those inhabited, whilst in England and Wales the proportion is 1 to 103; the uninhabited houses, however, are to the inhabited as 1 to 20 in England and Wales, and only as 1 to 30 in Scotland. In the two kingdoms together, it is satisfactory to

* On this subject it is much to be regretted that many of the registers connected with the Manchester population do not notice the ages of the deceased. It would have been highly interesting to estimate, from such a scale, the operation of the legislative limitation to the hours of children's labour.

observe,

observe, that, during the last decennial period, whilst the proportion of houses building is very nearly the same, that of the uninhabited houses is diminished about sixty per cent.

From these criteria of prosperity we have a remarkable testimony to that of Ireland; for whilst the proportion of uninhabited houses is just the same as in Scotland, that of the houses building is 1 in 81 of those inhabited, or exceeding above eleven per cent. the like proportion in England. We have often heard a cry, too, that in consequence of the Union, Dublin had been deserted, and multitudes of houses become uninhabited. Now, the fact is, that the proportion of uninhabited houses is less in Dublin than in the metropolis of either of the sister kingdoms:—the uninhabited houses in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, being respectively one in 11, 17, and 18. So much for clamour, and so much for facts of statistical investigation to put clamour down; or, if it cannot be silenced, the light, at least, may exhibit the screech-owl.

The next subject of inquiry relates to the classification of the population according to their different occupations, and to the proportionate numbers employed therein. In the pristine state of society, the extent and fertility of the soil of a country are the measures of the numbers and comforts of its inhabitants. But, as cultivated land yields more than is necessary to the support of those immediately employed on it, the additional population is occupied in increasing the comforts of all by manufacturing for the home market, or by exchanging with foreigners. In this state of things, if the people be active and intelligent, and the laws afford personal protection and security to property, the profits on such occupations may cause an increase of the population beyond the power of the land to feed them, and a part, perhaps a large part, of the produce of their labour must be exchanged, not for the comforts and luxuries, but for the necessaries of life.

‘ A land that rides at anchor, and is moored;
In which they do not live, but go aboard.
They dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations’ fleets convey;
And when their merchants are blown up, and cracked,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wrecked.

Such storms, extending not only to towns and provinces, but to whole empires, have ever been the concomitants of that highly artificial, and therefore fluctuating state of society, on which is based the excessive preponderance of an adscititious population; witness Tyre and Carthage of old, and Venice and Holland now. It is true that such states, under some fortunate combination of circumstances, may be flourishing and powerful for a time; but if, from any cause, security of property and person is disturbed, the capital,

capital, which has been collected from all countries, takes wing, like a bird of passage, in search of a milder climate. Civil commotion or foreign invasion, therefore, comes upon such an artificial structure of society like an infuriated bull into a glass-shop, where the materials are as fragile as they are splendid, and irreparable till all be fused and recast in the fire. Not so with a nation depending principally on indigenous products, and on manufacturing them for their own use. War may pass over, like a storm, and blast the fruits of a season, but the root of prosperity is in the soil, and will soon spring again with all its original vigour and fruitfulness.

How far our own country is in the one or other state here described is a question of fearful import. Hitherto the blessing of our insular situation has enabled us to carry on the works of peace in the midst of war; and hitherto our happy constitution, whilst giving the fullest security to person and property, has exempted us from intestine commotions. It will be asked, Are we not right to avail ourselves, still further, of such fortunate concurrences as have already made us the wealthiest, the happiest, and the most powerful nation on the face of the earth?—So said Tyre and Carthage, Venice and Holland; and so said the builders of the Tower of Babel, and hoped to climb thereby to heaven. Have we made a wiser use of our power? Have we contented ourselves with enjoying the prosperity, whilst it lasted, without making ourselves dependant on its permanency, and without involving ourselves in utter ruin if it should fail? Have we not acted like the proprietor of a mine, who should burthen his patrimonial estate with an immense debt, the mere interest of which he can only hope to pay from the produce of a vein which may run out or be blown up to-morrow? These, as we have said, are fearful questions, which the occupation-columns in the returns of the population may assist in solving. We shall here give the result of our calculations on the data, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions:—The total of families in Great Britain is 3,414,175, of which there are employed—

Chiefly in agriculture	961,134	centesimal proportion	28.15
In trade, manufactures, and handicraft	1,434,873	"	42.03
Other families	1,018,168	"	29.82

100

The returns, however, afford another mode of viewing the subject, to which we are bound in justice to advert, because it exhibits the agricultural class as bearing a larger proportion to the whole. In previous censuses some difficulties had arisen in classing the families

families according to occupation, and therefore it was determined to 'ask the occupation or employment of every male twenty years of age, because he is then usually settled in his vocation,' (*Preface*, p. 9,) and as the males above and below twenty years of age are found to be very nearly equal, (above, 3,944,511; below, 3,941,493,) hence it is inferred that the proportions ascertained in the classification of males above twenty may be safely applied to the classification of the whole population. On this principle the following results are obtained:—

Total of the males above twenty years of age, 3,944,511.			
Employed in agriculture	1,243,057	Centesimal proportion	31.5
In handicraft, trade, and manufactures }	1,564,184	"	39.6
Other descriptions	1,137,270	"	28.9
<hr/>			
100			

Now the higher proportion here indicated of the agricultural class is probably an error, from the principle on which the calculation is made, namely, the considering the males above twenty as equal to the numbers below that age. For though this proportion may hold with regard to any number of persons coexisting as ancestors and descendants, it does not follow that the same proportion will hold with regard to any number of persons classed together, not by natural connexion, but by the exigencies of particular occupations. And it is notorious that the number of persons below twenty bears a much greater proportion to those above twenty employed in *manufactories*, than in the other classes here compared;* and this excess of persons under twenty in manufactories can only be had from the youth of the other classes—principally, perhaps, from that of 'labourers employed in labour not agricultural,' who have been for the first time distinguished in the census of 1831, and of whom the males above twenty years of age amount to 608,712.

From these considerations it is obvious that the males above twenty will indicate not only too large a proportion of the agricultural class, but also too small a proportion of the others, so that the proportion of families (before ascertained) is probably the nearest approach to the real proportions of the respective classes. And how far that proportion can be considered as a wholesome one, we leave, as already stated, to the consideration of our readers.

In Ireland the proportions of the classes we have been considering exhibit a remarkable contrast; the total of families is 1,383,066, of whom are employed—

* Thus, in forty-three cotton mills in Manchester, the persons under twenty-one years of age formed 56.24 per cent. of the whole employed. See First Report of the Commissioners on the employment of children in factories.

Chiefly in agriculture . . .	884,339	Centesimal proportion 63·8
In trade, manufactures, and handicraft . . . }	249,359	18·0
Other families . . .	251,368	18·2
		<hr/> 100

The agricultural proportion is a quarter more than double, and the proportion of trade, manufactures, and handicraft above a quarter less than half these proportions, respectively, in Great Britain.

This comparatively low state of the non-agricultural classes in Ireland arises—not from the inability of the land to support a large population above the number employed in cultivating it—but from the habits of the people—from their being contented to multiply on its produce in the most sordid state of existence—from the insecurity for person and property frightening away capital and capitalists—and from the mutual re-action of these, as cause and effect.

We venture to make these suggestions, notwithstanding what Mr. Malthus calls Mr. M'Culloch's 'very peculiar and untenable argument,' but what we should call his paradoxical dogma, that the expatriation of Irish landlords, and the exportation of their rents, do not at all diminish the prosperity of Ireland. We do so, because, after all the mystification that has enveloped the dogma, we think its absurdity may be unveiled in a very few words.

It is obvious, that when the Irish landlord spends his rent in London, the tradesmen, with whom he exchanges that rent for goods, will not part with their goods for the simple equivalent of the cost, but will have a profit on that cost; that profit will increase their capital—that is, their means of employing labour: the quantity of produce, that is, the objects of enjoyment, will be augmented; and the wages of the labourer, that is, his means of purchasing such enjoyments, will be augmented also. This is a process on which the very system of political economy depends; and on which none of its doctors differ; and we leave Mr. M'Culloch to show that it is of that venomous nature, which must cease to exist on being transferred from England to Ireland.

An important subdivision (also for the first time) has, by the census of 1831, been made of the agricultural class into 'occupiers employing labourers' (who are found to be 187,075); 'occupiers not employing labourers' (168,815); 'labourers employed in agriculture' (887,167).

It might appear, that the second class stands to the first much in the same relation as the yeomanry to the landed gentry, and the yeomanry being exempt alike from the instigations of want,

and the allurements of luxury, have justly been considered as one of the most virtuous and valuable parts of our population. But the analogy will not hold. The yeoman has an honest pride in determining to transmit to his descendants the property and the independent character which he derived from his forefathers. He forms, therefore, only such prudent connexions, and at such a prudent time of life, as will give him a rational expectation of fulfilling these wishes; and the younger branches of the family, educated in the same respectable habits, frequently remain as the assistants and servants of the elder.

Cottage farmers, on the contrary, have no such inducement, and no such consequent habits. They scramble for the little farms which are always in the market; and young and sanguine couples, trusting to their luck in the lottery of life, bid such a price for the tickets, as makes the blanks ruinous, and encourages the proprietors to make the prizes few and low. On these cottage farms is reared a progeny as reckless as their parents; and entering into competition, as bidders for farms, both with their own generation, and that of their fathers, they promise a rent, which they can have no means of paying, but by reducing themselves to live in the most abject poverty, or abject dependence on the mercy of a landlord, whose cupidity has availed itself of their imprudence, and whose habits of expense, having kept pace with his rising rents, render him as unwilling to abate their amount as he was exorbitant in raising it.

In this state of things, the farms no longer yielding even the most miserable subsistence to the shoals which are bred on them, these throw themselves on the labour market, and there (by competition) diminish wages, till the whole class of labourers is reduced to their own state of sordid habits, and squalid poverty.

Such is the character of cottage-farming, when carried to excess; and such has been its actual history in Ireland, where the occupiers not employing labourers (564,274) are to those who do employ labourers (95,339) as very nearly six to one (accurately as 5·91); whilst, in England, those who employ labourers somewhat exceed those who do not (accurately they are as 1·1 to 1); and, for the reasons we have assigned, we should not contemplate with complacency any decrease in this latter proportion.

Connected with this subject, of the proportion of occupiers of land employing labourers, is that of the proportion of male to female servants. For considering the comparatively few employments which are open to women, any state of society which increases the demand for female labour is, all else equal, to be preferred; and though the females in the family of a cottage farm

may,

may, in some sort, be considered as servants, yet their remuneration must be much less than that of independent servants of occupiers employing strangers. And to that cause must, in a great measure, be attributed the fact, that in Great Britain the number of female servants (670,491) is to the males (113,224) as 5·9 to 1; whilst in Ireland the females (253,155) are in proportion to the males (98,742) only as 2·5 to 1.

Having thus cursorily glanced at the principal subjects—for volumes might be written on the details—of what are called the Enumeration Abstracts of Great Britain and Ireland, we come to the volume on the Parish Register Abstract of England and Wales; the results of which are most highly interesting, not to this kingdom only, but to the whole of the civilized world; furnishing, for calculations of the highest import to philosophy and to practical life, data of an authenticity and minuteness of detail, and on a scale of such magnitude, as had been the wish, rather than the hope, of philosophers; and the publication of which has been anxiously waited for by all the statisticians of Europe.

The general subjects of inquiry, of which this volume presents the results, have been already stated. Of these results, Mr. Rickman's lucid arrangement furnishes not only local summaries, but a general summary as regards the kingdom. And, in the preface, he has shown the applicability of the results to the solution of the most important questions, upon which men of the first talents and information have, for want of data, come to very different conclusions, or declared their inability to arrive with certainty at any.

The first tables for regulating contracts on insurance of lives, and the more complicated subject of survivorship, were constructed from the registers of great towns, on account of the easier access to large numbers, on which alone a just average could be obtained. Thus Buffon's calculations were derived from the register of Paris; Simpson's, from those of London; Halley's, of Breslaw. It was obvious, however, that as the mortality of cities notoriously exceeds that of rural districts, the tables formed on such registers could not be fairly applicable to the general population of any country; and only so probably (from local peculiarities) each to its respective place of registration; as indeed may be inferred from their mutual discrepancies. This defect was afterwards endeavoured to be remedied by tables formed from the registers of smaller populations,—as Chester, Norwich, Northampton, Warrington, &c.; and, accordingly, the calculated probability of life, at its several periods, was considerably enhanced; still the numbers were too small, and the scrutiny too confined to peculiar localities, occupations, and habits of life. In the Swedish tables, indeed, both civic and rural population is included; but to the more southern

nations of Europe the results were inapplicable, as drawn from a country where the labouring classes always subsist on the very hardest fare, and are not unfrequently subject to the actual visitations of famine.

The effect of such imperfect data, and consequent inaccurate calculations, has been, that the public, for many years, were paying much too high a price for one of the greatest blessings in the modern improvements of social existence,—namely, the practice of life-insurance, and of the purchase of annuities; for of these it is the rare characteristic, that pecuniary advantages are obtained in proportion to the exercise of the highest moral principle. A man in the possession of an income dependent either on his own life, or on any contingency of survivorship, may, by sacrificing a portion of his immediate powers of enjoyment, exempt himself, and all who depend on him, from anxiety with regard to their future pecuniary comforts. The sum of the happiness thus produced cannot be estimated by the amount of property thus insured; for it must depend on the mental and physical susceptibility of the parties; but it is incontrovertible, that the habit of self-denial in the insurer, and the feelings of grateful respect in those who are to benefit by the insurance, must greatly raise the moral tone, and augment the happiness of society. Even if we contemplate only the selfish transactions of life-insurance, the diminution of sufferings, and the amount of happiness, must be largely increased; as when, in declining age, unmarried persons find the interest of their capital insufficient for the supply of those comforts to which, even in the vigour of life, they had been accustomed, what pining misery may be exchanged for reasonable enjoyment, by the purchase of an annuity for life!

Such is the importance of these transactions, and such as we have described was the imperfection of the data for the calculations necessary for regulating them, when Mr. Rickman was called upon to suggest such additional or amended questions for the census of 1831 as might obtain the deficient information. The grand results, as may be collected from the summaries and statements in the preface, may be thus shortly stated:—The ascertainment, 1st, of the ages at which very nearly four million persons (3,938,496) died during eighteen years, 1813—1830,* distinguishing the sexes. 2nd, Of the ages of nearly twelve and a half million (12,487,377) of the living in 1821,† distinguishing the sexes. 3rd, The increase of population in England since 1700.‡

* Preface to Returns of 1831, p. 36.

† Returns of 1821, p. 543.

‡ This is obtained by ascertaining the relative proportions of births, marriages, and deaths, at the periods of actual enumeration, and inferring, from a like comparison of the registers, a proportionate population when no actual enumeration took place. See Preface of 1831, p. 44.

The advantage of these large numbers, in producing a medium or average result, at every period of life, requires no formal explanation; it may be illustrated, however, in a manner of some importance to the public. In the year 1815, Mr. Milne (Actuary of the Sun Life Assurance Society) published his Treatise on the "Construction of Tables of Mortality," founded on facts collected by Dr. Heysham at Carlisle. Mr. Milne, applying to these facts such local and general knowledge as was available to his purpose, formed a corrected table of the Expectation of Life; and with so much sagacity of induction, that from the age of twenty-five to eighty his expectation falls (as it should do) between the Expectation of the two sexes resulting from the powerful apparatus now applicable to the solution of this important problem. But the comparatively small number of deaths at Carlisle furnished by Dr. Heysham did not suffice for reducing to regularity the entire curve of life; so that Mr. Milne's Expectation, from one period to another in the course of life, is not accurate; but the Expectation of the entire life is much oftener in question; and the present confirmation of the Carlisle Tables cannot but be satisfactory to all parties, retrospectively, who have had the good fortune to consult Mr. Milne as to the value of life annuities and reversionary payments.

The 3rd important element for calculation above stated, namely, the rate of increase or diminution of the population (or as the French writers more shortly express it, *the movement of Population*) has been overlooked by some statisticians, who have thereby been led into most erroneous conclusions, assuming in all cases, what can scarcely occur in one, a completely stationary population; and using the rule, which is good on the hypothesis, for facts of retrograde or progressive population, where it is quite inapplicable:

Thus it is obvious that, in a stationary population, the number of people, divided by the annual deaths, will express the rate of mortality. But apply this to an increasing population (which implies that the births exceed the deaths), the divisor (the number of deaths) remains the same, whilst the dividend (the number of people) is increased by the increment of births; the quotient, therefore, which is to show the rate of mortality, will be too high, showing one in sixty, for example, to die, when the real deaths are one in fifty. In like manner is influenced, by a change in the movement of population, the probability of life, or the mean age of death and the expectation of life at birth, or the age to which half the born live.

With regard to this last particular, there is a very curious table given in Mr. Rickman's preface, exhibiting the proportion in which the expectation diminishes with the per-centage increase in the

the population, as calculated from the ages of the deceased, 1813—1830, with the per-centage increase of the population during 30 years (1801—1831) in the several counties of England.* Thus, whilst the expectation of life is 43 where the per-centage increase is 5, that expectation is reduced to 33 where the per-centage increase is 56; and where the per centage increase is 100 the expectation of life is only 2; and so in the intermediate degrees. This is to be explained by the consideration that the increment of population is chiefly in births, and that the mortality during the first years of life so far exceeds the average mortality, that one-fifth of the dead have not lived a year,† though the annual mortality of the whole population is only 1 in 42.

M. Villermé, whose pamphlet has just reached us, seizes upon the words in which Mr. Rickman indicates these results, as if they declared a general principle of antagonism between a state of increase in population, and a state of prosperity and wholesome existence in the society at large.

‘Ces paroles de M. Rickman sont remarquables. S’il ne se trompe point, un accroissement rapide de population seroit bien loin d’être, comme le pensoit J. J. Rousseau, et comme le soutient l’opinion générale, le signe le plus sûr que les membres de la société se conservent et prospèrent. Content cependant d’avoir trouvé le signe si disputé de la prospérité publique, l’éloquent écrivain de Genève s’écrie: Calculateurs, c’est maintenant votre affaire; comptez, mesurez, comparez! Et voilà que M. Rickman, l’un des hommes les plus graves de toute l’Angleterre, et certainement celui qui en connoît le mieux la population, compte, mesure, compare, et trouve que la portion du pays où les citoyens peuplent et multiplient davantage le plus vite, est justement celle où ils se conservent le moins, où, plus qu’ailleurs, ils meurent prématurément.’—p. 26.

Now, it is just by this sort of vague and exaggerated inference that the value of an accurate result is destroyed. All that the facts really amount to is, that where population is increasing rapidly, there must be a greater number of infants; and consequently, infant life being everywhere the most fragile, a greater number of deaths.

What has been here adduced may suffice to show the paramount importance of considering the movement of population in all attempts to ascertain the rate of mortality and the probability of life. With regard to what is meant by the *vie moyenne*, or average age of death, the consideration of the movement of population is of equal importance; but the subject itself, whilst the probability of life at each period of it can be ascertained, is of little practical use.

* Preface of 1831, p. 54.

† Id. p. 37.

In spite, however, of the principle here explained, persons aspiring to high characters as statisticians, and some who have acquired great reputation, go arguing and calculating on, assuming always the hypothesis of a stationary population, and setting forth the results in philosophic maxims or tabular forms,* which can only lead others to fall into the same ditch with themselves. Thus M. Quetelet, editor of the '*Correspondance Mathématique et Physique de l'Observatoire de Bruxelles*,' and author of several statistical works, in discussing the formation and results of different tables of mortality, professedly founds the whole '*dans l'hypothèse d'une population stationnaire*.'† In a subsequent work,‡ however, he admits the necessity of allowing for the movement of population, and also points out that, even in a stationary population, no just conclusions can be drawn unless the births and deaths in each class of ages be equal. For example, war or some peculiar disease might sweep off an unusual proportion of the older classes, which might be compensated by an increased number of births; in which case, the population might be stationary, whilst the elements of calculation would be wholly disturbed. But no extraordinary cases could occur without attracting sufficient attention to prevent general inferences being drawn from such partial results. Thus, for example, no one would form a general scale of mortality from periods of extraordinary scarcity—as in 1801, when the price of wheat was 128s. the quarter, and the burials 1 in 42 of the population; or in periods of extraordinary cheapness—as in 1822, when the wheat was 53s. the quarter, and the burials only 1 in 54.

With regard to M. Quetelet, he has strongly reprobated our deficiency in statistical knowledge;§ and as far as our registers of births and deaths extend, it must be in part admitted; though, by each clergyman having in the last census given, to the best of his knowledge, a return of the unregistered numbers in each class, and corrections having accordingly been made in the summaries from which all statistical calculations are deduced, even those deficiencies

* There is a curious specimen of this in a heterogeneous compilation of public documents by Mr. G. R. Porter of the Board of Trade, who gives, without observation of any kind, Mr. Rickman's Table of Mortality for England and Wales, deduced from the account of ages of deceased; though Mr. Rickman had said, in his Preface, (p. 45) speaking of similar tables for the several counties, that 'from the increase of population the decimal annexed thereto is of little use beyond the earliest years of life.' But the table looked like a learned document, and it filled up a page. Yet this is the person who, in his prefatory letter to the Lords of Trade, vilipends the proceedings on the Census, and modestly proposes the transfer of the business to his own office. See '*Tables of Revenue, Population, Commerce, &c.*, Part ii. 1832, p. 91, fol. Nov. 1833.

† *Recherches sur la Royaume des Pays Bas*, p. 20, Bro. Brux. 1827.

‡ *Recherches sur la Reproduction et sur la Mortalité de l'Homme aux différents Âges, &c.*; par MM. Quetelet et Smits. Bruxelles, 1832, p. 43.

§ See his evidence before the Committee on Parochial Registration (1833), p. 121. are

are probably much less than M. Quetelet has been led to imagine. But, as far as regards his own researches, the fact appears to be that he is conscious of the want of data for accuracy of results, and wholly evades the important consideration of a non-stationary population, and attempts to conceal the deficiency by enveloping himself in abstract forms of calculation, of which the absurdity may be imagined from the fact, that we have a table of the marriages which take place at different ages, and in the columns of 'Mariages qui ont eu lieu,' we meet with *four negative quantities*; at one period, in particular, we find the marriages of 313 negative men and 522 negative women. The negative 313 men would doubtless find proper matches in negative 313 women; but, unless it be the fashion of these negative men to have more than one wife, we do not at all know how the remaining 209 negative women were disposed of. The story of *Outis*, who performed such wonders, in the *Odyssey*, is nothing to this. *Nominibus uterentur iis, quæ, primâ specie, admirationem, re explicatâ, risum moverent.*

After all, however, M. Quetelet has, by minuteness of inquiry, arrived at some very curious, if not very useful conclusions. But we confess we should not wish to see some of these inquiries added to our already ample list of questions; for if we once provoke impatience on the subject by what the persons addressed may deem (rightly or wrongly) frivolous questions, we may, indeed, obtain answers to all, but at the risk of having all slurred over, and of consequent incorrectness, even on the most important subjects.

From the more minute interrogatories, however, with regard to Belgium, we learn, 1st. That two-thirds of the population are in a state of celibacy—and we are not inclined to dispute the mathematician's conclusion that '*l'autre tiers est composé des individus mariés ou veufs.*'—(p. 80.) 2d. The number of widows is nearly double that of widowers. 3d. The number of dead-born in the towns is double the number in the country; and for three dead-born males there are only two females. 4th. More deaths and births take place in winter than in summer; and in the extremes of infancy and old age there are two deaths in January for one in July. 5th. The number of births is fewer in the day than in the night, and it appears that the same obtains with respect to the deaths.

Details as curious, and perhaps as important, may be deduced from the English investigations. 1st. With regard to the all-important subject of the movement of population, Mr. Finlaison, well known as of the highest authority in statistical calculation, 'is engaged in a sedulous investigation of the expectancy of human life from infancy to old age, founded on the materials
afforded

afforded by the Population Abstracts, after subjecting them to all the tests furnished by the present state of statistical knowledge.* As a necessary element, he has endeavoured to ascertain the population of England and Wales in the middle of each year, at decennary periods, beginning with 1700. The principle, as explained in a previous note, on which this has been effected, appears briefly thus. At periods when the population was actually enumerated, and the increase of population known, the proportions of concurrent births, deaths, and marriages, were ascertained; and those proportions being again ascertained at periods when no enumeration took place, the rate of increase or decrease in the population was inferred from those proportions.

Mr. Finlaison, then, thus states the population of England and Wales from the year 1700 to the year 1830, including the army, navy, and merchant-seamen. We have calculated and added a column of the per-centage movement:—

A.D.	Population.	Per Cent.	A.D.	Population.	Per Cent.
1700	5,134,516 Decrease	1770	7,227,586 11.5
1710	5,066,337 1.3**	1780	7,814,827 8.1
		Increase	1790	8,540,738 9.1
1720	5,345,351 5.5	1800	9,187,176 7.5
1730	5,687,993 6.4	1810	10,407,556 13.2
1740	5,829,705 2.4	1820	11,957,565 14.8
1750	6,039,684 3.6	1830	13,840,751 15.7
1760	6,479,730 7.2			

It may be interesting to compare with this the movement of French population, though the means of doing so only extend to the current century: previously, all was conjecture and discrepancy of opinions, as may be collected from some strangely immethodical statements of Sir F. D'Ivernois in his pamphlet, '*Sur la Mortalité Proportionnelle des Populations Normandes*,' &c. Genève, 1833. Necker, it appears, in 1784, by multiplying the deaths by 29.6, calculated the population at 24,227,333; whilst, in 1789, Dr. Price, zealous for the aggrandizement of revolutionary France, maintained her population to be thirty millions. On Buonaparte's accession to the consulate, in 1800, the minister, Chaptal, in execution of Laplace's plan, caused to be collected the mortuary registers of nearly two millions of inhabitants, selected in many different localities: but from a desire to choose such as had the most exact registers, town populations were preferred. And as the mortality is always greatest in towns, the result was an assumption of a mortality of 1 in 30; which, by so near an approximation,

* Preface of 1831, p. 45.

** Was the decreasing state owing to the wars in Flanders, in which (with the exception of the four years' Peace of Ryswick) England was engaged from 1689 to 1713, and which must have retarded the recovery from the calamities of the civil wars of Charles I. and the wars of the Commonwealth?

gave additional sanction to the conjecture of Necker. At length, in 1801, an actual enumeration of the whole people took place for the first time, and under the direction of Lucien Buonaparte; and as a register for all France had been obtained in the preceding year, it was found that the mortality was only 1 in 38.25.

There have been now four actual enumerations, of which the results are given below, and confined to ancient France: we add, as before for England and Wales, a column of the per-centage movement of the population. We must premise, however, that our data are culled from somewhat confused particulars furnished by Sir F. D'Ivernois. Thus, in the account of the second enumeration only does he give the amount of the armies (558,250) and add it to the return: we have therefore been obliged to assume the same amount of the armies in the first and third enumerations, giving, however, to old France, for its population of 28,738,337, only its proportion (374,958) of the armies which belonged to the total population (42,786,911) of imperial France. The returns of 1830, being made for the purpose of the conscription, include of course only civilians; and we have, therefore, added the number of the army (194,682) and navy (12,926) as we find them specified in the 'Annuaire du Budget' of 1830 (a kind of Court Calendar and Parliamentary Register united) published at Paris by M. Roch. On these grounds, then, we may consider the movement of French population to have been as follows:—

In 1801	Population	28,774,504	Per Cent.	Increase.
1805—6	„	29,450,667	2.3	Increase.
1811	„	29,113,295	1.2	Decrease
1831	„	32,768,512	12.5	Increase.

This exhibits a remarkable contrast between the periods of war and of peace, which would have probably been still more strongly illustrated, had the regular quinquennial census taken place in 1816, which would have included the disastrous campaigns in Russia, Germany, Spain, France, and Flanders.

But without regarding the gap of twenty years in the enumerations, what meagre documents are these French censuses, where the elements required for the most important calculations are wholly wanting!—no registers to tell in what proportions, during any given period, the population came into the world or went out of it, but merely what they were *en masse*, without distinction of sex, age, or occupation.

In the English censuses the momentous inferences to be drawn from the statements of age and occupation have already been adverted to; and the distinction of the sexes has led to some curious and useful results, so as to have materially altered the calculation on survivorships and insurances of lives. The number of males

born

born is to that of females as 104·35 to 100; yet the proportions of the sexes existing at different ages, and of the respective numbers dying at any given age, are very different. Thus Mr. Finlaison has found that half the males born in England and Wales live to the age of 43½; their mortality per annum is 1 in 40½. Half the females live to the age of 48½; their mortality per annum is 1 in 43·7. The combined mortality of both sexes is 1 in 42 per annua very nearly. The maximum expectation of male life is at four years of age; of female life at three. The maximum advantage of female life occurs at the age of 45, when it exceeds that of male life by 20 months; increasing from 12 months at 15 years of age, and decreasing to 12 months at 80 years of age, to equality at 100.

Mr. Rickman has ingeniously availed himself of another use of the distinction of the sexes in the enumerations, by estimating the movement of population from the females only: thus avoiding the difficulty of the deficiency in the burial register of males, owing to the numbers dying abroad, especially in the time of war; and avoiding also the disturbance to the calculation of actually existing persons, from the number of male absentees, whether on account of war or commerce.

In the proportions of the sexes in legitimate and illegitimate births, there is a discrepancy the more remarkable, as it obtains in both the English and French results.

In England, 1830, the male legitimate births (184,053) exceed the female (177,968) 3·41 per cent., whilst the illegitimate male births (10,147) exceed the females (9,892) only 2·57 per cent. This is the result of the comparison of one year; and we have no means of knowing the proportion of illegitimate births in others. But, in the whole number of baptisms of the four censuses, the males (8,335,866) exceed the females (7,987,710) 4·35 per cent., which exhibits the difference still more strongly, and approximates very closely to the proportion observed by the French. For, in a calculation on twelve years—1817 to 1828, the Bureau de Longitude found, that in legitimate births the excess of males was 6·66 per cent., whilst in illegitimate it was only 5 per cent., being a difference of 1·66.* In England, that difference, in a single year, was 0·84; but the difference, when the comparison is made with the proportion in the general births for thirty years, is 1·78. We can only say with M. Guerry, 'La quantité dont cette fraction s'écarte du rapport general n'est pas assez petite, et les nombres observés sont trop grands pour qu'on puisse

* *Essai sur la Statistique Morale de la France*, par A. M. Guerry, 4to. Paris, 1833, p. 52.

attribuer cette difference au hazard;* et quelque singulier que cela paraisse, on est fondé à croire qu'il existe à l'égard des enfans naturels une cause quelconque, qui diminue la preponderance des naissances des garçons sur celles des filles.'

But this is a question of only physiological curiosity. The proportion of illegitimate births to the legitimate involves the first principles of morality, and the very vital interests of society; and the returns present such unexpected results as we cannot pretend to account for; but we shall make a statement of the anomalies in order to excite inquiry: for if the causes of greater incontinence could be traced, there might be some hope of counteracting them.

First, then, with regard to the two larger divisions. It might have been presumed that purity of manners would have prevailed more in the comparatively retired, rural, and thinly-peopled district of Wales, than in England, with all its manufacturing and town population. Yet in England the illegitimate births are only a twenty-first part of the whole number of births; whilst in Wales they are a fourteenth; in Pembrokeshire, a ninth, and in Radnorshire, an eighth; and it is remarkable that, excepting the great cotton-manufacturing county of Lancaster, the only English counties where the proportion of illegitimates equals the average of Wales, are on its borders,—namely, Shropshire and Herefordshire. Again, it is singular, that in one Welsh county, Merionethshire, the proportion (a thirty-fifth) is lower than in any English county except two—and those are Middlesex and Surrey, where the proportion is only one thirty-ninth and a forty-first part. For this latter anomaly Mr. Rickman has suggested an explanation, which may in some degree also account for the others we have noticed:—'The general opulence (he observes) as well as the density of population in the metropolis, facilitates the concealment of illegitimate births' (Preface, 44). Still, however, much remains to be explained, and we once more invite attention to the subject.†

We have now, though very cursorily, gone through the chief topics suggested by these highly-important volumes; but there remains one to which the occult principle of Mr. Sadler—viz., that the fecundity of marriages was in the inverse proportion to the density of population—would, a few years ago, have given considerable consequence. Now, indeed, we had supposed that the expo-

* The necessity for large numbers and for several years from which to draw any just inference may be elucidated by the fact, that in Wales alone, for 1830 only, where the illegitimate births (1439) were to the legitimate as 1 to 13, there was an excess of males of 10.99 per cent.

† With regard to Middlesex and Surrey, the facility of access to common prostitutes on the part of men, and the rapid descent into common prostitution (precluding fecundity) in the case of women,—are main elements in the difference as to illegitimate births.

sure of the fallacy of that principle, in this and other journals, might have made any notice of it unnecessary. We find, however, that even M. Quetelet, profound and rigid calculator as he is supposed to be, has broached the same doctrine, in citing the words of M. Lacroix,—‘ Cette grande disproportion (entre les campagnes et les villes) ne peut-elle pas tenir encore à une loi de la nature, qui permet d’autant moins à une population de se multiplier, que le terrain qu’elle couvre est déjà plus peuplé.’* It is somewhat extraordinary that M. Quetelet should have adopted such a principle, or having adopted, that he should not have abjured it, when, in 1832, he stated that Oriental Flanders had 260 inhabitants on 100 bonniers, with 5.19 births to a marriage; and Luxembourg only 46 inhabitants on 100 bonniers, with only 4.67 births to a marriage.† He had already, also, given the true solution of the greater mortality of cities, which he says, ‘ ne saurait être attribuée qu’aux suites de l’extrême misère, à la malpropreté, au resserrement des demeures, et à l’insalubrité qui en est la conséquence dans les capitales.’ And these circumstances do so often accompany a dense population, that M. Muret (the celebrated Swiss statistician) had, in 1766, like Mr. Sadler,‡ in 1829, ventured to generalize on the subject in the form of a maxim,—‘ que la force de la vie est en raison inverse de la fécondité,’ which is just as untenable as Mr. Sadler’s,§ though Sir F. D’Ivernois lauds it as a ‘ principe fondamental.’||

It has been a matter of complaint, that Mr. Sadler’s principle has been oppugned by picked instances; and if it were so, Mr. Sadler could have little right to complain—for no man ever supported an argument more by picked instances. To obviate such an objection, however, we have taken the first ten counties as they occur in alphabetical order, and have tested Mr. Sadler’s principle

* Recherches sur la Population, &c. des Pays Bas. p. 28. Bruxelles, 1827; from which date we may appreciate Mr. Sadler’s claim to originality in his principle published in 1829.

† Recherches sur la Mortalité, &c. pp. 9 and 27.

‡ Memoires, &c. par la Société Economique de Berne, 1766.

§ Erreurs concernant les Populations. Geneve, 1833, p. 28.

|| The comparative fecundity of marriage in various places, where it has been indisputably ascertained, is very remarkable, but does not tend to corroborate Mr. Sadler’s theory. In England it cannot have been less, during the last ten years, than 4.41 to each marriage (Mr. Rickman’s Preface, p. 45). In Belgium the average is 4.71 (Quetelet, Recherches, p. 26); and we may presume that in the north of France it cannot be dissimilar. To the more southern parts, therefore, must be ascribed the defalcation in France generally, from an average of 4.22 in 1817, to 3.64 in 1829. (See the work of M. Corbaux, p. 165.) And when we arrive at Geneva, the difference is astounding; the average (according to Sir F. D’Ivernois’ statement to the representative council in May last) being only 2.75—a result which Sir F. D’Ivernois attributes to ‘ le secret pour servir la population stationnaire ’—

Querere distuli,

Nec scire fas est omnia.

by comparing their respective areas, population on a square mile, and numbers of births to marriages; and here follows the result:—

In Bedfordshire.		In Berkshire.		Sadler's Proportion of Births to a Mar.	Actual Proportion of Births to Mar.	Error per Cent.
Density of Population.	Births to a Marriages.	Density of Population.				
205.78	: 3.54	:: 197.00	: 3.69		4.48	21.40
In Berkshire.		In Bucks.				
Density.	B. to M.	Density.				
197.00	: 4.48	:: 200.45	: 4.44		3.93	12.97
In Bucks.		In Cambridge.				
Density.	B. to M.	Density.				
200.45	: 3.93	:: 164.33	: 4.79		3.93	21.88
In Cambridge.		In Cheshire.				
Density.	B. to M.	Density.				
164.33	: 3.93	:: 320.90	: 2.01		3.44	71.14
In Cheshire.		In Cornwall.				
Density.	B. to M.	Density.				
320.90	: 3.44	:: 226.61	: 4.87		4.17	14.37
In Cornwall.		In Cumberland.				
Density.	B. to M.	Density.				
226.61	: 4.17	:: 111.77	: 8.44		4.76	43.60
In Cumberland.		In Derbyshire.				
Density.	B. to M.	Density.				
111.77	: 4.76	:: 229.59	: 2.31		3.72	61.03
In Derbyshire.		In Devon.				
Density.	B. to M.	Density.				
229.59	: 3.72	:: 192.29	: 4.44		3.73	15.99
In Devon.		In Dorset.				
Density.	B. to M.	Density.				
192.29	: 3.73	:: 160.86	: 4.45		4.03	9.43

Thus we see nothing like the working of even a false principle—that is, with any regular deviation,—but a result sometimes exceeding the truth, and sometimes falling short of it—just as might be expected from any other random guess.

We close here our comments on the census of 1831. The value of that census will be best estimated by those who shall live to witness the results of the next; for, in such investigations, the interest is less in absolute quantities than in proportionate—less in knowing what, in each particular, is our actual state, than in ascertaining our progress, or retrocession, in each. Most surely they who shall benefit by such comparison will owe a debt of gratitude to those who have originated such inquiries, and afforded a precedent for a lucid arrangement of the results—above all, to the masterly mind and long-continued industry of Mr. Rickman.

ART. IV.—*Specimens of the Table-Talk of S. T. Coleridge.*
London, 1835. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE editor of Spence's Anecdotes says in his preface, 'The French abound in collections of this nature, which they have distinguished with the name of *Ana*. England has produced few examples of the kind, but they are eminently excellent. It may be sufficient to name Selden's Table-Talk, and Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.' These Anecdotes of Spence, after having, while in MS., furnished much amusement and instruction to the literary antiquaries of the last generation, took their place at once, on being published in *extenso*, among the most valuable parlour-window books in this or in any other language. That volume, rich in the fire-side gossip of Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke, may be said to bring us down almost to the commencement of Johnson's reign as the great master and retailer of literary anecdotes and reminiscences. In its perusal we feel ourselves at home with the members of the Scriblerus Club, and are even carried back, by their unstudied communications among themselves, to a personal familiarity with the worthies of the preceding cycle. To this source we owe more than half of the little that we do know of the personal manners of both Milton and Dryden. Of Boswell we need say nothing, except that his book, in many other respects unrivalled, has this great and almost entirely peculiar advantage, that it presents its talkers, in the strict sense of the word, *dramatically*. Every saying is rendered doubly interesting by our knowledge of the time, the place, the occasion, and of the person or persons addressed. In almost every other point of view as unlike Dr. Johnson as one man of great faculties and great virtues can be to another, Mr. Coleridge must be allowed to have been his legitimate successor as the great literary talker of England. Had he been fortunate enough to find a faithful chronicler twenty or thirty years ago, we have no doubt the ultimate record of his conversational wisdom and ingenuity would have occupied many goodly volumes well worthy of fully sharing in the popularity of Boswell. As it is, we have much reason to be thankful that, during the last four or five years of his life, a young and affectionate kinsman, possessing the learning, the taste, and the feeling which qualified him to understand and appreciate his rich talk, happened to reside in his immediate neighbourhood, and kept a journal in which he commonly set down, before going to bed, what fragments he had been able to carry away.

It will be the natural wish of every reader that Mr. Henry Coleridge had at least tried to give more of a dramatic shape to his

his record. But at the same time, all who had the pleasure of Mr. Coleridge's acquaintance are well aware that his forte was more in monologue than dialogue; that he, on almost all occasions, lectured rather than conversed; his illustrations expanding and multiplying as he proceeded, not from the quickening collision of another mind, but the onward self-evolved excitation of his own. As respects his latter intercourse with his nephew, more especially, we can conceive that we may not have lost much by the omission of what may be well called *the stage directions*, so useful and entertaining in the case of Boswell. We are afraid that during the short period over which the present diary extends, the state of things was such, that we may but too completely fill up every blank by one melancholy formula—*place*, Mr. Coleridge's bedroom—*time*, night—*present*, the poet in his arm-chair, physically worn and exhausted by a day of pain, but refreshed and invigorated by the recent entrance of his dear young friend, to whom it is a sort of necessity of his nature that he should unburthen himself of some of the innumerable trains of thought and reflection that have been occupying him, as far as bodily sufferings might permit, since their last meeting. We hope other friends will be now encouraged to task their memories, and produce some reminiscences of those earlier days as to which it would be so agreeable to have more of the Boswellian sort of accompaniment. How delightful, for instance, is almost the solitary communication furnished to these volumes by another relative, Mr. Serjeant Coleridge, who places the old man before us as stopping short one Sunday morning as he entered the churchyard on Richmond Hill, and exclaiming, 'I feel as if God had given man fifty-two springs in every year!'

Johnson's eulogy of Burke is in every body's recollection; viz. that if a barber's boy had stopped for ten minutes under the same shed with him during a shower of rain, he would have said, on going away, 'That is an extraordinary man.' Assuredly the same thing may be said with quite as much truth of Coleridge. The affluence of his mind could never be repressed, and such was the catholic humanity of his heart, the pure charity which mingled with every play even of his imagination, that no child of Adam ever seemed to him unworthy, we do not say of frank and kindly communication merely, but of the treatment of an equal. How completely, when once fairly in talk with any human being, no matter how lowly in condition, how deficient in education, he seemed to forget the intellectual gulph that separated himself from his auditor, we need not remind any one that knew any thing of his habits. When he carried it so far as not merely to adorn and embellish subjects of which *his barber's boys* might be

be supposed to have some feeling and comprehension, but to harangue them (as he often did) on topics and in a style which must to them have been alike heathen Greek, the effect was at once so quaintly ludicrous and so gently amiable, that we cannot but wish some specimens of it had been preserved, as far as such things ever can be preserved by a mere record of words. The parties addressed, however incapable of fully understanding his drift, were always cheered and delighted with the evident kindness of his whole spirit and intentions—while 'he held them with his glittering eye,' the cordial childlike innocence of his smile, the inexpressible sweetness of his voice, and the rich musical flow into which his mere language ever threw itself, were subsidiary charms that told even upon the dullest and the coldest. Had it been possible that such a man should ever have taken up the trade of a demagogue, either in the pulpit or on the hustings, what power must have been his! The more unintelligible his strain, the greater of course, so the watchwords were skilfully chosen, would have been its potency.

Those who are acquainted in general with what the course of Mr. Coleridge's personal history had been, and who are told *in limine* that the present work is made up of the confidential conversation of the sick-room in which he so lately breathed his last, but who never happened to meet with the man himself, will perhaps be agreeably surprised when they find that it contains no trace of murmuring, in as far as his own fortunes in the world were concerned. Upon the great political events of the few last years he indeed expresses himself occasionally—as what man of understanding and honesty has not been often heard to do?—in the language of regret and mournful anticipation. Once or twice, perhaps, he has allowed some sting of virtuous indignation to escape him with regard to the immediate actors in these miserable doings. But, with these exceptions, the whole book is radiant with the habitual benignity, charity, and hopefulness of the man; and indeed, even as to the excepted topics, he had so accustomed himself to trace external events to *remote* causes, and to rely on that Power which *can* and *will* bring good out of evil, that his general tone of feeling, as to the apparently guiltiest of our political culprits, was that of compassion; and that we much doubt if he ever seriously did believe that the Constitution of England had been irretrievably undone.

The equanimity with which this record shows Mr. Coleridge to have looked back upon a life which any worldly person must have called eminently unfortunate, will not, as we have intimated, surprise any one who had the honour and privilege of his acquaintance. He was, in the first place, well aware that the main

source of all his external mishaps was in himself—and this indeed he has plainly told us in one of the most interesting pages of his *Autobiographia Literaria*—a work which, however absurdly so named, as it is any thing rather than a narrative of the incidents of his own career, does nevertheless deserve to be reprinted, not only on many other accounts, but for the vivid glimpses which it affords us of his intellectual habitudes, and the prevalent moods of his mind.

'NEVER,' says the autobiographer, 'PURSUE LITERATURE AS A TRADE. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, i. e., some *regular* employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly *genial*, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labour. The *hope* of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the *necessity* of acquiring them will in all works of genius convert the stimulant into a *narcotic*. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind.'—vol. i. p. 223.

And again:

'It would be a sort of irreligion, and scarcely less than a libel on human nature, to believe that there is any established and reputable profession or employment, in which a man may not contrive to act with honesty and honour; and doubtless there is likewise none which may not at times present temptations to the contrary. But woefully will that man find himself mistaken, who imagines that the profession of literature, or (to speak more plainly) the *trade* of authorship, besets its members with fewer or with less insidious temptations than the church, the law, or the different branches of commerce. . . Let literature be an honourable *augmentation* to your arms, but not fill the escutcheon!'—*Ibid.* p. 230.

We are well aware that, after Mr. Coleridge's opinions and habits were formed, it would have been extremely difficult to find any (properly so called) professional situation for him, unless he had chosen to take orders—and why he never did so we are altogether uninformed. He himself, in the very chapter from which we have been quoting, says of the Church, that it presents to every man of learning and genius a walk of life in which he may cherish a rational hope of being able to unite the widest schemes of literary utility with the strictest performance of professional duties. 'There is,' he says, 'scarce a department of human knowledge without

without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical, and moral truths, in which the scholar must be interested as a clergyman: no one pursuit worthy of a man of genius which may not be followed without incongruity.' No doubt the motives that withheld the learned and devout churchman, who thus thought, from the service of the altar, must have been powerful—as little that they were honourable to his feelings; but who can cease to regret that Coleridge's life was not cast into the same happy course as that of Crabbe or Bowles? After all, if there was not, there assuredly ought to have been, some means of adequately providing for such a man, after his name and character were fixed and determined, either in some great metropolitan institution, or within the walls of one or other of our universities. If ever those magnificent national establishments are reformed to any good or real purpose, it will be from within, by the act of their own proper authorities; and we feel assured that, in any plan of internal reform likely to proceed from the eminent persons who at present guide their counsels, a leading feature would be that of providing a greater number of stations in which men who have really distinguished themselves in science or literature might find honourable retirement and shelter for the evening of their days. We well know that Cambridge was proud of her Coleridge: he was almost worshipped there among both young and old;—his last visit, in particular, called forth a display of feeling which can never cease to be remembered, to their honour, by all who witnessed the scene.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Coleridge himself did not complain, we may spare ourselves the pain of any further comments on the dark and melancholy circumstances in which this great light of his time and country, this beautiful poet, this exquisite metaphysician, this universal scholar, and profound theologian, was permitted to pass so many years of his life. We shall not even be tempted to go beyond a mere allusion to the fact, that the only reduction of the pension list, which the late Whig government ventured upon, was one which deprived ten meritorious men of letters, with Coleridge at their head, of a pittance of 100*l.* per annum, which had been accorded to them by King George IV.—the one reduction, we verily believe, which could not have been demanded or approved of by a single tax-payer of these kingdoms, whig, tory, or radical. Hear the dying poet's own comment on this and all other such mischances:—

‘COMPLAINT.

‘How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

' REPROOF.

' For shame, dear friend ! renounce this canting strain !
 What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ?
 Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain ?
 Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain ?
 Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man ?—Three treasures, Love, and Light,
 And Calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;—
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.'

Coleridge was, in truth, a high as well as a humble spirit, and he, no question, had a noble pleasure and pride in his belief—whether altogether well-founded or not we have some doubts—that he inherited not only this serene scorn of mere worldly distinctions, but a gallant indifference to immediate literary popularity, from the greatest of his poetical predecessors. We suspect that he might with more justice have compared himself on both of these heads to some of his own illustrious contemporaries, than to one at least of the immortal names to which he alludes in a chapter of his *Autobiographia* already quoted by us. He there says :

' The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper, in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent, or resigned, with regard to immediate reputation. Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself. Shakspeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Mr. Pope, when he asserted, that our great bard "grew immortal in his own despite." Speaking of one whom he had celebrated, and contrasting the duration of his works with that of his personal existence, Shakspeare adds :

" Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I once gone to all the world must die ;
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
 And *tongues to be* your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead :
 You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouth of men."

' In Spenser, indeed, we trace a mind constitutionally tender, delicate, and,

and, in comparison with his three great compeers, I had almost said, *effeminate*; and this additionally saddened by the unjust persecution of Burleigh, and the severe calamities which overwhelmed his latter days. These causes have diffused over all his compositions "a melancholy grace," and have drawn forth occasional strains, the more pathetic from their gentleness. But no where do we find the least trace of irritability, and still less of quarrelsome or affected contempt of his censurers. The same calmness, and even greater self-possession, may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religion, freedom, and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception, than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days: poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted,

"Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,"—

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party *for* whom, as by that *against* whom he had contended; and among men before whom he strode so far as to *dwarf* himself by the distance; yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

"Argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot

Of heart or hope; but still bore up and steer'd

Right onward."—*Autobiographia*, vol. i. pp. 32-35.

As we shall not be so superfluous as to attempt any orderly arrangement in an article on *table-talk*, we may as well quote here what Coleridge said, across the fire, nearly twenty years later, on the characteristics of Chaucer and Shakspeare:—

'I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!'—*Table-Talk*, March 15, 1834.

We cannot read the numerous fragments of delicious criticism on Shakspeare which are scattered over these volumes, as well as the *Autobiographia*, without remembering with sorrow that Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare, delivered before Schlegel's, and in the opinion of those who heard them at least as good as the enlightened German's, have never been collected and printed. Are they hopelessly lost? We know that one friend and admirer of our poet employed, with his consent, a skilful short-hand writer to

to take notes of the whole course, and imperfect as these must no doubt have been, still they could scarcely fail to furnish most valuable materials for an editor such as H. N. Coleridge. We are sure Mr. Frere would be happy to place the MS., if now in his possession, at the disposal of one so well qualified to use it for the honour of the deceased, and the instruction of the world. But let us return to our extracts.

'I cannot in the least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the "*Canterbury Tales*," being considered obsolete. Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final *e* of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *oceān*, *natiōn*, &c. as dissyllables,—or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse. As to understanding his language,—if you read twenty pages with a good glossary, you surely can find no further difficulty even as it is; but I should have no objection to see this done:—strike out those words which are now obsolete, and I will venture to say that I will replace every one of them by words still in use out of Chaucer himself, or Gower his disciple. I do not want this myself; I rather like to see the significant terms which Chaucer unsuccessfully offered as candidates for admission into our language,—but surely so very slight a change of the text may well be pardoned even by black-letterati for the purpose of restoring so great a poet to his ancient and most deserved popularity.'*—*Table-Talk*, April, 1833.

Something like what Mr. Coleridge here recommends for the popularization of this great old poet has just been attempted by Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, in a couple of small volumes, entitled '*The Riches of Chaucer*;' and notwithstanding this affected title,

* Our poet has elsewhere this beautiful passage on a cognate subject:—'In the days of Chaucer and Gower our language might be compared to a wilderness of vocal reeds, from which the favourites only of Pan or Apollo could construct even the rude *Syrinx*; and from this the *constructors* alone could elicit strains of music. But now, partly by the labours of successive poets, and in part by the more artificial state of society and social intercourse, language, mechanized as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both instrument and tune. Thus even the deaf may play, so as to delight the many. Sometimes (for it is with similes as it is with jests at a wine-table, one is sure to suggest another) I have attempted to illustrate the present state of our language, in its relation to literature, by a press-room of larger and smaller stereotype pieces, which, in the present Anglo-Gallican fashion of unconnected, epigrammatic periods, it requires but an ordinary portion of ingenuity to vary indefinitely, and yet still produce something, which, if *not* sense, will be so like it as to do as well: perhaps better, for it spares the reader the trouble of thinking; prevents vacancy, while it indulges indolence; and secures the memory from all danger of an intellectual plethora. Hence of all trades, literature at present demands the least talent or information; and, of all modes of literature, the manufacturing of poems. The difference, indeed, between these and the works of genius is not less than between an egg and an egg-shell; yet at a distance they both look alike.'—*Autobiographia*, vol. i. p. 39.

and a preface in which we find the venerable Cockney school revived in all its glory, the editor appears to have acquitted himself of his task as regards the text of Chaucer, and the selection of glossarial notes, with considerable tact. Would that some really ripe and good scholar would undertake an annotated edition of the whole of Chaucer. We have no even tolerable edition of any of his writings except the *Canterbury Tales*; and great as Tyrwhitt was in more departments than one, much progress has been made in all of them since he wrote, and in none of them more than in the illustration of the old English tongue, especially by bringing to bear upon its obsolete forms the living commentary of comparatively unmingled Teutonic dialects. On the structure and varieties of his mother tongue we have never perhaps had a more admirable critic than has been lost to us in Mr. Coleridge.

To proceed with our *Ana*:—

'It may be doubted whether a composite language like the English is not a happier instrument of expression than a homogeneous one like the German. We possess a wonderful richness and variety of modified meanings in our Saxon and Latin quasi-synonymes, which the Germans have not. For "the pomp and prodigality of heaven," the Germans must have said "*the spendthriftness*." Shakspeare is particularly happy in his use of the Latin synonymes, and in distinguishing between them and the Saxon.'

—We wish Mr. Coleridge had worked out this last idea. We think it quite just; and feel, to give but one example, how admirably the bare simple strength of Saxon monosyllables is made to contrast with and heighten the effect of the most gorgeous Latin *sesquipedalia* in

'The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.'

Again he says:—

'Shakspeare is of no age. It is idle to endeavour to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakspeare's sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. His is not the style of the age. More particularly, Shakspeare's blank verse is an absolutely new creation. Read Daniel,—the admirable Daniel,—in his "*Civil Wars*," and "*Triumphs of Hymen*." The style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day—Wordsworth, for example—would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson's blank-verse is very masterly and individual, and perhaps Massinger's is even still nobler. In Beaumont and Fletcher it is constantly slipping into lyricisms.

'I believe Shakspeare was not a whit more intelligible in his own day

day than he is now to an educated man, except for a few local allusions of no consequence. As I said, he is of no age,—nor, I may add, of any religion, or party, or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind; his observation and his reading, which was considerable, supplied him with the drapery of his figures.'—*August 19, 1832.*

What striking words are those of our table-talker; 'how absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!' He is indeed the immortal enigma of literary history: there is hardly a poetaster of his period of whom we do not know more than of the greatest genius that ever England or the world produced; and he lived and wrote in the same town with the brightest galaxy of wits, and scholars, and statesmen, that ever adorned any period of English history. He walked every day the same streets with the Cecils, the Bacons, the Raleighs—his eternal dramas were acted before two of the most accomplished sovereigns that ever sat on the English throne—nay, he was without a doubt the most popular dramatist of that splendid time—and yet there is not the shadow of evidence that any one of those of his contemporaries whose names can be said to survive, with the single exception of Ben Jonson, ever was within the walls of the same private chamber with Shakspeare. Surly Ben's well-known disparaging sentence about his book-learning, and the general but vague tradition of his sweet and gentle temper—these are absolutely the only traces that we have of Shakspeare as he personally moved among and impressed his fellow-mortals in the London of Elizabeth and James I. Not one jot of his private conversation—not one scrap of his private correspondence—had been thought worthy of preservation. The first account of his life was the weak and credulous one by Rowe, published nearly a hundred years after his death. For all that we can discover, Shakspeare was actually—popular as his dramas were—not a whit a more important *individual* in the eyes of his contemporaries than any Buckstone or Moncrieff among the modern playwrights is now in our own:—

'For men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him—as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The loves that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.'—*Troilus and Cressida.*

It is common to say that Shakspeare was unconscious of his own greatness. The sonnet referred to by Coleridge in a preceding

ceding extract is only one of many among those extraordinary and mysterious pieces that may be referred to as utterly destructive of that theory. Nor could he, who at an early period of his career so estimated himself, be unconscious of the prodigious extent to which his genius had expanded and strengthened as its exercise advanced. He could not look back from *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, to his juvenile poems, his sonnets, his *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and so forth, without a thorough consciousness that his had been always a growing mind. But then comes the grand puzzle of all. It seems to have been pretty well ascertained by Chalmers that *Othello*, which we agree with Mr. Coleridge in considering as the very highest triumph of his dramatic art, was also its last effort: that he produced it in 1611, at the age of *forty-seven*, and that immediately afterwards he withdrew from the stage, from literature, from London, we had almost said from the world, contented to linger on the remaining five years of his life in his native village, *oblitusque suorum obliviscendus et illis*—never once dreaming even of an edition of his works; nay, leaving many of the best of them to be printed for the first time seven years after his death. We can only account for this by the presumption that, great as Shakspeare was, and felt himself to be, he had in his mind an ideal of art far above what he supposed himself ever to have approached in his own best dramas. How surely is Modesty the twin-grace with Daring in the structure and development of every truly great mind and character!

We may take this opportunity, though somewhat irregularly, of noticing a strange little volume which lately issued from the press, entitled '*Citation and Examination of Wm. Shakspeare, &c. before the worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer Stealing, 19th Sept. 1582, now first published from original papers: to which is added a Conference of Master Edmund Spenser with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland.*' This performance is, as every reader will soon discover, from the pen of Mr. Landor,—and, like almost every other work of that pen, it presents a perplexing mixture of the quaint and the beautiful in its language, of the absurd and the profound in its meaning. The *Citation and Examination of Shakspeare* does not on the whole appear to us worthy of being classed with the best of Mr. Landor's efforts, though nothing can be more exquisite than some detached passages in the course of the dialogue. The *Conference between Essex and Spenser*, again, seems to us an almost unrivalled specimen of Mr. Landor's purest and happiest vein,—that peculiar power of interweaving satire and pathos which forms the inimitable charm of many of his *Imaginary Conversations*. We

propose

propose ere long to review the various works, in verse and prose, which this author has produced since we last made him the subject of an article; but in the meantime are tempted to quote a few sentences from his *Epilogue to the Conference*, being an account of the circumstances under which one Jacob Eldridge, a lawyer's clerk, and native of Stratford-on-Avon, was employed by the Earl of Essex to act the part of a Gurney on that occasion; together with particulars of the funeral of Spenser, at which Eldridge attended within a few months after the *Conference* took place. This fictitious Jacob, writing to a friend in Warwickshire, says:—

'Now I speak of poets, you will be in a maze at hearing that our townsman hath written a power of matter for the playhouse. Neither he nor the booksellers think it quite good enough to print: but I do assure you, on the faith of a Christian, it is not bad; and there is rare fun in the last thing of his about Venus, where a Jew, one Shiloh, is choused out of his money and his revenge.

'Master Greene may overrate him; but Master Greene declares that if William goes on improving and taking his advice, it will be desperate hard work in another seven years to find so many as half a dozen chaps equal to him within the liberties. Master Greene and myself took him with us to see the burial of Master Edmund Spenser in Westminster Abbey on the 19th of January last. The halberdmen pushed us back as having no business there. Master Greene told them he belonged to the queen's company of players. William Shakspeare could have said the same, but did not. And I, fearing that Master Greene and he might be halberded back into the crowd, showed the badge of the Earl of Essex. Whereupon did the serjeant ground his halberd, and say unto me,—“That badge commands admittance everywhere: your folk likewise may come in.” Master Greene was red-hot angry, and told me he would bring him before the council. William smiled, and Master Greene said,—“Why! would not you, if you were in my place?” He replied,—“I am an half inclined to do worse—to bring him before the audience some spare hour.” At the close of the burial-service all the poets of the age threw their pens into the grave, together with the pieces they had composed in praise or lamentation of the deceased. William Shakspeare was the only poet who abstained from throwing in either pen or poem,—at which no one marvelled, he being of low estate, and the others not having yet taken him by the hand. Yet many authors recognised him, not indeed as author but as player; and one, civilier than the rest, came up unto him triumphantly, his eyes sparkling with glee and satisfaction, and said consolatorily,—“In due time, my honest friend, you may be admitted to do as much for one of us.”—“After such encouragement,” replied our townsman, “I am bound in duty to give you the preference, should I indeed be worthy.” This was the only smart thing he uttered all the remainder

remainder

mainder of the day; during the whole of it he appeared to be half lost, I know not whether in melancholy or in meditation, and soon left us.—*Citation*, &c. pp. 278-281.

We have really very little doubt that this scene is such an one as might have occurred after Shakspeare had written half his tragedies. Mr. Landor adds, in the capacity of editor, the following very characteristic note:—

‘He has been amused, in his earlier days, at watching the first appearance of such few books as he believed to be the production of some powerful intellect. He has seen people slowly rise up to them, like carp in a pond when food is thrown among them; some of which carp snatch suddenly at a morsel, and swallow it; others touch it gently with their barbe, pass deliberately by, and leave it; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully; others, in sober truth, know not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady; approach it, question it, shoulder it, flap it with the tail, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pea-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge again their contented heads into the comfortable mud; after some seasons the same food will suit their stomachs better. The Editor has seen all this, and been an actor in it, whether at Chantilly or Fontainebleau is indifferent to the reader; and it has occurred to him that Shakspeare and Spenser were thrown among such carp, and began to be relished (the worst, of course, first) after many years.’—*Ibid.* pp. 250, 251.

We must indulge ourselves with a few more of Coleridge's *Shakspeariana*. We have seldom met with more profound truth, conveyed in the simplest language, than in the first of these sentences:—

‘Men of humour are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakspeare.’

Consider, along with this high estimation of *humour*, our poet's judgment elsewhere as to the talent of *mimicry*.

‘The talent for mimicry seems strongest where the human race are most degraded. The poor, naked, half-human savages of New Holland were found excellent mimics; and in civilized society, minds of the very lowest stamp alone satirize by *copying*.’—*Autobiog. Lit.*, vol. i. p. 79.

The reader of the next paragraph will feel how true is the remark that it requires a poet to criticise poetry.

‘In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph

triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius.'—*Table-Talk*, 1833.

'Remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains, as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character.'—*Ibid*.

On Shakspeare's villains there is, by the way, a subtle passage in the *Autobiographia*, which we must place in juxtaposition with this fragment of the *Table-Talk*.

"We shall be as gods in knowledge," was and must have been the first temptation; and the co-existence of great intellectual lordship with guilt has never been adequately represented without exciting the strongest interest, and for this reason, that *in this bad and heterogeneous co-ordination we can contemplate the intellect of man more exclusively as a separate self-subsistence, than in its proper state of subordination to his own conscience, or to the will of an infinitely superior being*. This is the secret charm of Shakspeare's male characters in general. They are all cast in the mould of Shakspeare's own gigantic intellect; and this is the open attraction of his Richard, Iago, Edmund, &c. in particular.'—vol. ii. pp. 266, 267.

It is curious that, after all, the very worst of Shakspeare's villains (we do not speak of his ruffians) is his last, Iago. It is in the same piece, too, that he has given us the most dignified of his lovely women, and the most essentially generous and ideally chivalrous of all his heroes. Well may Coleridge say,—

'I still think the chronological order the best for arranging a poet's works. All your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they destroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius.'—*Table-Talk*, March, 1834.

His own earlier definition of *genius* is probably in the recollection of many of our readers:—

'To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood: to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

"With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman;"

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents.'—*Autobiog. Lit.*, vol. i. p. 85.

But along with this it is well to keep in view a truth which he has briefly expressed in one of the volumes now before us, viz.:—

'Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.'

We

We shall now put together a few of his *obiter dicta* on general literature. Coleridge could sometimes be a stern, and even cruel critic, (for example, witness the case of poor Maturin,) and he had some early prejudices which warped his judgment as to one or two of our own best and greatest poets, especially Pope; but, with rare exceptions, he brought to the consideration of literary works, whether old or new, not only great shrewdness and subtlety of thought and observation, but a most genial and generous tone of feeling.

Don Quixote.

'When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad. A madman is properly so defined.' Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. Sancho is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and unsanctified by the reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating him.'

Dryden.

'You will find this a good gauge or criterion of genius, whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's *Achitophel* and *Zimri*—*Shaftesbury* and *Buckingham*; every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a building up to the very last verse;—whereas in Pope's *Timon*, &c., the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be, that is satirized. In like manner compare Charles Lamb's exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare with Hazlitt's imitations of them.'

'Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot wheels get hot by driving fast.'

Fielding.

'How charming—how wholesome—Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May.'

Johnson.

'Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing, *viva voce*, in conversation than with his pen in hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called something like reality and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I cannot see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only; and sentence after sentence in "*The Rambler*" may be pointed out, to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general.'

Schiller.

'The young men in Germany and England who admire Lord Byron, prefer

prefer Goethe to Schiller; but you may depend upon it, Goethe does not, nor ever will, command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller does. Schiller had two legitimate phases in his intellectual character; the first as author of "The Robbers," a piece which must not be considered with reference to Shakspeare, but as a work of the mere material sublime, and in that line it is undoubtedly very powerful indeed. It is quite genuine, and deeply imbued with Schiller's own soul. After this he outgrew the composition of such plays as "The Robbers," and at once took his true and only rightful stand in the grand historical drama—"The Wallenstein;" not the intense drama of passion—he was not master of that—but the diffused drama of history, in which alone he had ample scope for his varied powers. "The Wallenstein" is the greatest of his works; it is not unlike Shakspeare's historical plays, a species by itself. You may take up any scene, and it will please you by itself, just as you may in "Don Quixote," which you read *through* once or twice only, but which you read *in* repeatedly. After this point it was that Goethe and other writers injured by their theories the steadiness and originality of Schiller's mind; and in every one of his works, after "The Wallenstein," you may perceive the fluctuations of his taste and principles of composition. He got a notion of re-introducing the characterlessness of the Greek tragedy with a chorus, as in "The Bride of Messina," and he was for infusing more lyric verse into it. Schiller sometimes affected to despise "The Robbers" and the other works of his first youth; whereas he ought to have spoken of them as of works not in a right line, but full of excellence in their way. In his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent. It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect. I like "The Wilhelm Meister" the best of his prose works. But neither Schiller's nor Goethe's prose style approaches to Lessing's, whose writings, for *manner*, are absolutely perfect.'

Scott.

'Dear Sir Walter Scott and myself were exact, but harmonious, opposites in this; that every old ruin, hill, river, or tree called up in his mind a host of historical or biographical associations, just as a bright pan of brass, when beaten, is said to attract the swarming bees; whereas for myself, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson, I believe I should walk over the plain of Marathon without taking more interest in it than in any other plain of similar features. Yet I receive as much pleasure in reading the account of the battle in Herodotus as any one can. Charles Lamb wrote an essay on a man who lived in past time: I thought of adding another to it on one who lived not *in time* at all, past, present, or future, but beside or collaterally.'

'When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then *read*. I cannot at such times read the Bible; my mind reflects on it, but I cannot bear the open page.'

Byron.

'How lamentably the *art* of versification is neglected by most of the

the poets of the present day: by Lord Byron, it strikes me, in particular, among those eminent for other qualities.

'Upon the whole, I think the part of *Don Juan*; in which Lambro's return to his home, and Lambro himself, are described, is the best—that is, the most individual thing in all I know of Lord B.'s works. The festal abandonment puts one in mind of Nicolas Poussin's pictures.'—7th June, 1834.

Basil Hall.

'The possible destiny of the United States of America,—as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen,—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton,—is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realized? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope,—Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of the Americans! They hate us, no doubt; just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth. A very little humouring of their prejudices, and some courtesy of language and demeanour on the part of Englishmen, would work wonders, even as it is, with the public mind of the Americans.

'Captain Basil Hall's book is certainly very entertaining and instructive; but in my judgment his sentiments upon many points, and more especially his mode of expression, are unwise and uncharitable. After all, are not most of the things shown up with so much bitterness by him mere national foibles, parallels to which every people has, and must of necessity have?'

Marryatt.

'I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the modern novels, especially Captain Marryatt's "*Peter Simple*." That book is nearer Smollet than anything I remember. And "*Tom Cringle's Log*," in Blackwood, is also most excellent.'

Our readers will expect a few specimens of the *Table-Talk* on ancient literature. Here are a few—the shortest we could hit upon—and some of the best:—

'The old Latin poets attempted to compound as largely as the Greek; hence in Ennius such words as *belligerentes*, &c. In nothing did Virgil show his judgment more than in rejecting these, except just where common usage had sanctioned them, as *omnipotens* and a few more. He saw that the Latin was too far advanced in its formation, and of too rigid a character to admit such composition or agglutination. In this particular respect Virgil's Latin is very admirable and deserving preference. Compare it with the language of Lucan or Statius, and count the number of words used in an equal number of lines, and observe how many more short words Virgil has.'

'I cannot

'I cannot quite understand the grounds of the high admiration which the ancients expressed for Propertius, and I own that Tibullus is rather insipid to me. Lucan was a man of great powers; but what was to be made of such a shapeless fragment of party warfare, and so recent too! He had fancy rather than imagination, and passion rather than fancy. His taste was wretched to be sure; still the "*Pharsalia*" is in my judgment a very wonderful work for such a youth as Lucan was.'

'I think Statius a truer poet than Lucan, though he is very extravagant sometimes. Valerius Flaccus is very pretty in particular passages. I am ashamed to say I have never read Silius Italicus. Claudian I recommend to your careful perusal, in respect of his being properly the first of the moderns, or at least the transitional link between the Classic and the Gothic modes of thought.'

'I call Persius hard, not obscure. He had a bad style; but I dare say, if he had lived, he would have learned to express himself in easier language. There are many passages in him of exquisite felicity, and his vein of thought is manly and pathetic.'

'August 15, 1833.—I consider the two works of Sallust which have come down to us entire as romances founded on facts; no adequate causes are stated, and there is no real continuity of action. In Thucydides, you are aware from the beginning that you are reading the reflections of a man of great genius and experience upon the character and operation of the two great political principles in conflict in the civilized world in his time; his narrative of events is of minor importance, and it is evident that he selects for the purpose of illustration. It is Thucydides himself whom you read throughout under the names of Pericles, Nicias, &c. But in Herodotus it is just the reverse. He has as little subjectivity as Homer, and, delighting in the great fancied epic of events, he narrates them without impressing any thing of his own mind upon the narrative. It is the charm of Herodotus that he gives you the spirit of his age—that of Thucydides that he reveals to you his own, which was above the spirit of his age.'

'When I was a boy, I was fondest of Æschylus; in youth and middle age I preferred Euripides; now, in my declining years, I admire Sophocles. I can now at length see that Sophocles is the most perfect. Yet he never rises to the sublime simplicity of Æschylus,—simplicity of design, I mean,—nor diffuses himself in the passionate outpourings of Euripides. I understand why the ancients called Euripides the most tragic of their dramatists; he evidently embraces within the scope of the tragic poet many passions,—love, conjugal affection, jealousy, and so on,—which Sophocles seems to have considered as incongruous with the ideal statuesqueness of the tragic drama. Certainly Euripides was a greater poet in the abstract than Sophocles. His choruses may be faulty as choruses, but how beautiful and affecting they are as odes and songs! I think the famous *Εὐνικόν, ἔπειν*, in the *Œdipus Coloneus*, cold in comparison with many of the odes of Euripides, as that song of the chorus in the *Hippolytus*, "*Ἔπος, Ἔπος*, and so on; and I remember a choric ode in the *Hecuba* which

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which always struck me as exquisitely rich and finished,—I mean where the chorus speaks of Tröy and the night of the capture.

‘There is nothing very surprising in Milton’s preference of Euripides, though so unlike himself. It is very common—very natural—for men to *like*, and even admire, an exhibition of power very different in kind from anything of their own. No jealousy arises. Milton preferred Ovid, too; and I dare say he admired both, as a man of sensibility admires a lovely woman, with a feeling into which jealousy or envy cannot enter. With Æschylus or Sophocles he might perchance have matched himself.

‘In Euripides you have oftentimes a very near approach to comedy, and I hardly know any writer in whom you can find such fine models of serious and dignified conversation.’

We now proceed to extract some half-dozen of Coleridge’s remarks on subjects connected with the actual business of life—men and manners in general:—

I.

‘A philosopher’s ordinary language and admissions in general conversation or writings, *ad populum*, are as his watch compared with his astronomical timepiece. He sets the former by the town-clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbours and his cook go by it.’

II.

‘Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether.’

III.

‘If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.’

IV.

‘One mistake perpetually made by one of our unhappy parties—and with a pernicious tendency to Antinomianism—is to confound sin with sins. To tell a modest girl, the watchful nurse of an aged parent, that she is full of *sins* against God is monstrous, and as shocking to reason as it is unwarrantable by Scripture. But to tell her that she and all men and women are of a sinful nature, and that, without Christ’s redeeming love and God’s grace, she cannot be emancipated from its dominion, is true and proper.’

V.

‘How deep a wound to morals and social purity has that accursed article of the celibacy of the clergy been! Even the best and most enlightened men in Romanist countries attach a notion of impurity to the marriage of a clergyman; and can such a feeling be without its effect on the estimation of the wedded life in general? Impossible!—and the morals of both sexes in Spain, Italy, France, &c., prove it abundantly.’

VI.

'To resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough. Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves; and it seems as if nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful. Aristotle's definition is as good as can be: surprise at perceiving anything out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. *Such* surprise is always pleasurable; and it is observable that surprise, accompanied with circumstances of danger, becomes tragic. Hence farce may often border on tragedy; indeed, farce is nearer tragedy in its essence than comedy is.'

We have left ourselves little room for what occupies a very considerable portion of these most interesting volumes—namely, politics: we mean politics in the largest sense of that word, including, of course, political economy, and popular education:—

Public Schools.

'July 8, 1833.—I am clear for public schools as the general rule; but for particular children private education may be proper. For the purpose of moving at ease in the best English society—mind, I do not call the London exclusive clique the best English society—the defect of a public education upon the plan of our great schools, and Oxford, and Cambridge, is hardly to be supplied. But the defect is positively visible in some men, and only negatively in others. The first *offend* you by habits and modes of thinking and acting directly attributable to their private education; in the others, you only regret that the freedom and facility of the established and national mode of bringing up is not *added* to their good qualities.'

'One constant blunder of these New-Broomers or Broughamers, these Penny Magazine sages and philanthropists, in reference to our public schools, is to confine their view to what schoolmasters teach the boys, with entire oversight of all that the boys are excited to learn from each other and of themselves, with more geniality even *because* it is *not* a part of their compelled school knowledge. An Eton boy's knowledge of the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, Missouri, Orellana, &c., will be generally found in exact proportion to his knowledge of the Iliassus, Hebrus, Orontes, and so forth; inasmuch as modern travels and voyages are more entertaining and fascinating than Cellarius—or Robinson Crusoe, Dampier, and Captain Cook than the *Periegesis*. Compare the *lads* themselves from Eton and Harrow, &c. with the *alumni* of the New-Broom Institution, and not the lists of school-lessons, and be that comparison the criterion.'

Infant Schools.

'July 24, 1832.—I have no faith in act of parliament reform. All the great—the permanently great—things that have been achieved in the world, have been achieved by individuals working from the instinct of genius or of goodness. The rage now-a-days is

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all the other way; the individual is supposed capable of nothing; there must be organization, classification, machinery, &c., as if the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint stock of it. Hence you see these infant schools so patronised by the bishops and others, who think them a grand invention. Is it found that an infant-school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication-table, or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents? Are domestic charities on the increase amongst families under this system? In a great town, in our present state of society, perhaps such schools may be a justifiable expedient and choice of the lesser evil—but as for driving these establishments into the country villages, and breaking up the cottage home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of the day have yet made.'

Malthusianism.

'August 12, 1832.—Is it not lamentable—is it not even marvellous—that the monstrous practical sophism of Malthus should now have gotten complete possession of the leading men of the kingdom? Such an essential lie in morals—such a practical lie, in fact, as it is too! I solemnly declare that I do not believe that all the heresies, and sects, and factions, which the ignorance, and the weakness, and the wickedness of man have ever given birth to, were altogether so disgraceful to man as a Christian, a philosopher, a statesman, or citizen, as this abominable tenet. It should be exposed by reasoning in the form of ridicule. Asgill or Swift would have done much; but, like the popish doctrines, it is so vicious a tenet, so flattering to the cruelty, the avarice, and sordid selfishness of most men, that I hardly know what to think of the result.'

Negro Emancipation.

'It is very strange that men who make light of the direct doctrines of the Scriptures, and turn up their noses at the recommendation of a line of conduct suggested by religious truth, will nevertheless stake the tranquillity of an empire, the lives and properties of millions of men and women, on the faith of a maxim of modern political economy! And this, too, of a maxim true only, if at all, of England or a part of England, or of some other country—namely, that the desire of bettering their condition will induce men to labour even more abundantly and profitably than servile compulsion,—to which maxim the past history and present state of all Asia and Africa give the lie. Nay, even in England at this day, every man in Manchester, Birmingham, and in other great manufacturing towns, knows that the most skilful artisans, who may earn high wages at pleasure, are constantly in the habit of working but a few days in the week, and of idling the rest. I believe Saint Monday is very well kept by the workmen in London. I think tailors will not work at all on that day, the printers not till the afternoon, and so on. The love of indolence is universal, or next to it.'

Colonization.

'May 4, 1833.—Colonization is not only a manifest experiment, but an imperative duty in Great Britain. God seems to hold out his finger to us over the sea. But it must be a national colonization, such as was that of the Scotch to America; a colonization of hope, and not such as we have alone encouraged and effected for the last fifty years, a colonization of despair.'

Machinery.

'The wonderful powers of machinery can, by multiplied production, render the *arte facta* of life cheaper, but they cannot cheapen, except in a very slight degree, the immediate growths of nature, or the immediate necessities of man. A coat and a pair of shoes are as dear now as ever they were, perhaps dearer, and no discoveries in machinery can materially alter the relative price of beef and mutton. Now the *arte facta* are sought by the higher classes of society in a proportion incalculably beyond that in which they are sought by the lower classes; and therefore it is that the vast increase of mechanical powers has not cheapened life and pleasure to the poor as it has done to the rich. In some respects, no doubt, it has done so,—as in giving cotton [qu. *silk*?] dresses to maid-servants, and penny gin to all. A pretty benefit truly!'

National Debt.

'What evil results to this country taken at large from the national debt? I never could get a plain and practical answer to that question. As to taxation to pay the interest, how can the country suffer by a process under which the money is never one minute out of the pockets of the people? You may just as well say that a man is weakened by the circulation of his blood. There may, certainly, be particular local evils and grievances resulting from the mode of taxation or collection; but how can that debt be in any proper sense a burden to the nation, which the nation owes to itself, and to no one but itself? It is a juggle to talk of the nation owing the capital or the interest to the stockholders; it owes to itself only. It is really and truly nothing more in effect than so much money or money's worth raised annually by the state for the purpose of quickening industry*.'

* Here the editor quotes in his note, and we willingly follow in part his example, a splendid passage from one of the Table-talker's early essays in 'The Friend':—

'A great statesman, lately deceased, in one of his anti-ministerial harangues against some proposed impost, said: The nation has been already bled in every vein, and is faint with loss of blood. This blood, however, was circulating in the mean time through the whole body of the state, and what was received into one chamber of the heart was instantly sent out again at the other portal. Had he wanted a metaphor to convey the possible injuries of taxation, he might have found one less opposite to the fact in the known disease of aneurism, or relaxation of the coats of particular vessels, by a disproportionate accumulation of blood in them, which sometimes occurs when the circulation has been suddenly and violently changed, and causes helplessness, or even mortal stagnation, though the total quantity of blood remains the same in the system at large.'

Landlords.

'When shall we return to a sound conception of the right to property—namely, as being *official*, implying and demanding the performance of commensurate duties? Nothing but the most horrible perversion of humanity and moral justice, under the specious name of political economy, could have blinded men to this truth as to the possession of land, the law of God having connected indissolubly the cultivation of every rood of earth with the maintenance and watchful labour of man. But money, stock, riches by credit, transferable and convertible at will, are under no such obligations; and, unhappily, it is from the selfish autocratic possession of *such* property, that our land-holders have learnt their present theory of trading with that which was never meant to be an object of commerce.'

Coronation Oath.

'March 12, 1833.—Lord Grey has in Parliament said two things: first, that the coronation oaths only bind the king in his executive capacity; and secondly, that members of the House of Commons are bound to represent in their votes the wishes and opinions of their constituents, and not their own. Put these two together, and tell me what useful part of the constitutional monarchy of England remains. It is clear that the coronation oaths would be no better than Highgate oaths. For in his executive capacity the king *cannot* do anything, against the doing of which the oaths bind him; it is *only* in his legislative character that he possesses a free agency capable of being bound. The nation meant to bind *that*.'

Principle and Expediency.

'March, 1834.—Oh, for a great man—but one really great man,—who could feel the weight and the power of a principle, and unflinchingly put it into act! See how triumphant in debate and in action O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle and acts up to it, rests all his body on it, and has faith in it. Our ministers—true Whigs in that—have faith in nothing but expedients, *de die in diem*. Indeed, what principles of government can *they* have, who in the space of a month recanted a life of political opinions, and now dare to threaten this and that innovation at the huzza of a mob, or in pique at a parliamentary defeat?'

Patronage of the Crown.

'Feb. 20, 1833.—I was just now reading Sir John Cam Hobhouse's answer to Mr. Hume or some other of that set, upon the point of transferring the patronage of the army and navy from the crown to the House of Commons. I think, if I had been in the House of Commons, I would have said, "that ten or fifteen years ago I should have considered Sir J. C. H.'s speech quite unanswerable, it being clear constitutional law that the House of Commons has not, nor ought to have, any share directly or indirectly in the appointment of the officers of the army or navy. But now that the king had been reduced by the means and procurement of the honourable baronet and his friends to a puppet, which, so far from having any independent will of its

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own, could not resist a measure which it hated and condemned, it became a matter of grave consideration whether it was not necessary to vest the appointment of such officers in a body like the House of Commons rather than in a junta of ministers, who were obliged to make common cause with the mob and democratic press for the sake of keeping their places."

Reformed House of Commons.

'April 9, 1833.—I have a deep though paradoxical conviction that most of the European nations are more or less on their way, unconsciously indeed, to pure monarchy,—that is, to a government in which, under circumstances of complicated and subtle control, the reason of the people shall become efficient in the apparent will of the king. As it seems to me, the wise and good in every country will in all likelihood become every day more and more disgusted with the representative form of government, brutalized as it is and will be by the predominance of democracy in England, France, and Belgium. The statesmen of antiquity, we know, doubted the possibility of the effective and permanent combination of the three elementary forms of government, and perhaps they had more reason than we have been accustomed to think.

'You see how this House of Commons has begun to verify all the ill prophecies that were made of it,—low, vulgar, meddling with everything, assuming universal competency, flattering every base passion, and sneering at everything noble, refined, and truly national! The direct and personal despotism will come on by and by, after the multitude shall have been gratified with the spoil and the ruin of the old institutions of the land.'

1794 and 1834.

'Thirty years ago and more, Pitt availed himself, with great political dexterity, of the apprehension which Burke and the conduct of some of the clubs in London had excited, and endeavoured to inspire into the nation a panic of property. Fox, instead of exposing the absurdity of this, by showing the real numbers and contemptible weakness of the disaffected, fell into Pitt's trap, and was mad enough to exaggerate even Pitt's surmises. The consequence was a very general apprehension throughout the country of an impending revolution, at a time when, I will venture to say, the people were more heart-whole than they had been for a hundred years previously. After I had travelled in Sicily and Italy, countries where there were real grounds for the fear, I became deeply impressed with the difference. Now, after a long continuance of high national glory and influence, when a revolution of a most searching and general character is actually at work, and the old institutions of the country are all awaiting their certain destruction or violent modification,—the people at large are perfectly secure, sleeping or gambolling on the very brink of a volcano.'

Such were the sentiments expressed but a few months ago on some of the most important points of our national condition and prospects,

prospects, by a wise, learned, and patriotic man, who looked earnestly at the busy world from 'his loophole of retreat,' and whose opinions may not perhaps be the less worthy of consideration because they were not influenced by the crowded and therefore, in too many cases, fanatical atmosphere of clubs and meetings. They agree very much with the general results of our own observation and reflection. Yet we cannot permit ourselves to give up for lost a cause in defence of which some of the best and greatest of our countrymen have once more undertaken to assume the responsibility of office. The symptoms of a re-action among that class of the community in whom the main and ultimate direction of public affairs is now *de facto* vested, may have been unconsciously exaggerated on this occasion—but that such a re-action has been for some time going on, and is still in progress, there can be no doubt in any sincere mind; and based, as it must necessarily have been in its origin, not on passion but reflection, that it should not continue more and more to develope itself we can hardly prevail on ourselves to think at all probable. Had Mr. Coleridge been alive *now*, we are inclined to believe he could not have failed to admit that there had opened upon us some glimpses at least of a better destiny than he ventured to anticipate in March and April last,

'When death was with him dealing.'

We ourselves happened to have several long conversations with him on these momentous subjects, not many months before his illness confined him to his chamber; and then, in the open air, walking by the sea-side, his tone of prediction was undoubtedly more hopeful than the reader of his sick-bed *Talk* might be likely to conjecture. We think it right to record that he more than once expressed his belief that, under the circumstances in which the Reform Bill had placed the country, there was much more likelihood of good than of evil results from extending still further the electoral suffrage. The great mischief, he always said, had been placing too much power in one particular class of the population—the class above and below which attachment to our old institutions in Church and State is most prevalent.

ART. V.—1. *Topography of Thebes and General View of Egypt*. By I. G. Wilkinson, Esq. London. 1835.

2. *I Monumenti dell'Egitto e della Nubia, disegnati dalla Spedizione Scientifico-Literaria Toscana in Egitto*. Dal Dottore Ippolito Rosellini. Pisa. Vols. i. iii. 1832-4.

3. *Lettres*

3. *Lettres écrites d'Égypte et de Nubie, en 1828, 1829.* Par Champollion le Jeune. Paris. 1833.
4. *Materia Hieroglyphica.* 4 Parts. By I. G. Wilkinson, Esq. Malta. 1828.
5. *Examen Critique des Travaux de feu M. Champollion sur les Hiéroglyphes.* Par M. J. Klaproth. Paris. 1832.
6. *Des principales Expressions qui servent à la Notation des Dates sur les Monumens de l'Ancienne Égypte d'après l'Inscription de Rosette.* Par François Salvolini. Paris. 1833.

WE contemplate the two works at the head of our list with mingled feelings, among which pride in the literary glory of our country does not predominate. We do not mean that the work of Mr. Wilkinson is not at least as creditable to its author as that of the Italian scholar; but we cannot look without some jealousy on the more costly form and the more splendid engravings of the Tuscan publication. This is no fault of the author, who, no doubt, would feel an honest pride in seeing the laborious collections of many years brought before the public in a complete and imposing shape, and his own claim as a discoverer in that region of antiquarian research, to which he has devoted a considerable period of his life, placed upon a durable record. Still less blame can attach to the publisher, who would soon cease to publish, if he were to embark in splendid and expensive works without a fair expectation of profitable return.

The state of the case is this. No sooner is a new impulse given to the study of Egyptian antiquities than an expedition is fitted out at the expense of the French and of the Tuscan governments. The persons appointed on this literary mission are absent about a year and a half, make a rapid survey of the splendid objects of their inquiry, employ regular draughtsmen, who are placed at their service, and return home (not, we lament to say, in Champollion's case) to enjoy the well-earned rewards of their labours. In the meantime some English gentlemen, animated solely by an ardent thirst for knowledge, and a lively interest in the antiquities of the ancient and mysterious parent of Western civilization, devote their own time, at their own cost, to the same objects of research. One of these, Mr. Wilkinson, in his undivided devotion to this absorbing study, resides for twelve years in the country, acquaints himself with the language and habits of the people, takes up his dwelling for a considerable time in one of the tombs at Thebes, makes the most accurate surveys of the district, copies, with the minutest accuracy, all the wonders of the monuments, and brings back to England the accumulated treasures of all his years of travel. On the return of the French and Tuscan expedition, the publication of their respective works is undertaken

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by the government of either country. It appears, indeed, that a joint publication was originally intended, but whether the death of Champollion, or the change in the state of affairs in France threw impediments in the way, Signor Rosellini has commenced alone, and has carried to a third volume the Italian work. That of Champollion has not yet appeared: we trust that it is not delayed by the liberalized government of Louis Philippe. Among its republican virtues, we would willingly hope that the kingdom of the French has not assumed that of economy in the patronage of literary and scientific undertakings. Having succeeded to the splendid Egyptian Museum of Charles X., the present king will hardly shrink from the not less noble inheritance—the munificence of his predecessor in the encouragement of such studies. But while the mighty dukedom of Tuscany and the wealthy kingdom of France can assist in the prosecution of literary and of scientific objects, humble and impoverished England cannot afford to consider them as matters of public concern. To scientific researches this country is sometimes more favourably inclined, because such researches are fortunately connected with the prospect of commercial advantage. But for literature, what encouragement is afforded by the English nation, as represented by its government?

The public, it may be said, is, after all, the best and most intelligent patron, and it would be an idle waste of any public funds, or even of royal munificence, to encourage a national work in which the public in general would feel no interest. It must, however, be conceded to us that there are works of which the sole value consists in the magnificence with which, in the current phrase, they are got up; and that in many instances it is not the public taste which demands the work, but the work which must create the public taste. Nor can that taste be created without that costliness of execution, that splendour of embellishment, which can only be bestowed on publications of a very large size, with engravings in the older and far more expensive style, and requiring at times very rich and beautiful colouring. Works of this class, which can alone do full justice to certain subjects, must cease to be published in this country without some support besides that of the ordinary purchaser.*

* It is but justice to two learned societies to state, that they have in some degree assisted Mr. Wilkinson in the publication of his labours. That very useful institution, the Geographical Society, has 'taken under its protection' his minute and accurate survey of the Topography of Thebes and of the Pyramids; and the Hieroglyphics published by the Royal Society of Literature were likewise from the collections of Mr. Wilkinson. Mr. Burton, the fellow-labourer of Mr. Wilkinson, has printed some numbers of *Excerpta Hieroglyphica*, which he has distributed with generous liberality among those persons who take an interest in the study.

It must not, however, be disguised, that to a great work on Egyptian antiquities, a specific and peculiar objection may be made. The system of hieroglyphic interpretation is by no means completely established with the consent of the learned world. Many withhold their adhesion; some, with Klaproth, openly impugn the whole theory, or at least confine its success within very narrow limits. But this is precisely the point to which we are anxious to direct the public attention. Though a great impulse has undoubtedly been given to the study of Egyptian antiquities by this real or supposed discovery of Dr. Young and of Champollion, yet the value and importance of the study by no means depend upon that hypothesis. Without at present expressing our opinion on the controversy, we enter our strongest protest against thus involving the extraordinary interest which the Egyptian monuments ought to command, as vestiges of the earliest civilization of mankind, in the fate of this collateral question, however curious and most attractive that question may be. Though its ancient gloom should again settle over the religious and civil history of Egypt, yet the progress of this extraordinary people in architecture,* in sculpture, in painting, and in all the arts of life, recorded in the immeasurable grandeur of their ruined edifices, and traced in the walls of their sepulchral chambers, is still the most remarkable phenomenon in the annals of mankind. Though even the names of their kings, now thought to be rescued from ages of oblivion, should be cast back into their old obscurity; though we should be forced to surrender to triumphant scepticism the legends of all those ancient Pharaohs, who founded the palaces and temples of Thebes, and whose military prowess is celebrated in the vast sculptured battle-pieces; though we should be reduced again to the scanty and once-suspected records of history, and only connect the Sesostris of Herodotus and the Rhamses of Tacitus, with the colossal edifices and statues of Diospolis by uncertain conjecture, not by the undoubted authority of legends and inscriptions; still the buildings themselves, with all their secret treasures, the tombs, and the quarries, ought to be preserved, *as they exist at present*, in engravings of a very large size, and therefore of expensive form. Notwithstanding the great French work, of which the accuracy is not above suspicion, and the publication of Messrs. Huyot and Gau, on the Temples of Nubia, the architectural remains are very far from exhausted. Every great edifice, from the farthest southern

* 'Among the most remarkable of these tombs is one whose crude brick roof and niche, bearing the name of the same Pharaoh, proves the existence of *the arch at the remote period of 1540 n. c.*'—*Wilkinson*, p. 80. The *Doric pillars* at the entrance to the caves of Beni-Hassan are very curious; they are rudely engraved in the *Lettres de l'Egypte*.'

point to which Egyptian architecture extended, down to the few shapeless ruins of Memphis and Heliopolis, ought to be drawn and planned with that taste, and still more with that truth by which British artists are distinguished. Mr. Hamilton's very valuable work, the '*Ægyptiaca*,' was the first to enable his countrymen to appreciate the extraordinary Homeric sculptures on the walls of the Egyptian temples; but this work, excellent as far as it goes, does not comprehend a hundredth part of the interminable designs which line the walls of the temples and the tombs. Nor is it the conquests of the kings alone, or the public civil and religious ceremonies of ancient Egypt which command our interest. The whole country, with all its natural productions, its animals, birds, fishes, vegetables; the *people*, with all their private and domestic occupations, are still traced in drawings, if not in the first style of art, with that which renders them still more curious, an apparent Chinese fidelity of outline, and an extraordinary richness of colouring. This part of Signor Rosellini's publication is the most curious and valuable, and before we close our article we shall enter into some details on the subject. There is no time to be lost in perpetuating, by means of the European arts of design, many of these monuments, which, though they have survived to our day, are in a gradual, though we trust tardy, process of decay. Even the 'solid temples' are not secure; several majestic remains, which had been seen by former travellers, were sought in vain by M. Champollion. The river, by a change in its course, had swept some away; others had been destroyed by the barbarism of the inhabitants, in defiance it is said of strict prohibitions from Mohammed Ali. The Appendix to Champollion's Letters contains a memorial to the Pasha on the subject, which gives a melancholy list of thirteen or fourteen buildings recently demolished:—

1. All the monuments at *Cheik-Abadè*—only a few granite columns are left standing.

2. The Temple of *Aschmouneïn*, one of the most beautiful monuments in Egypt.

3. The Temple of *Kaou-el-Kebir*. Here the Nile has been as destructive as man.

4. The Temple to the north of the city of *Esnè*.

5. A Temple opposite to *Esnè*, on the right bank of the river.

6. Three Temples at *El-Kab*, or *El-Eitz*.

7. Two Temples in the island opposite to the city of *Osouan*, *Géziret Osouan*.—*Lettres écrites d'Égypte et de Nubie*, p. 436.

The encroachment of the sand, though not equally destructive, still requires great labour to dig it out; and sometimes effaces all vestiges of buildings, which may never again be brought to light.

Signor

Signor Rosellini sought in vain for a tomb at Karnak, which had been opened by Messrs. Burton and Wilkinson. Though Egypt has so long defied that doom of all earthly things, so strikingly expressed in the line of Juvenal:—

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris;— though the tombs of her sovereigns, who lived two thousand years before Christ, are still entire, yet the date of their duration may not be far remote. The publicity which they have now gained; the inspection of European travellers, not always the most careful or reverential observers of the ancient remains which they compass sea and land to visit, will in all probability in a few years work more rapid and extensive destruction, than centuries of undisturbed and inglorious obscurity. The mere admission of light and air into chambers which have been hermetically sealed for so long a period either by the art of the architect, or by the silent advance of the sand, cannot be without effect. A thousand accidents may efface or may discharge the colouring of some scene of private life, which may show that some of the inventions attributed to recent periods of civilization were known to the Egyptians before the days of Moses; the continuity of some series of sculptures may be broken, which may display a line of kings, not like that of Banquo's issue stretching onward 'till the crack of doom,' but backward almost to the birth of time. It is of infinite importance to perpetuate all the hieroglyphical inscriptions which can be found, whether on the walls of temples, tombs, quarries, or obelisks. Even if we should have been proceeding with more haste than success in decyphering the royal legends or the dedicatory symbols; if we should be constrained to retrace our steps to the simplest elements of phonetic interpretation, there can be little doubt that the first principles are correct; and some fortunate chance, by disclosing other and more perfect bilingual inscriptions than that on the Rosetta stone, may enable us to proceed with a firmer step and more unhesitating confidence.*

* We trust that there is some exaggeration in the language of a modern traveller, who speaks 'of the destructive ravages of M. Champollion and other antiquarians—who by breaking down doorways, and sawing off the faces of pillars, covered with bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics, have removed the connecting links of events, and rendered them, to a certain extent, unintelligible for ever.'—*Egypt and Mohammed Ali*, by James Augustus St. John, vol. ii. p. 60. Champollion himself gives a lamentable account of the rapid decay of the splendid catacomb of Ousirei the First:—'It is perishing every day. The pillars are splitting and slipping from their bases, the ceilings falling in fragments, and the paintings peeling off in scales.'—*Lettres*, p. 248. 'The present state of the sepulchres of Thebes,' says Rosellini, 'as well as that of all the Egyptian tombs, is ruin and confusion. Some nevertheless, although choked with sand, with chips and fragments of stone, and with dismembered mummies and their bandages, still retain a wonderful vividness in the colouring of the pictures, particularly those of the entablatures. Others, either from the action of fire, or the formation

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On the success and *certainly* attained by the system of phonetic interpretation, as we cannot at present enter at length into the subject, we would postpone our deliberate judgment, until the appearance of the Hieroglyphic Grammar announced at Paris. This work, we presume, will contain the ultimate conclusions established by Champollion himself and by his learned coadjutors. It will lay down the whole science in a systematic and intelligible form. Its rules will be clear and simple, and, in every instance, illustrated by plain and incontestable examples. The alphabet, in Mr. Wilkinson's '*Materia Hieroglyphica*,' as far as it goes, is formed upon a very judicious principle; each hieroglyphic character is numbered with a reference to some word of frequent occurrence in which its phonetic power is ascertained; the doubtful signs are distinguished from those of which the use is more certain. Much more, however, is wanting to satisfy the doubts, not only of the incredulous, but of more sober-minded scholars, of those who are anxious that the partizans of this extraordinary discovery should not ruin their own cause by their own precipitancy.* The history of each sign must, if possible, be traced—the object which it originally represented—the name of that object, from the initial letter of which it takes its phonetic power—the old Egyptian letter, which from the analogy of the modern Coptic, it is supposed to represent—the words in which it occurs, whether its force is assigned on the authority of the Rosetta stone or any other bilingual inscription, or on less conclusive authority—the regular progress of each letter through its hieratic and demotic form. It is a still more important point, if possible, to ascertain the principle, or at least to establish some rule of general application, by which we may decide with any degree of certainty when a sign is used with a phonetic or with a symbolic power—whether it is the representative of a letter or of a thing. This is the main cause of the great perplexity and uncertainty which still involves the

mation of salts in the layers or the clefts of the mountain, are quite spoiled, large flakes of stone falling continually from the entablatures and the walls. In others the pictures have been covered with a filthy coating of dirt by the Christian anchorites who inhabited them; in many, finally, the pictures are perishing, day by day, because, having been a long time open, they serve for a retreat to the Arab families which inhabit the shore, and have no other cabin to cover themselves and their miserable herds.—vol. iii. p. 120.

* Among the most ingenious and satisfactory papers on the subject of hieroglyphical interpretation, which have fallen under our notice, are two letters on the signs, which serve for the notation of dates, on the monuments of ancient Egypt, addressed to the Abbé Gazzara, by F. Salvolini. There is nothing, perhaps, very original in the work, but the author has adhered to the principle enforced upon the interpreters of Hieroglyphics by M. Klaproth, that of closely following out, in the first instance, the parallel words and signs, which are found in the Rosetta stone. The signs which represent days, months, and years, are thus wrought out, as it appears to us, with remarkable perspicuity and success.

system

system of hieroglyphic interpretation; and this, with the frequent omission and irregular use of the vowels, the imperfect knowledge of the Coptic, and of its relation to the vernacular language of ancient Egypt, shows that much yet remains to be done, before the system can be considered as fairly established. Too much at present rests on the arbitrary authority of Champollion, whose variations and inconsistencies have been exposed with a most unsparing hand by M. Klaproth. It may seem an ungracious office, now that Champollion is no more, to detract from his fair fame; but flattery as well as obloquy should be silent over the grave. The merits of Champollion will be no less fully appreciated, if fairly estimated—the statue of his fame, if raised to an unmeasured height, may receive the homage of a few devoted partizans, but reduced to its just proportions, it will command the general admiration and respect of the learned world.*

Champollion was a man of extraordinary rapidity of perception and of combination, indefatigable activity of mind, and that without which few men succeed in any great undertaking, unbounded self-confidence. Once possessed with a conviction, he pressed onward with irrepressible boldness, forgetting all that he had asserted or admitted before,—careless whether he was drawing on the stores of his own mind or those of others; and thus, the same ardour which enabled him to develop his system occasionally with such remarkable felicity, almost always with rare perspicuity, betrayed him into inconsistency, contradiction, and even what appeared to be dishonesty.—Hence, when he adopted new opinions, he never thought it necessary to retract his old ones: a sign, as M. Klaproth has incontestably shown, sometimes represented one, sometimes another letter. This, if he had condescended to explain his rea-

* It is strongly in favour of the system of phonetic interpretation that the same lax and uncertain use of the vowels, according to Mr. Tattam's excellent Grammar and Professor Kosegarten's learned work, *De Priscâ Ægyptiana Litteraturâ*, appears to prevail in the Coptic; one vowel is constantly substituted for another, and there is the same confusion between the *i* and the *r*. The mixture of symbolic and phonetic signs seems likewise a necessary consequence of the process by which we may reasonably suppose the transition from ideographic or symbolic to phonetic writing to have taken place. Here, as elsewhere, necessity was the mother of invention.—The impossibility of discriminating the proper names of individuals by symbols led to the separate representation of each letter in the name by an appropriate sign; but as the names of the kings, which would be the first which they would desire to commemorate, were usually formed from those of the gods, as *Thoth-mes*, *Amun-mai*, *Ra-m-es*, the sign which represented the name of the god would still represent, in a more compendious and intelligible manner, the syllable itself, instead of its being decomposed into a number of separate letters, each with its separate representative. M. Klaproth has scarcely, in our opinion, allowed sufficient weight to these considerations. Mr. Wilkinson mentions, that in one of the convents there exists a very copious Coptic and Arabic vocabulary: he has in vain attempted to obtain a copy of this work, which would be of invaluable use, as the ancient Egyptian can only be recovered by a more extensive knowledge of its descendant, the Coptic.

sons for subsequently assigning to it a different value, if he had admitted that he was before in error,—this, at the first outset of the discovery, instead of exciting suspicion, would rather have strengthened the confidence of the reader. Signs at one moment assumed a phonetic, at another a symbolic, or even an ideographic power, at the fiat of Mons. Champollion. The whole, instead of being worked out with cautious toil from fixed and settled premises, was dashed off with a bold and rapid brilliancy of effect, which dazzled at first, but in itself generated in sober minds the suspicion which it was intended to dispel. The affair of the papyrus, in the Collection of M. Sallier, at Aix, was enough to alarm the least reluctant believer. According to his own statement (*Lettres*, p. 21), M. Champollion remained two days at Aix: it was in the evening of the second day that a packet of papyri was placed in his hands, the contents of all of which he ascertained. The third was a roll, of which the first pages were wanting, but which contains the praises and the exploits of Ramses Sesostris in a biblical style; that is to say, in the form of an ode in dialogue, between the gods and the king. He decided off-hand that it was a 'real historical treasure'—read the names of fifteen conquered nations, among which were especially named the Ionians, Iouni pavani, and the Lycians, Louka, or Louki; moreover the Ethiopians, Arabs, &c. 'It speaks of their chiefs led into captivity, and the tributes imposed upon their countries.' All this was the work of one evening, from a papyrus manuscript written in a character of which the signs are but imperfectly ascertained; in a language of which it is only known that the Coptic is probably as closely allied to it as the Italian to the Latin, or the modern to the ancient Greek! No sooner is Mons. Champollion arrived in Egypt, than we have fresh proofs of his unhesitating decision. At eight in the evening he has an interview with the Viceroy of Alexandria, who requests a translation of the inscriptions on the obelisks of Alexandria. These obelisks have three columns of characters on each face. The whole is translated into Turkish and delivered to the Viceroy the next morning.

But what says Mr. Wilkinson, after twelve years' laborious practice in the application of the phonetic system?

'With regard to the translation of hieroglyphics, M. Champollion must allow, no one is yet sufficiently advanced in the language of ancient Egypt to enable him literally to translate an inscription of any length, or moderately complicated; though a general meaning may frequently be obtained. Time will no doubt do more, and we may hope to see this language interpreted with the same facility as many with which we have been long acquainted. But the steps must be slow and cautious; and the only mode of convincing those who still adhere

adhere to a contrary opinion is to trust little to conjecture, or at least to state an uncertainty whenever it exists; to admit and correct errors when discovered; and to settle a fixed rather than a temporary interpretation to the groups, which will answer to their meaning whenever they occur.'—p. 57.

The Letters from Egypt* betray throughout the same bold decision, the same dictatorial assumption of sole and supreme authority over the mysteries of Egyptian knowledge—the same disregard of his own former statements, if they stand in the way of new theories—the same careless appropriation of the labours of others, as though they were his own original discoveries. It is clear that many of his views of the successions of the kings were modified and altered during his residence in Egypt;—it is as clear that in some of these modifications there is a close coincidence in his later opinions with those of Major Felix and of Mr. Wilkinson; yet in the Letters, at least, we look in vain for any fair and candid admission that there were other labourers in the field, and labourers of so much patience and ingenuity.† The tone of Sig. Rosellini (we have great satisfaction in making this statement) is very different: he is uniformly candid, just, and honourable; he constantly awards to these gentlemen their full meed of praise; he assigns to them their due share in the merit of discovery—differs from them with courtesy, and concurs with them without any assumption of undue superiority. Mr. Wilkinson has pointed out one most characteristic instance of Champollion's happy versatility in changing his opinions, and his singular neglect in communicating the change to his readers. We rarely recollect to have seen so happy an exemplification of his countrywoman's innocent declaration—'Il n'y a que moi qui a toujours raison.' Greatly were we perplexed in reading the Letters from Egypt when they first appeared in this country, by finding that no less a personage than Rhameses the Great, the Sesostris himself, had changed his place in the list of Pharaohs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. Throughout the Letter to M. de Blacas he had stood at the head of the nineteenth dynasty (see page 107); suddenly he takes his place two or

* Sig. Rosellini, honourably jealous of his master's fame, complains of the original publication and the reprint of these Letters by a speculating bookseller. He states that Champollion would have modified, altered and retracted much contained in these hasty and confidential Letters. His mature work, or works, no doubt, would have differed much from the Letters; but the Letters were as clearly intended for publication.—They were written for effect, to keep up the excitement—they were written for the meridian of Paris.

† The name of Lord Prudhoe ought not to be omitted, as an active and enterprising student of Egyptian antiquities. Major Felix travelled with this accomplished nobleman, and their researches were carried on in common. We have a copy of Major Felix's work, lithographed, we believe, at Cairo. The diffidence of this gentleman has withheld him from the republication of his 'Observations' in this country.

three generations higher in the eighteenth dynasty. And all the notice we find of the change is the following felicitously ambiguous sentence:—‘Here (at Medeenet Haboo) are the most remarkable works of this Pharaoh (*Rhamses Meiamoun, now become the head of the nineteenth dynasty*), one of the most illustrious among the sovereigns of Egypt, and whose military exploits have been confounded with those of Sesostriis, or Rhamses the Great, by ancient authors and by modern writers,’—the modern writer who had caused all the confusion being no other than Champollion himself!

In a former article* we entered at considerable length into the abstruse, yet curious subject of early Egyptian history; we shall proceed to lay before our readers the new facts which have come to light since that period, whether confirmatory or corrective of our former views. In so doing, we shall in general follow the order of Signor Rosellini’s work,—availing ourselves as we proceed of the rich materials furnished by Mr. Wilkinson.

We shall, as before, altogether decline the more mysterious and perplexing question of the mythology of ancient Egypt. That part of Signor Rosellini’s work has not appeared, and though Mr. Wilkinson has devoted one part of his ‘*Materia Hieroglyphica*’ to the deities, according to their images and legends, yet with great good sense he admits in another passage that the time is not yet come to propound any satisfactory account of the Egyptian religion. The Pantheon of Champollion was commenced much too early, and has involved him in most of his difficulties and contradictions.

Among the most curious discoveries of the few last years has been that of the name of Menes or Menei, the first real or mythological founder of the Egyptian kingdom, at the head of a succession of Theban kings. ‘In a vast scene of religious pomp, sculptured on one of the internal walls of the *Ramesseion* at Thebes, the statues of the kings, the ancestors of the monarch, who is the majestic author and principal personage in the ceremony, are carried in procession by the priests. These ancestors are those who succeeded from father to son in the eighteenth dynasty down to the living king, whose grandeur closes the procession (che grandeggia nella processione). But the first place is maintained by the most venerable image of all the Egyptian kings: the image of Menes himself is borne as the head of the dynasties of *men*—his name is written Menèi or Meni.’ (Rosellini, vol. i. p. 123.) The second king in this list is called, by Mr. Wilkinson, Manmoph, and is supposed to be the only monarch of Theban race who reigned between Menes and the eighteenth dynasty. The

* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxv. p. 112.

interpreters of hieroglyphics generally concur in recognizing the builders of the Pyramids, the Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus of Herodotus, in the Suphis, the Sensuphis, or Suphis the Second, and the Mencheres of Manetho's fourth dynasty. At Saqqarah, the necropolis of Memphis, has been found a cartouch of the king and priest Sciufu, and it is remarkable that Manetho describes Suphis as the author of a sacred book held in great reverence by the Egyptians (Rosellini, vol. i. p. 128). This, we may observe, ill agrees with the impiety and the hostility to the ancient religion of the country attributed by Herodotus to Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid. There is something, indeed, very remarkable in the traditions collected by Herodotus of the deep-rooted hatred with which the memory of the builders of these stupendous works was loaded. The historian can scarcely have been mistaken as to this general sentiment of awe and abomination, which, instead of taking pride in the Pyramids as the wonders of the world, looked on them as monuments of tyranny and irreligion. We cannot accede to the theory of those who ascribe them to the Shepherd-kings. Though, like the Tartar dynasties which from time to time have triumphed over and been subdued by the more civilized manners of China, these Hykshos may have adopted Egyptian usages, it appears from Manetho that they remained to the end a distinct and separate race; and if represented by the wild, and skin-clad, and red-haired people on the monuments, with which they have been identified by Champollion, they must have retained too much of savage life to labour on such regular and, it should seem, highly-finished structures. They may have fortified their capital of Avaris, which, from the description, appears to have resembled the village camp of Attila rather than a regular city; but they entered Egypt, as a nomadic people, and were to all appearance expelled in the same state.

A new and very improbable theory has been recently put forth by a dashing traveller, which transforms the pyramids into temples of the *Nature-Worship* of the East. Into this discussion, for obvious reasons, we cannot enter. Mr. Wilkinson adheres to the opinion that the pyramids may have 'served for tombs, and also have been intended for astronomical purposes. They stand,' says he, 'exactly due north and south; and while the direction of the faces to the east and west might serve to fix the return of a certain period of the year, the shadow cast by the sun, or the time of its coinciding with their slope, might be observed for a similar purpose.' *

It

* We must not omit Mr. Wilkinson's ingenious explanation of the manner in which the pyramids, according to Herodotus, were finished (*Hieroglyphs*) from the summit:—

The

' It has always been a matter of surprise that no hieroglyphics are met with, either in the interior or on the exterior of the pyramids, and that, above all, the sarcophagus should be destitute of those sacred characters, so generally found on Egyptian monuments. Herodotus says he saw an inscription on the front, and, by his account, it seems to have been in the Enchorial or in the Hieratic character; but the Enchorial did not exist at the time of its erection, and the Hieratic, from not being monumental, could scarcely have been used for such a purpose. His "figures of animals" on the causeway appear to allude more particularly to hieroglyphics; but as the exteriors, both of the causeway and the pyramids, are lost, we cannot now decide this question.'—pp. 326, 327.

The absence of hieroglyphics has usually been adduced as the conclusive proof of the antiquity of the pyramids, showing that they were raised before the use of written characters. Besides the name of Suphis, that of his successor, called Suphis the Second by Manetho, Sensaophis by Eratosthenes (the Cephren of the Greeks), has been copied in the tombs at Geezah. Sensaophis, according to Mr. Wilkinson (*Materia Hieroglyphica*, part ii. p. 74): and Rosellini, (vol. i. p. 130), means, brother of Suphis. He was the builder of the second pyramid. Mencheres, the name which succeeds in the list of Manetho, is not improbably identified with the third founder of the pyramids, the Mycerinus of Herodotus.

These, with the exception of a few scattered names which have been collected from different quarters, and some prenomina on the early part of the tablet of Abydos, and on the tablet of the Chamber of Kings at Karnak, to which the proper names have not been discovered, are all that belong to the first fifteen dynasties of Manetho, namely, Menes, Manmoth, and the two builders of the pyramids. The monumental history of Egypt really begins with Osirtesen I., the last monarch but one of the sixteenth dynasty. Marsham's hypothesis of parallel dynasties in different parts of the kingdom finds little favour in the sight of the interpreters of hieroglyphics. We are not by any means its decided advocates, though in a former article we suggested some arguments in its support, as in our opinion not unworthy of consideration. Osirtesen I., as well as the kings his successors, of the seventeenth dynasty, owe their

' The meaning of the word (*lawān*), though so very simple, never struck me till I saw the false pyramid: here some of the stones of the centre tier (for the construction is different from that of the pyramids of Geezeh) are left with their original rough projecting form, while others are *smoothed* off; by which means the shape and face of the pyramid becomes made out. Having built the pyramids in form of steps, they cut away the projecting angles, and smoothed the face of them to a flat inclined surface as they descended, the step immediately below serving as a resting-place or scaffolding on which the men worked; so that, in fact, the pyramids have no casing, any more than the pyramidal towers of the propyla, or the walls of the temples, which were finished or made out in the same manner.'—Wilkinson, *Extracts from Hieroglyphical Subjects*, p. 14.

reinstatement in their regal dignity to the researches of English travellers. From the writings of Mr. Wilkinson, therefore, we select the account of his reign, as far as it is to be traced in the monuments.

'Excepting the pyramids above-mentioned, we find no monument of early date till the time of Osirtesen I. This king, who was probably of the sixteenth dynasty, has left several proofs of the splendour of his reign, and of the chaste style of architecture then in vogue, of which the grottoes at Beni-Hassan bear convincing proofs; a style afterwards revived in the Greek Doric it so much resembles. The small but celebrated city of Heliopolis was at this time adorned with a splendid temple, of which one obelisk still remains, bearing the name of that king; nor was he forgetful of the fertile province of Crocodilopolis, since known by the names of Arsinoite nome and Faïoom, where a fallen obelisk bears testimony to the grandeur of the edifice it once adorned. The largest, and the one then only existing, of the four great temples of Thebes, Apa, Tapé, or Diospolis, was also enlarged by the addition of a colonnade at the back of that sanctuary, which was rebuilt by the third Thothmes of red granite, and subsequently repaired by order of Philip, after the destructive invasion of the Persians. The oldest date found on any of the monuments is of his forty-third year, and it is possible that his reign may have continued much longer, but neither Manetho nor any other author makes mention of him.'—*Materia Hieroglyphica*, p. 74.

'Of the greatness of Osirtesen I.,' adds Signor Rosellini, 'as a warrior and a conqueror, we have certain evidence in a large stele which we excavated in Nubia, near the second cataract of the Nile, and which I conveyed, a new and rare treasure, with the other objects which adorn the Royal Museum at Florence. The bas-relief on this monument, the most ancient which exists in Europe, represents this Osirtesen standing to receive different tribes from the interior of Africa, bound, and with downcast looks, and led by the hand of the god of Nubia. Each bears inscribed before him his proper name.'—*Rosellini*, p. 159.

During the reign of the successors of Osirtesen I.,*—this mighty monarch, who certainly ruled over the whole of Egypt, and probably great part of Nubia,—took place the memorable and strenuously-contested invasion of the Hykshos or Shepherds. Not much additional light has been thrown on this curious subject by the closer study of the Egyptian monuments. Mr. Wilkinson seems to have a lurking inclination to the theory of Josephus, which identifies the horde of fierce and armed warriors with the peaceful family of his own Jewish ancestors. We cannot conceive that even the most dis-

* We find, in the account of this monarch, a new instance of the quiet manner in which Champollion passed off from one opinion to another, without giving the slightest notice to his embarrassed readers.—Osirtesen, who, in Letter VI. (p. 75), belongs to the twenty-third dynasty, in the IXth (p. 124) is promoted at once to the sixteenth.

torted view of the narrative of Genesis can transform Jacob, with his twelve sons, his servants, and his flocks, into an overwhelming deluge of conquering barbarians, and a dynasty of six successive kings. Rosellini concurs in the more probable notion of Champollion, who traces the Hyk-shos in the tall, white, slender, blue-eyed, bearded, red-haired, and skin-clad race, against which the Egyptians delighted in showing every mark of contempt. They had them painted on the soles of their sandals, that they might trample on them. 'In the historical bas-reliefs, in which the victories of the Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty are represented, these barbarians always appear as fugitives or prisoners; and among their different names is, as we shall see, that of *Sciós*. In the paintings, moreover, where the different people subjected to the king of Egypt are passed in review, the *Sciós* are comprehended under a race which are distinguished in the monuments under the more generic name *Sceto*.' From this name, and from their physical appearance, Signor Rosellini would infer that they were a Scythian race, and this is exactly the conclusion which we had ventured to draw before any of these later monuments had come to light.*

It is singular how uniformly the whole of ancient, we might have said, the whole of Asiatic, history represents one great strife, that of the nomad or pastoral against the agricultural tribes. It might seem that the two sons of Adam were types of the two races, with their fatal and implacable hostility. Their characters, indeed, have become directly opposite, and consequently we may presume perhaps to infer, the favour of the Almighty has likewise changed its object; for we cannot but suppose the Supreme Author of good to take delight in that state of mankind which is most conducive to peace, to civilization, and therefore to human happiness. While the nomad tribes might seem to inherit the fierce and sanguinary spirit of the first-born Cain, the tiller of the ground, rather than the keeper of sheep, best represents the more gentle and peaceful Abel. These have been, throughout the primeval history of mankind, as it were the two great principles of light and darkness, of good and evil. No sooner had any kingdom arrived at an eminent stage of civilization than

'From the moist region of the northern star
Did Scythia breathe the living cloud of war.'

Race after race of Tartars threw back the advancing civilization of China: from the earliest period to the Afghan conquest the rich plains of India have been devastated by northern nomads: the poetic legends of the strife between Iran and Turan, in the Persian

* See Quarterly Review, Vol. XLIII. p. 138.

history, represent the same incessant warfare; till at length, after repelling, in its republican strength, the inroads of Gauls, Cimbrians, and other northern tribes, which threatened its existence, the Empire of Rome fell under the last, the most extensive and most destructive collision of the two races. Even its situation would scarcely secure the rising and solitary wealth of Egypt from such hostile inroads. The intelligence that there 'was corn in Egypt' would not merely be conveyed in periods of dearth to the peaceful Hebrew, pasturing his flocks in the neighbouring valleys of Palestine, but to the warlike and roaming tribes, who, for ever prowling on the borders of civilization, were ready to be driven by hunger, or the hope of plunder, or the mere love of war, on any remote and perilous enterprise.

The hieroglyphic interpreters appear to agree in the opinion that the Shepherd-conquest did not extend beyond Lower Egypt, and that a native dynasty, contemporary with the six Shepherd-kings, ruled either at Thebes, or in some part of Upper Egypt. This dynasty comprehended two more Osirtesens, the second of whom appears to have been a monarch of power and splendour. The expulsion of the Shepherds took place at the close of the seventeenth and the commencement of the magnificent eighteenth dynasty. Signor Rosellini mentions a very curious inscription which belongs to the reign of Amosis Touthmosis (the Misptra Touthmosis of Manetho), under whose reign the expulsion of the Shepherds took place. It appears to commemorate the restoration of the ravages committed by the barbarous conquerors. It was found in the great caves of Mokattan, near Cairo, and states, according to Signor Rosellini's interpretation,—'*In the year xxii of the presidency of the king, the son of the Sun, Aahmes (or Thutmes), the giver of life, these quarries were opened of stone, strong, white, and good—(to restore?) the temples (of Pthah?) in Memphis, and of Amoun in Thebes* . . . he made.*

. . . . In the bas-relief below is expressed, in the language of the figures, the act of transporting large blocks of stone, placed upon a sled, drawn by six oxen, which are driven by three men with whips and sticks.'—(Rosellini, p. 196.)

In ascribing the most magnificent monuments of Egypt to the mighty sovereigns of the eighteenth dynasty, there is the same accordance among the hieroglyphic scholars. The most splendid, the most colossal, and, according to the principles of Egyptian art, the purest edifices of Thebes and of the other cities, belong to this

* Is this likely? Champollion, we observe, (*Lettres*, p. 65,) speaks only of the temples of Pthah, Apis, and Amoun at Memphis? Has Signor Rosellini changed Apis into Tapé, Thebes?

period.

period. It was likewise the Periclean age of Egyptian sculpture. The great battle-pieces represent the wars and conquests of this race of kings; their images are painted on the walls, graven on the bas-reliefs, or represented in the colossal statues; and if the legends of the kings (unquestionably that branch of hieroglyphic interpretation which has the greatest claim to certainty) be correctly decyphered, we cannot but look with wonder and profound interest on the Portrait Gallery of the Pharaohs of Egypt, exhibited in the engravings of Signor Rosellini's work. The variety in feature and expression of character in these sculptures warrant us in pronouncing them, in the strictest sense, *portraits*. They present almost every gradation of outline, from the low receding brow, thick lips, and flattish nose of the Ethiopian, to an Asiatic, if not Grecian symmetry of feature; and in one we find the high-arched Roman nose. Nor are we without specimens of royal female beauty. This series extends, indeed—though broken by many and long intervals—from Nofre Ari, the Ethiopian wife of the first Amenoph, the head of the eighteenth dynasty, whose features are the nearest to the negro in the whole array, down to her for whom 'the world was well lost.' To confess the truth, in looking on the monumental portrait of Cleopatra, though there is a kind of voluptuous fulness about it, we doubt whether 'the soft triumvir's fault will be forgiven.' But probably, as our great poet has intimated, the beauty of Cleopatra may not have been the most powerful part of her witchery.

'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.'

Yet though the hieroglyphic interpreters agree in finding the kings of Manetho's eighteenth dynasty in the legends of the powerful and warlike Pharaohs, they by no means coincide in their arrangement of that dynasty. Signor Rosellini considers Champollion's first series very incorrect, and admits that it was much improved by the researches of Major Felix and Mr. Wilkinson. He has made his own list more to his own satisfaction. We have likewise the amended series, at least of the latter part of the dynasty, from Champollion himself, in the *Letters from Egypt*; and Mr. Wilkinson's volume contains his matured opinions on this subject. We shall now lay the different series before our readers—repeating, however, the observation which we made in our former article, that some latitude ought in fairness to be allowed on account of the difficulty of discriminating between the *names* and the *titles* of the sovereigns—the patronymic and other appellations which they might assume at different periods of their reign, or when consecrated as it were to different gods during the course of their respective reigns.

XVIIIth DYNASTY, ACCORDING TO

MANETRO.	CHAMPOLLION. 1st list.	CHAMPOLLION. amended list.	ROSELLINI.	WILKINSON.
1. Thutmosis son)	Amenofiép		Amenóf (Amenofiép or Amenophis)	Ames
2. Chebron, or Amoses Chebron (his son)	Thoutmosis I.		Thutmes I. (his son)	Amunoph I.
3. Amenophis I.	Ammon-Mai		Thutmes II. (his son)	(included in reign of Thothmes I.)
4. Amenes (sister of Amenophis)	Amenise		Amenes (his sister, Thutmes III. her first husband, Amenophis her second)	
5. Miphres (her son)	Thoutmosis II.		Thutmes IV. (son of Amenise and Thutmes III.)	Thothmes I. (her husband)
6. Misptra Thoutmosis (his son)	Amenophis I.		Amenof II.	Thothmes II.
7. Thoutmosis II.	Amenophis III.		Thutmes V.	Thothmes III.
8. Amenophis II. (his son)	Amenophis II.	Amenophis II. (Memnon)	Amenof III. (his son)	Amunoph II. (his son)
9. Horus (his son)	Hôr	Horus	Hôr	Thothmes IV. (his son)
10. Akenchres (daughter of Horus)	Tmauhmot		Tmauhmot	Maut-ni-shot (regency)
11. Rathotis (brother of Akenchres)	Rameses I.	Rameses I.	Rameses I. (her brother)	Amunoph III. (son of Thothmes IV. the supposed Memnon)
12. Akenchres (son of Rathotis)	Ousirei	Meneptha I. (Ousirei)	Menepthah I. (his son)	Amun-men? (his son)
13. Akenchres (son? of the latter)	Mandouei		Rameses II. (his son)	Rameses or Remeses I.
14. Armais (his son)	Rameses II.	Rameses the Great (Secostrie)	Rameses III. (his brother, Secostrie)	Ousirei? I. (his son)
15. Ramesses (his son)	Rameses III.	Menepthah II.	Menepthah II. (his son)	Remeses II., or Remeses the Great (his son, Secosis or Secostrie)
16. Ramesses Meiamoun (his son)	Rameses IV. (Meiamoun)	Menepthah III.	Menepthah III. (Tasma and Siphah,)	Remeses II., or Remeses the Great (his son, Secosis or Secostrie)
17. Amenophis III. (his son)	Rameses V.	Rhametè	Verri?	Pthahmen Thmeiofep? or Thmeio-fep-ho.

‘Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.’

The most perplexing part of the strife is, that the great Sesostris is constantly shifting his position. By Champollion he was placed at the head of the nineteenth dynasty: he is now raised into the eighteenth—the second *Ramses*, according to Champollion and Wilkinson; the third, according to Rosellini. The other great Ramses, called Mei-Amun, the loving or the beloved of Amun (a title which appears to our less initiate judgment to be common to all), stands, according to Champollion, at the head; according to Wilkinson, the fourth—in the nineteenth dynasty. At all events, they agree in supposing that the two greatest Egyptian conquerors bore the name of Ramses. The most splendid edifices in Thebes commemorate their glory in war—their luxury in peace. But the military power of Egypt appears to have been carried to a great height before the race of Ramses ascended the throne. We quote Mr. Wilkinson’s account of the tomb of Thothmes III. :—

‘Number 35 is by far the most curious, I may say, of all the tombs in Thebes, since it throws more light on the manners and customs of the Egyptians than any hitherto discovered. In the outer chamber on the left hand (entering) is a grand procession of Ethiopian and Asiatic chiefs, bearing a tribute to the Egyptian monarch, Thothmes III. They are arranged in five lines. The first or uppermost consists of blacks, and others of a red colour, from the country of Pount, who bring ivory, apes, leopards, skins, and dried fruits. Their dress is short, similar to that of some of the Asiatic tribes who are represented at Medeenet Haboo. In the second line are a people of a light red hue, with long black hair descending in ringlets over their shoulders, but without beards; their dress also consists of a short apron, thrown round the lower part of the body, meeting and folding over in front, and they wear sandals richly worked. Their presents are vases of elegant form, ornamented with flowers, necklaces, and other costly gifts, which, according to the hieroglyphics, they bring as “chosen (offerings) of the chiefs of the Gentiles of Kufa.” In the third line are Ethiopians, who are styled “Gentiles of the South.” The leaders are dressed in the Egyptian costume, the others have a girdle of skin, with the hair, as usual, outwards. They bring gold rings and bags of precious stones, (?) hides, apes, leopards, ebony, ivory, ostrich eggs and plumes, a camelopard, hounds with handsome collars, and a drove of long-horned oxen. The fourth line is composed of men of a white nation, clad in long white garments, with a blue border, tied at the neck, and ornamented with a cross or other devices. On their head is either a close cap, or their natural hair, short, and of a red colour, and they have a small beard. Some bring long gloves, which, with their close sleeves, indicate, as well as their colour, that they are the inhabitants of a cold climate. Among other offerings are vases, similar to those of the Kufa, a chariot and horses,

horses, a bear, elephant, and ivory. Their name is Rot-ñ-no, which reminds us of the Ratheni of Arabia Petrea; but the style of their dress and the nature of their offerings require them to have come from a richer and more civilized country, probably much farther to the north. In the fifth line Egyptians lead the van, and are followed by women of Ethiopia, "the Gentiles of the South," carrying their children in a pannier suspended from their head. Behind these are the wives of the Rot-ñ-no, who are dressed in long robes, divided into three sets of ample flounces. The offerings being placed in the presence of the monarch, who is seated on his throne at the upper part of the picture, an inventory is taken of them by Egyptian scribes. Those opposite the upper line consist of baskets of dried fruits, gold rings, and two obelisks, probably of artificial composition. On the second line are ingots and rings of silver, gold and silver vases of very elegant form, and several heads of animals of the same metals. On the third are ostrich eggs and feathers, ebony, precious stones, and rings of gold, an ape, several silver cups, ivory, leopard skins, ingots and rings of gold, sealed bags of precious stones, and other objects; and on the fourth line are gold and silver rings, vases of the same metals, and of porcelain, with rare woods, and various other rich presents."—pp. 151—154.

In our former article we entered at some length into the historical accounts of the victories of Sesostris. If the hieroglyphic interpreters are correct in assigning the foreign conquests of the Egyptians to two different monarchs of the name of Ramses, there is in fact no very satisfactory evidence which of the two should be considered the Sesostris, or the Sesoosis of Herodotus and Diodorus. All however agree in placing him in the eighteenth dynasty.

'In Nubia, the great cave-temple of Ipsambul, with its stupendous colossi, and the Temples of Derr, of Seboa and of Ghirschech Hassan—in Egypt the Palace of Karnak, and that building which I have called the Ramesscion (the Memnonium of former travellers), the palace of Abydos—and the numerous statues and various monuments which adorn the museums of Europe—would be sufficient to immortalize the fame of this great monarch, if history had been silent of his memorable deeds.'—*Rosellini*, vol. i. p. 269.]

Two of the obelisks at Rome and a third of smaller size, which is placed in the amphitheatre of the Royal Gardens of Boboli at Florence, were raised by Ramses-Sesostris. Among the statues of this king, that which is preserved in the royal museum of Turin is most remarkable, as a specimen of the finest Egyptian art. We have been singularly struck with the calm intellectual and meditative grandeur of these portraits of Sesostris among the engravings. The features are Asiatic rather than African; the expression is the calm dignity of a monarch who has subdued the world,

world, and whose tranquillity is superior to all earthly vicissitude.*

The second great Rhamses, the Sethos of ancient history, according to Champollion and Rosellini, the Rhamses III. of Wilkinson, appears to have been as mighty a conqueror as his namesake and ancestor. We shall prefer, however, to introduce him to our readers in the garb of peace—although only reposing amid the spoils of victory, and enjoying the consummation of his triumph over his enemies. The temple-palace of which Mr. Wilkinson writes is at Medeenet Haboo.

I next proceed to notice the great temple and palace of Remeses III. The south part consists of a building once isolated, but since united by a wall with the towers of the last-mentioned temple, before which two lodges form the sides of its spacious entrance. In front of this stood a raised platform, strengthened by masonry, bearing the name of the founder of the edifice, and similar to those met with before the dromos of several Egyptian monuments. After passing the lodges you arrive at a lofty building, resembling a pyramidal tower on either hand, between which runs an oblong court, terminated by a gateway, which passes beneath the chambers of the inner or north side. The whole of this edifice constituted the pavilion of the king; and in addition to several chambers, which still remain, several others stood at the wings, and in the upper part, which have been destroyed. The sculptures on the walls of these private apartments are the more interesting, as they are singular instances of the decorations that adorned the interior of an Egyptian palace. Here the king is attended by his haréem, some of whom present him with flowers, or wave before him fans and flabella; a favourite is caressed or invited to divert his leisure hours with a game similar to chess;† but they are all obliged to stand in his presence, and the king alone is seated on an elegant *fauteuil*, amidst his female attendants,—a custom still prevalent throughout the East. On the front walls the conqueror smites his suppliant captives in the presence of Amunre, who, on the north-east side, appears under the form of Re, the physical Sun, with the head of a hawk. An ornamental border, representing “the chiefs” of the vanquished nations, extends along the base of the whole front; and on either side of the oblong court or passage of the centre, Remeses offers similar prisoners to the deity of the temple, who says,—“Go, my cherished and chosen, make war on foreign nations, besiege their forts, and carry off their people to live as captives.”

* Here ornamental balustrades, supported each by four figures of

* M. Champollion recognizes Sesostris in the vast colossus excavated by M. Caviglia among the ruins of Memphis. It is rudely engraved.—*Lettres*, p. 66.

† The chess-playing is represented in a plate in Mr. Burton's *Excerpta Hieroglyphica*. The men appear to be all of the same size and shape. The attitude of the chess-player has a curious resemblance to that of the Automaton exhibited a few years ago in London.

African and Northern barbarians, remind us of Gothic taste; and the summit of the whole pavilion was crowned with a row of shields, the battlements of Egyptian architecture. Hence a dromos of two hundred and sixty-five feet led to the main edifice to the north-west, whose front is formed of two lofty pyramidal towers, or *propyla*, with a *pylon* or door-way between them, the entrance to the first area or *propylæum*. The sculptures over this door refer to the panegyries of the king, whose name, as at the palace of Remeses II., appears in the centre. Those on the west tower represent the monarch about to slay two prisoners in the presence of Pthah Sokari, others being bound below and behind the figure of the god. In the lower part is a tablet, commencing with the twelfth year of Remeses; and on the east tower, the same conqueror smites similar captives before Amunre. Beneath are other names of the conquered cities or districts of this northern enemy; and at the upper part of the propylon, a figure of colossal proportion grasps a group of suppliant captives his uplifted arm is about to sacrifice. Amunre, under the form of Re, holds forth the sword of vengeance, and addresses the king in a long speech, contained in nineteen lines, announcing that the "Gentiles, or foreigners of Libya, are beaten down beneath his mighty feet; that the god has come to give him the chiefs of the Gentiles of the South, to carry away them and their children, . . . the goods of their country, . . . and smite them with his sword, . . . that he gives the North countries, . . . and to reduce the land of . . . under his powerful sandals; . . . that the god gives him the nations . . . to bring to the land of Egypt . . . the gold and silver to serve for the decoration of the temple (he erected); that he gives him dominion over the East . . . and the land of Pount, . . . that he gives him dominion over the West" . . . and other countries, whose names I have not been able to ascertain.—pp. 50-53.

We concur with Mr. Wilkinson in the value of the incontestable evidence furnished by the monuments, to prove the foreign, we doubt not the Asiatic, conquests of the Pharaoh. Why the concurrent testimony of ancient history and these eternal records should be rejected, we are unable to comprehend;—for what reason is Sesostris to be reduced to a mythological being, and these living sculptures to vast allegories? To argue, as some have done, from the weakness of modern Egypt, overrun in turn by Assyrian, by Persian, by Greek, by Mahometan conquerors, would be as just as to infer, from the degeneracy of modern Italy, the falsehood of the whole history of the Roman conquests. Within the pale of authentic history the Egyptians were a conquering people: the victories of Shishak and the wars of Necho with the Assyrians, as far as the Euphrates, as well as the warlike expeditions of some of the Ptolemies, might be denied with equal justice. As to the theory which would transform the Sesostris of the sculptures into the Mars, the god of war, of the Egyptians, and the scenes of battle

battle into emblematic representations, it is directly contrary to an important axiom in the religious history of mankind. The mythology depends upon the genius of the people ;—the gods are cast in the mould of the worshippers ;—with an agricultural race they will be the presidents of the seasons—the inventors of the plough.

• *Primus aratra manu solerti fecit Osiris.*’

With an unwarlike people the god of war will hold but a secondary rank. Whether mythological or historical, the battle-pieces of Thebes—the combats by sea and land—the sieges—the triumphs—the processions of captives—the cruel mutilations, on which the number of the vanquished is reckoned by the heads cut off, and by other more barbarous mutilations common in Eastern warfare—the single figures of the heroes in the great conflict, particularly the remarkable one of the conqueror with his lion, which perpetually occurs, as clearly evince the military prowess of the early Egyptians as the Homeric Poems do the warlike habits of the Greeks.

As to the nations with which the Egyptian conquerors are engaged, scarcely any thing has been made out ; and we confess that we are not very sanguine as to any future discoveries. Their colour, their features, their dress, their arms, may enable us to distinguish between nations of African and Asiatic—it is just possible—of European descent. But even if we could depend on the correct orthography of the names, it is not probable that the Egyptians should call the different races by exactly the same names as those by which they are known in ancient writers ;—the nations themselves had probably many of them perished before the commencement of authentic history. In one place Champollion declares the adversaries of the Egyptians to be ‘ Asiatics, which, by their costume, may be recognized as Bactrians, Medes, and Babylonians.’ The country of the latter, he adds, ‘ is expressly named, Naharaina Kah, (the country of Naharaina, Mesopotamia,) in the inscriptions of Ibsamboul—as well as the countries of Schôt, Robschi, Schabatoun, Marou, Bachoua, which must of necessity be sought in the primitive geography of Western Asia.’—(*Lettres*, p. 218.) In the tomb of Ousirei I., at Biban-el-Moluk, that opened by Belzoni, Champollion and Wilkinson concur in supposing the procession of the four distinct races to represent the four regions of the earth. The legend, according to Champollion, describes the twelve figures as ‘ the inhabitants of Egypt and those of foreign countries. They are evidently of distinct families. The three first, (four, according to Wilkinson,) the nearest to the god, are of a dark red colour, well proportioned, with a wild expression of countenance, the nose slightly aquiline, and long twisted hair ; they are clothed in white, and called *rôt en nerome*, the race of *men*.’ The next, according

cording to Wilkinson; (for Champollion places them in a different order,) are 'a white race, the nose straight or slightly arched, beard light coloured or red, very tall and upright, clad in the skins of oxen, with the hair on, genuine savages, tattooed in different parts of the body; these are called Tamhou.' These represent the northern nations, our European ancestors. The negroes follow under the name Nahasi. The last are the Asiatics, with the skin white, but approaching to yellow or tawny, strongly marked aquiline nose, beard black, bushy, and pointed; 'blue eyes, feathers in their hair, and crosses or other devices about their persons, and dressed in long flowing robes.'—(Wilkinson, p. 107.) Champollion says, '*court vêtement de couleurs variées.*' They are called *Namou*. 'Instead of the Arab or the Jew, (proceeds Champollion,) so simply clothed in the tomb of Ousirei, Asia has for its representatives in other tombs (those of Ramses Meiamun, &c.) three figures, always with tawny skin, aquiline nose, black eyes, and bushy beard, but in a costume of extraordinary magnificence. In one, they are evidently Assyrians; their costume, even to the most minute details, exactly resembles the personages engraved on the Assyrian cylinders: in the other, the Medians, or primitive inhabitants of some part of Persia,—their physiognomy and dress being found, line for line, on what are called the Persepolitan Monuments.'—(Letter xiii., p. 250.) These are the Robou or Rebo, with whom the Egyptian conquerors are perpetually engaged. The rest of the names do not give us much hope of discovering the race to which they belong. Among the Asiatics are the Moschausch, (which recalls the name of the Moschi,) the Fekkaro, the Schairotana, 'the wicked race' of Scheto; the country of Aumor; Touirscha, a maritime region; the Schakalasha, Taonaon, and Pourasato. In these last some travellers have fancied that they have recognized Hindus. The Ethiopians are called 'the wicked race of Cush.'

In a battle-piece, which belongs to the reign of Osirei I., who seems to be engaged against the same Rot-fi-no which so frequently occur, a town named *Kanana* appears to make its submission; and, a still more curious circumstance, in another, the flying enemy take refuge among the lofty *cedars* that crown the heights of their mountainous country. 'Such, at least,' observes Mr. Wilkinson, 'are probably the lofty trees here represented. The name of the people is Limanon; the substitution of *m* for *b* is so very common that we may be allowed to conjecture that Libanon is intended.'—p. 192.

It is not till a comparatively late period that we can trace any certain coincidence between the monumental history of Egypt and that of the Old Testament. 'Nor do I know,' observes Mr. Wilkinson, 'of any sculptures which refer to the Jews, except those

those of their conqueror Sheshonk. It would, indeed, be an interesting fact to discover anything relating to their residence in Egypt; but it is in Lower Egypt, rather than at Thebes, that these hopes are likely to be realized. The "strangers," at Beni-Hassan, have a better claim than any I have seen; and if, as I imagine, the arrivals of Joseph and his brethren date in the reign of Osirtesen, when these grottoes were sculptured, those figures may be looked upon with more than common interest.* To this passage is subjoined the following note:—"The hieroglyphics denote them as "strangers" (Schemmo) and captives, which, with the number 37 following this word, will not agree with the family of Joseph, or the consideration in which they were held in Egypt; we must, therefore, I fear, relinquish this pleasing idea, and rank them among the ordinary captives of the Egyptians. M. Champollion considers them Greeks."† In one of the recent Numbers of the Engravings to Signor Rosellini's work, there is one representing brick-making. It is described in the brief paper which accompanies the plates, as *Jews* working at the making of bricks. The volume of text, however, which contains the explanation of this Number of the Engravings has not reached us; we are not, therefore, in full possession of the grounds on which the learned Italian has assigned this name to the brick-makers.‡ Their countenances are certainly Asiatic, and we could almost imagine that we recognize the keen dark eye, the sharper line of features, and something of the peculiar expression which still marks the race of Israel. Signor Rosellini adopts the theory of Eusebius, which brings Joseph into Egypt under the Shepherd-kings. On this point alone we venture to be decisive in our opinion, and to assert this hypothesis to be altogether untenable. It rests solely on the uncertain ground of chronological computation, from results obtained by comparing the parallel numbers of the Scripture and the Egyptian chronology. But the Scriptural chronology of this period is still a question of very doubtful debate among biblical scholars. The Egyptian wants an acknowledged basis from which the calculation may commence. But there is the strongest internal

* M. Champollion gives some strong reasons, if he be correct, for his opinion that they are Ionian or Asiatic Greeks: 'The tunic, the head-dress, and the "chaussure" of the captive females painted at Beni-Hassan, resemble those of the Greeks on the oldest vases.' M. Champollion adds that on one of their robes he had found the border *Grecque*, in red, blue, and black. The men with pointed beards were armed with bows and lances, and one of them held in his hand a Greek lyre of the ancient form.—*Lettres*, p. 77.

† 'Their bricks were made with a simple mould; the stamp (for they bore the name of a king or of some high-priest) was not on the pallet, but was apparently impressed on the upper surface previous to their drying: but they do not seem to have used pressure while exposing them to the sun, as I had supposed, from the compact nature of Egyptian crude bricks, several of which I have found as firm as when first made, bearing the name of Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses, in whose reign this tomb was also executed.'—*Wilkinson*, p. 155.

evidence in the history of Joseph, that during his time a native Egyptian sovereign filled the throne, and that the Egyptian constitution was in its full vigour. The Shepherd-kings may, to a certain degree, have assumed the manners of the more civilized Egyptians; we will not insist, therefore, on the state and ceremonial, the purveyors and cup-bearers, which encircled the throne of the Pharaoh; but it is quite clear, that on their first inroad the Shepherds were implacably hostile to the religion of Egypt. Yet in the history of Joseph the power of the priesthood was at its height. It is the great distinction of the stranger to marry him to the daughter of the Priest of the Sun, Pet-i-phrah, who dwelt at On, afterwards Heliopolis. The lands of the priesthood were sacred when Joseph obtained the sovereignty of all the rest of the territory for the crown. The peaceful policy of this latter measure has not much the character of a foreign and tyrannical usurpation. The jealousy, however feigned, lest the sons of Jacob should be foreign spies, the precursors of an hostile invasion; the Egyptian repugnance to eating with strangers; the abomination in which shepherds were held—(the obvious interpretation of this passage is by far the best,)—all these trifling incidents not only give an aspect of the most artless truthfulness to the narrative of Moses, but coincide in every point with all we know of *genuine Egyptian* manners and character.

Of the Exodus of the Israelites, and its fatal circumstances, no record was likely to find a place in the proud monumental annals of Egypt. It is singular, however, that a remarkable obscurity seems to hang over the close of the splendid eighteenth dynasty. In all the lists, a different name is assigned to the last Pharaoh. Signor Rosellini assigns the Exodus to the close of the reign of Sesostris himself, but we have before stated that we have no great confidence in chronological computations, and most decidedly question the basis of his system, the arrival of Joseph in Egypt under the Shepherd-kings. Signor Rosellini gives the name of Verri to the last king of the eighteenth dynasty, and has discovered his tomb at Thebes, or rather an ancient tomb which he usurped from its rightful proprietors. Even if this be the tomb of the Pharaoh whose 'heart was hardened,' (which is exceedingly doubtful,) the believer in the sacred narrative need be under no apprehension. In our former article we referred to a work of a respectable Roman Catholic divine, M. Greppo, who has at least given some plausible enough reasons for his doubts whether there is any decisive authority in the Old Testament for the death of the king himself in the Red Sea. It is not till a much later period that the annals of the Hebrew nation and the monumental history of Egypt show a clear and distinct coincidence. The name of Sheshonk (Shishak), in conjunction with a cartouche which bears the title of Ioudaba Malek,

Malek, the King of the Jews, ranks among the best-known discoveries of Champollion. This remarkable circumstance has flown through the country on the wings of all our Penny and Saturday Magazines. The names of the Ethiopian kings Sabaco, Sciabak, Sciabatok or Sevek, the Sevekus of Manetho, the So or Sua of the Old Testament, and Tirhakah ('Tarak'), are among the best authenticated of all the ancient legends.

But we must reserve sufficient space to notice the very curious illustration of the public and private life of the Egyptians contained in the engravings to the great Tuscan work. The engraver, however, appears to advance with so much greater rapidity than the author—the detailed explanation of the text is still wanting to so considerable a part of the numbers of the 'Monumenti Civili' already published—that we must content ourselves with a rapid general view of this interesting subject, and chiefly confine ourselves to the earlier numbers. Mr. Wilkinson's highly curious fifth chapter on the private life of the ancient Egyptians will occasionally furnish us with valuable explanatory matter. It is extraordinary that we should possess more ample and minute details of the private and public life of this most ancient people, than even of the Greeks and Romans, at least if the Horatian maxim be true—

Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

Pompeii itself, as Signor Rosellini observes, does not give so extensive or various a view of the everyday occupations of the Romans, as the Catacombs of Egypt do of that primeval people. Pompeii is a small, elegant, and luxurious town, with all its buildings, houses, theatres, baths, and tombs; it gives us a perfect insight into the ordinary way of living in a Campanian city of its class; the forms of the dwellings, the arrangement of the chambers, the utensils, the implements of various kinds, whether for household use or for amusement, seem stored away, as if by express design, and carefully wrapped up in the ashes and scoræ which cover the city, for the wonder of later ages. But the paintings on the walls, exquisitely graceful as they are, are in general on well-known mythological subjects; they rarely, excepting in a few comic pieces, descend to ordinary life. The pictures of the Isiac worship are very curious, and the landscapes show more knowledge of perspective than the painters of that age had been supposed to possess; but they are still poetic and imaginative, rather than faithful representations of real scenes. In the Catacombs of Egypt, on the other hand, every act of every department of life seems to have been carefully copied, and the imperfection of the art of design increases rather than diminishes the interest of their pictures, as they evidently

adhere with most unimaginative fidelity to the truth of nature. A subterranean Egypt appears suddenly to have come to light; the people have been revived in all their castes; in their civil, and military, and religious occupations; in their feasts and their funerals; in their fields and their vineyards; in their amusements and their labours; in their shops, in their farmyards, in their kitchens; by land and by water; in their boats and their palanquins; in the splendid public procession, and the privacy of the household chamber. This singular propensity of the ancient Egyptians to decorate the 'eternal houses,' as they called them, of the dead, with the lavish splendour which other nations have reserved for the palaces and temples of the living, is one of the most remarkable, and still we conceive inexplicable, phenomena in the history of man. Many of these highly-adorned sepulchral chambers appear to be accessible only through long, narrow, and intricate passages; the approach to others seems to have been closed with the strictest care, and concealed with a kind of reverential sanctity.* To each city, or at least to each nome of the living, belonged a city of the dead. In the silent and rock-hewn counterpart of Memphis and Thebes were treasured up all the scenes in which the living king and his subjects had been engaged; the royal tombs were a kind of mimic palaces, with halls, and corridors, and galleries in regular succession—on till they reached the Chamber of State in which the sarcophagus reposed. The meaner subjects were crowded, as in the living city, in one vast repository.

The whole valley of the Nile is flanked on either hand by rocky mountains, in which, on the Libyan or Arabian side, according to the site of the city, or the near vicinity of the mountain chain, each nome or capital hewed out its own spacious cemetery. The natural supposition would be that these excavations were originally the quarries from which the stone for building the cities was hewn, and which, like the Catacombs of Paris, were afterwards turned into cemeteries for the dead.† Signor Rosellini, however, contests this opinion, it appears to us, with cogent arguments; and it seems, that the great quarries of Mokattan and Silsilis, from which the materials for many of the cities and mighty edifices had been drawn, were never converted to the purpose of sepulchres. In these different necropoleis, there are no doubt multitudes of sepulchral chambers yet to be discovered, to be

* See the account in Wilkinson of the studious and artful means employed to conceal the access to 'Belzoni's Tomb.'—p. 101.

† There is a very remarkable similitude between the cemeteries of the old Etruscan cities of Italy and those of Egypt. This is a subject which opens a very wide and attractive subject of speculation, in the pursuit of which Italian scholars must feel great interest and possess peculiar advantages.

cleared from the overwhelming sand, to be penetrated by the courage and perseverance of European travellers. It is in them that these scenes of Egyptian life are traced, painted on the walls in many instances in colours which retain all their original freshness and splendour. Of all these the sepulchral chambers of the Theban necropolis are by far the most spacious and magnificent; but those of Beni Hassan appear to furnish the most curious illustrations of common life. It is here that the trades, manufactures, and agricultural pursuits are depicted in regular compartments.

The principle of devoting so much cost and toil to the everlasting palaces of departed monarchs, which probably gave rise to the construction of the pyramids, and unquestionably to the excavation of the royal tombs of Biban el Moluk, once admitted, the decoration of the walls with religious processions, or with painted legends of the glory of the deceased, may seem less inexplicable. The care, the skill, the expense lavished on the embalming of the perishable body is in perfect unison with this preparation of a splendid and durable dwelling for the remains, which were to be immortalized by every means in human power*. Still there is to us something unaccountable in this delineation of *every occupation of life* in the habitations of the dead. We comprehend the gradual expansion of that feeling, from which the 'poor Indian' who

'Thinks, admitted to the equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company'—

is buried with his arrows, and with the companion of his hunter life. Hence, with the Hindu, with the Getae, with the Gothic warrior, the steed, the captive, and the wife were entombed together, the living with the dead, under the vast sepulchral mound. If the paintings were merely intended to designate the rank, the profession, the occupation of the deceased, the warlike scene in the tomb of the military caste, scenes of rural labour in that of the peasant or agriculturist, their purport would be evident; but some of the tombs appear to be decorated with every kind of device: there seems to have been almost a deliberate design to make this subterranean world a complete antetype, as it were, of the real world above. The whole question, in truth, is a profound and impenetrable mystery. Of all the learned and ingenious writers on the subject, none has succeeded in tracing with satisfactory per-

* We must not neglect this opportunity of noticing the very curious and interesting 'History of Egyptian Mummies,' published last year, by Mr. Pettigrew. The author's scientific decomposition of the mummies, which he has examined, has thrown a very clear light on the whole process of embalming, and there is much valuable Egyptian lore collected in his work, which is moreover written in an elegant and attractive style. We are always glad to find science and learning in close conjunction; and above all to find them both pursued with success in the midst of the active labours of a professional life.

spicuity the fine and subtle, yet strong and enduring threads, which connected the extraordinary honours paid by the Egyptians to their dead, with the rest of their religious creed. The ancient writers state the fact, rather than solve the difficulty. The well-known passage from Diodorus, adduced by Rosellini, and which, in his opinion, affords a satisfactory solution of this great problem, suggests to us new and not less embarrassing questions:—'Οἱ γὰρ ἐγγχωριοὶ τὸν μὲν ἐν τῷ ζῆν χρόνον εὐτελεῖ παντελεῶς εἶναι νομίζουσι, τὸν δὲ μετὰ τὴν τελευτὴν δι' ἀρετὴν μνημοθευσόμενοι, περὶ πλείστου ποιῶνται· καὶ τὰς μὲν τῶν ζώντων οἰκῆσεις καταλυσεῖς ὀνομάζουσιν, ὡς ὀλίγον χρόνον ἐν ταύταις οἰκοῦνταιν ἡμῶν, τοὺς δὲ τῶν τετελευτηκότων τάφους, αἰδίους οἴκους προσαγορεύουσιν, ὡς ἐν αἵου διατελούντων τὴν ἀπειρον αἰῶνά. Διόπερ τῶν μὲν κατὰ τὰς οἰκίας κατασκευῶν ἥττον φροντίζουσι, περὶ δὲ τὰς ταφὰς ὑπερβολὴν οὐκ ἀπολείπουσι φιλοτιμίαις. 'The natives of Egypt consider the present life as altogether of slight importance; but that after death, when celebrity has been obtained by virtue, they estimate at much higher value; and they call the dwellings of the living *places of sojourn* (caravansaries), since we inhabit them so short a time: but they call the sepulchres of the dead *eternal mansions*, since in Hades we live for an interminable period. Wherefore they take little care as to the building of their houses, but neglect no excess of magnificence in their sepulchres.' (Diod. i. 51.)

Was then Hades and the sepulchre with them the same? Did the conscious spirit still inhabit its undecaying body, take pride in the stately halls and corridors and chambers, which formed its eternal palaces; survey its ancient occupations, and act over again in untiring succession the deeds of its brief earthly life?

'Quæ gratia currûm

Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos?'

The prophets of Israel, as Bishop Lowth has shown in one of the noblest passages of his 'Lectures on Hebrew Poetry,' derived all the imagery of their Scheol, the dwelling of the departed, from their rock-hewn sepulchres. But to this they would be led by a very different process of the imaginative powers, from that which would prepare, as it were, a splendid infernal world for the habitation of the body, immortalized as far as was in the power of human skill.

Some, as Zoega and Creuzer, have argued, from a more strict interpretation of the celebrated passage in Herodotus (ii. 123), that, according to the Egyptian belief, the soul did not commence its transmigration till the absolute *dissolution* of the body (τοῦ σώματος καταφθιγοντος). Upon this principle, they suppose, may be explained the anxious solicitude for the preservation of the body.

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The soul still adhered to its undecaying associate; and was not compelled, as long as that remained entire, to begin its passage through the degrading course of successive animal existence during the appointed revolution of 3000 years. According to another theory, which wants authority rather than probability, the sepulchral mansions were not considered strictly speaking eternal; they lasted until an actual renovation of life, which was to take place at the close of some vast yet definite cycle. In both these theories the soul remained domiciliated with the body; it inhabited the same solid mansion: but the curious question still remains, whether this representation of actual life,—this distribution of the chambers as in the dwellings of the living,—this regular gradation of rank from the palace of the prince to the cabin of the peasant,—was meant to imply *the consciousness* of the inhabitant of these subterranean cities. The only thing wanting perfectly to assimilate these dwellings to the abodes of the living was the light of day. They were the direct opposite of the Greek Elysium—

‘Largior hos campos æther, et lumine vestit
Purpureo.’

A solemn and impenetrable gloom shrouded the rock-hewn regions of the Egyptian dead.

There appears no satisfactory evidence that these majestic chambers could be intended, according to a recent suggestion, for the living to hold festivals in honour of the dead. From the remotest East, to the Greeks and Romans, these parentalia appear to have been congenial to the feelings of all mankind. The curious novels and plays which give us an insight into Chinese manners, constantly turn on this most important of filial duties, the celebration of proper rites at the family tombs. Indian poetry is full of the same universal sentiment; childlessness is the greatest curse, chiefly because there will be no one to do honour to the tomb of the departed; the gentilitia sacra, the rites in honour of the whole line of ancestors will be suspended, and the inglorious race will become extinct. It is unnecessary to adduce instances of this feeling from the Greek and Roman poets:—

‘Est honor et tumulis, animas placate paternas,
Parvaque in extinctas munera ferte pyras.’

—Ovid. *Fasti*, ii. 534, &c. &c. &c.

But even if some part of the honours paid by the Egyptians to the dead originated in this indelible feeling of human nature—though it might have heightened the reverence for the sepulchres of the mighty monarchs, or even made the decent burial, and the embalming of the bodies of the poor, a public concern—we are not aware of any evidence that, the tomb once closed around the

sarcophagus

sarcophagus of the inhabitant and his imperishable remains, it ever became the scene of any further mourning or festal ceremonial. The region of Osiris or Amenti was constantly crowded with new visitants, presented to the god according to the solemn ritual; but those which had passed the ordeal reposed undisturbed and unvisited—

‘Each in his marble hall the kings of old.’

On the whole, then, under this systematic and elaborate transcript of the life of man in the dwellings of the dead, there must lie, we suspect, some profounder meaning, which has not yet been elicited by any writer on the subject.

Signor Rosellini has selected from his collection of drawings made in the different cemeteries, and arranged together according to their subjects, the various paintings which refer to Egyptian public and private life; *e. g.* those which relate to the chase, to agriculture, to the vintage, to domestic economy, to sports or amusements. We have already cast a rapid glance over his portrait gallery of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies; we shall now follow him through that part of his third volume which interprets the earlier series of engravings. He commences with the chase in all its forms, and the different birds, quadrupeds, and fish, which are represented on the paintings. It is a curious fact, and one which gives confidence in the certainty, as well as inspires hopes of the further progress, of hieroglyphical interpretation, that the birds and other animals are often distinguished by their names in hieroglyphics, and those names are repeated in different drawings of the same animal, with the signs which discriminate the male and female sex. The chase of birds is chiefly of water-fowl; it is conducted by nets, by a kind of springe and a trap. ‘Those,’ says Mr. Wilkinson, ‘who indulged in the recreations of the field, either shot them with the bow, or felled them with a stick, thrown as they perched and flew in the thickets of the marshes.’ p. 224. The colouring of the birds is most splendid, and in the richness of its hues might excite the envy of M. Audubon and the other authors of our magnificent modern works on ornithology. Unfortunately, however, the Egyptians used only unmingled colours, and all those fine gradations of hue, which melt into each other, and blend into one rich and glowing harmony, were beyond the powers of their painters. It is all the hard and unsoftened contrast of fixed and unshaded colours. Hence, and from the indistinctness and inaccuracy of the peculiar marks by which modern naturalists distinguish the different species, the collection is less interesting in a scientific point of view than we might have expected. With the assistance of Professor Savi, however, Signor Rosellini

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Rosellini seems to have pretty clearly identified *one* bird of prey now an inhabitant of Egypt; *fourteen* birds of the forest; *fifteen* birds of the water-side; and *fifteen* species of water-fowl.

The quadrupeds, of which the Egyptian hunters made their game, among the less powerful animals, were hares, gazelles, and foxes; among the larger, antelopes, wolves, and jackals. In one hunting piece, an ancient Schneyders has represented a grand battue of bulls, buffaloes, deer of various kinds, wolves, foxes, and hares, a kind of porcupine, and three great swans, which are defending themselves against the dogs. The mode of hunting in one part well illustrates Virgil's '*Saltus indagine cingunt.*' The huntsmen are armed with bows and arrows, which they discharge against the struggling animals, or those which are escaping from the circle made by the nets. They are accompanied by dogs of various kinds; the greyhound in his leash, and hounds of a stronger make and more ferocious aspect, which fearlessly assail the larger animals. The whole list of quadrupeds found in the paintings includes antelopes of different kinds, deer, wolves, jackals, lions, hunting tigers,* monkeys, a civet cat, cats and mice, buffaloes, a small animal like the Brahminy bull, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the giraffe. Besides these, there are some strange composite animals, in which the imagination of the painter has sinned against the Horatian rule, which forbids

' Varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris.'

Among these monsters, which, like those in the Persian sculptures, may have been symbolic, Signor Rosellini recognizes the type of the Grecian hippogryph.


The scenes in the fisheries are still more curious, though, except in very few instances, the fish themselves baffle the skill of the naturalist to decide on their scientific names. In an article in our last number, we observed the singular propriety with which the Prophet Isaiah introduces 'the mourning fishers,' as an important class in Egyptian society. Signor Rosellini, with great ingenuity, and in our opinion with much probability, has made out from the legends which accompany some of these paintings, that 'those who cast the net upon the waters' formed a regular fraternity, a kind of subordinate caste, under their appointed pre-

* 'It does not appear they trained the leopard for this purpose, though it is highly probable that they did so, as this animal has been employed in the East for the chase of the gazelle from a very remote period. But the lion was evidently used for hunting by the Egyptians, and a favourite sometimes attended the kings in their military expeditions. . . . (The wild ox was frequently caught by a running noose' (the *lasso* of South America); 'but the dogs or the arrows of the chasseur were employed against the swifter antelopes.'—Wilkinson, pp. 227, 228.

sident,

sident. It is remarkable that the caliphs made the fisheries a source of revenue. 'The first who did this,'—thus writes El Makrizi, as translated by M. de Sacy—'was Ebn Modabbir: he established an office expressly for that purpose. *But not wishing to give to this office the appellation of office for fish (bureau des pêches), which appeared ignoble, he called it the office for the setting of sluices (pieux) and the establishment of nets.*' The vast shoals of fish caught under the superintendence of this board of control for the fisheries, appointed by the Mahometan government, were salted and sold for provisions. And in these paintings we have the whole process of salting fish delineated with the utmost distinctness. Only one, unfortunately a broken piece, represents the catching of the crocodile.*

From the chase our author proceeds to the care and breeding of the domestic animals. We have the whole history of Pharaoh's kine, who are usually copied after the fattest rather than the leanest specimens; the furious contest of the bulls for the favours of the female, the actual conjunction, the parturition, (nothing is disguised,) the milking, &c., down to the slaughter-house. From one picture it appears that the Egyptian monarch was himself as extensive, and, we trust, as successful a grazier as our own good old George III. of blessed memory. We find *the king's ox marked LXXXVI*. In another painting we have what seems a kind of regular cattle show, in which some Egyptian Lord Althorpe is surveying and noting down, like a prudent swain, the number of his beasts. These are oxen, goats, and sheep—elsewhere we have herds of asses and of swine. It is whimsical enough to see the veterinary art in actual operation. Herodotus tells us, that in Egypt there were separate physicians for every different disease. The beasts were not neglected in this general distribution of the healing art—the doctor is seen actually administering the dose or performing an operation on the bull, the gazelle, the goat, and the goose. We cannot help noting one other circumstance. The demonstrative sign which indicates a physician of any class is that aquatic bird, which utters a sound most unmusical to medical ears. We recommend to our learned etymologists this venerable derivation of the appellation *quack*!

Agriculture is the next subject illustrated in the Egyptian paintings. The form of the plough is very simple. It consists of one straight piece of wood or metal, with another curved and pointed, and a third, sometimes represented by a cord, to connect them together . In one piece, it is a wooden plough

* Mr. Wilkinson describes the capture of the hippopotamus—from ancient authorities, no doubt, for no engraving illustrative of this chase appears in the Tuscan work.

drawn by two cows, before one of which a calf is represented as prancing and sporting, not without some comic expression: The process of sowing, and of treading in the grain,* as described in Herodotus and Diodorus, by the feet of beasts, is distinctly represented. Two men are standing with upraised scourges to drive a herd or a flock (Herodotus gives that office to swine) over the field that has been sown. The harvest follows, the treading out the corn by the unmuzzled ox, according to the law in Deuteronomy, the storing it away in vast magazines, while the intendant or steward sits at his desk taking account of the sacks as they are carried up into the granaries. Here, if we are to credit the very ingenious interpretation of Rosellini, or rather of his master Champollion (*Lettres*, p. 196), as we have a specimen of everything Egyptian, we have some lines of Egyptian poetry. The inscription represents a song, for, says Champollion, 'Dans la vieille Egypte, comme dans celle d'aujourd'hui, tout se faisait en chantant, et chaque genre de travail a sa chanson particulière.' We should like to see, if not an Egyptian Burns or Beranger, a collection of Egyptian popular songs. We lament to say that the present is the only one which the hieroglyphic interpreters have vouchsafed to communicate. We give it in the French translation:—'Battez pour vous (bis), o bœufs, Battez pour vous (bis). Des boisseaux pour vos maîtres.' On this odd counterpart to *sic vos non vobis*, Champollion gravely proceeds;—'La poésie n'est pas très brillante: probablement l'air faisait passer la chanson: du reste, elle est convenable à la circonstance dans laquelle on la chantait, et elle me paraîtrait déjà fort curieuse quand même elle ne ferait que constater l'antiquité du bis, qui est écrit à la fin de la 1^{re} et de la 3^{me} ligne. J'aurais voulu en trouver la musique pour l'envoyer à notre respectable ami le Général de la Salette: elle lui aurait fourni quelques données de plus pour ses savantes recherches sur la musique des anciens.'

* 'Their wheat was mostly, if not all, bearded, and similar to that now cultivated in Egypt. It was cropped a little below the ear with a toothed sickle, and carried in rope nets to the threshing-floor (if I may use the term), the gleaners following. It was then collected on a level spot in the vicinity of the field, and several asses or oxen trod out the grain, being driven to and fro over every part of the heap, which men took care constantly to turn with large forks. Similar to this process was the tritura of the Latins; and in some instances the Egyptians employed other animals for the same purpose. For winnowing, they had two short-handled shovels, and the grain, amassed in a lofty mound, was then carried in leather bushels, and housed in a vaulted granary, or in its open court; each measure, as it was called by the teller, being noted down by a scribe who overlooked its removal.

'Another species of grain, with a single round head, was plucked up by the roots, but formed, in the Thebaid at least, a much smaller proportion of the cultivated produce of the country. Its height far exceeds the wheat, near which they represent it growing, and its general appearance cannot answer better to any of the order of gramina, than the sorghum, or Egyptian doora.'—*Wilkinson*, p. 214—216.

The next subject is the flax-harvest; but we could willingly have spared the long dissertation into which Signor Rosellini has entered, to prove that the byssus of Egypt was cotton. We supposed this point to have been long established. It is especially unnecessary since the paintings, as yet discovered, nowhere show the cultivation of the cotton-plant. The Professor, however, has discovered, among some vessels containing different kinds of seeds, a small one full of the seed of this plant. The vintage scenes are curious, as finally deciding the question, which arose out of Herodotus, as to the cultivation of the vine in Egypt.* The whole process is represented—the gathering the grapes, the wine-press, the pouring it into vats, and storing it away in large jars. One form of the wine-press is very curious, but not very intelligible; it is a kind of sieve, which, being drawn out to its extreme length, squeezes out the juice, which runs copiously into a vat below. Two men are drawing it out by means of poles; while a third lies at full length above, how supported is not quite clear, to force with his arms and feet the poles to a wider distance apart. The other harvests represented are those of the doura and the papyrus, the gathering of figs and some other fruits; in the latter, the peasants are assisted by some monkeys, whimsically perched upon the trees.

At this point, Signor Rosellini's explanation of the engravings breaks off. If, in his subsequent volumes, we should find, as we expect, curious and interesting matter, we shall be on the watch to communicate it to our readers; at present, we shall content ourselves with a very rapid and summary statement of the subjects engraved in the Numbers which have already reached this country.

There are two plates of weavers. The process seems to be very simple, but it is traced from the beating the flax, and winding the thread, through the woof, to the perfect piece. Then comes the carpenter's shop, in which we follow with the same regularity the whole course of the work, from cutting down and cleaving the tree till it is formed into pikes, or arrows, hewn into a boat, or wrought into seats or chariots. The wheelwright is busily employed in forming his circles and spokes. We are next admitted into the studios of the Wilkies and Chantreys of the court of Pharaoh. The painters, however, are chiefly employed in ornamenting mummy cases, or figures, not quite endowed with the grace and ease of modern art. The sculptors are hewing out, one a lioness, another a sphinx, others huge colossal idols, others apparently human forms, but not exactly 'the human form divine.'

* Wine was universally used by the rich throughout Upper and Lower Egypt; and beer, as we learn from Herodotus, was also made (probably for the consumption of the common people) in those parts where the land, suited to the culture of corn, could not be spared for extensive plantations of the vine.—*W Wilkinson*, p. 204.

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There is one extraordinary sort of procession, in which hundreds of votaries are dragging along by main strength a vast idol, which moves on a kind of sledge. One priest, who looks like a Lilliputian mounted upon Captain Gulliver's knee, seems to be addressing the multitude; a second is making an offering; a third pouring forth a libation. We have before noticed the brick-makers, whom Rosellini is inclined to identify with the Jews; we do not feel sufficient confidence in our own hieroglyphical skill to decide upon the meaning of the long legend which accompanies these paintings. The goldsmiths and silversmiths next appear, weighing, melting, refining gold, and evidently exercising the art of gilding on some small statues; others are forming necklaces apparently of coloured glass.* If we cannot discern much Grecian taste or ideal beauty in the studios of the painters and sculptors, we must express our surprise at finding almost all the most graceful and elegant forms of Etruscan and Grecian urns and vases in the rich collection of Egyptian pottery† which has been obtained for the Florentine Museum, and is copied in this work. We have already noticed the extraordinary similitude in the plans and sites of the cemeteries belonging to the old Etruscan cities in Italy. This is a new point of similarity which still more vividly excites the curiosity. Nothing can surpass the splendour of colouring or the richness, grace, and variety of patterns in these vases: the airy human forms, which float upon the finer Grecian urns and vessels, and the exquisite mythological figures, which are drawn with so fine and light a pencil, are indeed wanting; still the borders, very like the Etruscan, the arabesques, and the kind of kaleidoscope patterns, are fanciful and elegant in the highest degree. We pass over several

* 'They were not only acquainted with glass, but excelled in the art of staining it of divers hues, and their ingenuity had pointed out to them the mode of carrying devices of various colours directly through the fused substance. Of the early epoch at which glass was known in Egypt, I must observe, that besides our finding the process represented at Beni Hassan and Thebes, I have seen a ball of this substance which bears the name of Amunneitgori, who lived towards the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, about 1500 B.C. It is in the possession of Captain Henvey, R. N., who has had the kindness to send me the result of an examination, made by a friend of his in Europe, who ascertained that its specific gravity is 25.23; being the same as English crown-glass. It has a slight greenish hue, and has been worn as the bead of a necklace.'—*Wilkinson*, p. 258.

We have received from private information a still more curious fact. Signor Rosellini showed, the other day, to a friend of ours at Florence a sort of smelling-bottle, evidently of *Chinese porcelain*, and with characters, to all appearance, *Chinese*! This was found by Rosellini himself in a tomb, which, as far as could be ascertained, had not been opened since the days of the Pharaohs.

† 'It is doubtful,' observes Sir W. Gell, in his recent work on the Topography of Rome, 'whether some antiquities decidedly Egyptian, said to have been found at Corneto, were really discovered there or not. Certain geese, alternating with little figures in the attitude of prayer, and forming a border in fine gold, seem evidently Egyptian.' Vol. I. p. 379. From the engravings in Sir W. Gell's book, these are clearly the symbolic characters which perpetually occur in the inscriptions.

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domestic manufactures, of shoes made of palm or of papyrus leaves and of leather, of ropes and skins, with the females employed in distilling the essences of flowers, the perfumers to the queens of the Pharaohs.

We proceed to the mansion of an Egyptian of rank, perhaps to the royal palace, where we are admitted to the private chambers of the females, ornamented in the most sumptuous manner, opening upon a garden, and supported by slender pillars with lotus capitals, which have a singular Indian appearance.* In the garden which follows we should expect, of course, that Egyptian taste would partake of the formal regularity of artificial gardening, and so it is—

‘Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.’

Four square fish-ponds are marked by rows of aquatic birds of exactly the same shape, and the avenues of trees are trimmed into a rounded form. The vineyard forms the centre, and appears trained in not ungraceful festoons. The late Mr. Hope, the reformer of English taste in furniture—a taste, we beg to observe, on which a great deal of the elegance and comfort of private life depends—would have been amused to find that some of his designs were rivalled in splendour and grace by the Gillows of Thebes and Abydos. Our carpet and floorcloth manufacturers might find it worth their while to study some of the Egyptian patterns; and several of the chairs might furnish models for the most splendid palace in Europe. Their furniture, says Mr. Wilkinson, resembles that of an European drawing-room; and stools, chairs, fauteuils, ottomans, and simple couches (the three last precisely similar to many that we now use), were the only seats met with in the mansions of the most opulent of the Egyptians. But we do not remain in the saloon—we ascend to the royal bed-chamber, where the Pharaoh reposed on a couch without curtains, but ornamented with what appear to be candelabra on each side; there is a wardrobe, as like a modern one as can be, to receive the royal vestments; a tiger’s skin is spread out for a carpet. His majesty is arisen, and the toilet begins. There stands the barber, and a formidable weapon he wields, performing his office upon the royal head; the

* ‘These houses, whose construction differed according to circumstances, consisted frequently of a ground-floor and an upper story, with a terrace, cooled by the air, which a wooden *mûlquf* conducted down its slope. The entrance, either at the corner or centre of the front, was closed by a door of a single or double valve, and the windows had shutters of a similar form. Sometimes the interior was laid out in a series of chambers, encompassing a square court, in whose centre stood a tree or a font of water. Many were surrounded by an extensive garden, with a large reservoir for the purpose of irrigation; lotus flowers floated on the surface, rows of trees shaded its banks, and the proprietor and his friends frequently amused themselves there by *angling*, or by an excursion in a light boat towed by his servants.’—*Wilkinson*, pp. 199, 200.

valets approach with the robes, the collars, the girdle, the bow. Her majesty's ladies of the bedchamber are likewise in waiting with the female paraphernalia. The next print is a curious one, and deserves a close investigation: it seems to represent offerings of food, and of ornaments, and other honours to the dead. It is followed by a kitchen-scene, and then a banquet of the living. The former commences as usual, *ab ovo*, at least with the slaughter-house. The beasts are killed, flayed, cut up; the geese and other fowl flutter in the barbarous hands of the poulterers; the lambs are carried along in baskets, like our milk-pails; the ox is bleeding his life away into a pitcher; the cooks and bakers are as busy as if preparing for a city festival, their cauldrons and kettles boiling over the fire, their flesh-hooks in active work, and one *artiste* peeling leeks for the sauce. The guests at the dinner thus bountifully provided are not arrayed along or round a table, but in separate groups, containing from one to three;—one only is seated on a kind of chair, the rest sit with their legs straight under them, in what appears to us a more uncomfortable posture than that of the modern Orientals.* The slaves are waiting and bearing different luxuries, whether of perfumes or food. Next come music and dancing—harps with six, nine, ten, or twelve strings, wind instruments of great diversity of form, ancient Almès displaying their shapes in the dance, and among them appear four grotesque figures playing and dancing, as if in a kind of masque or fancy ball. Wrestlers are next seen in every possible distortion of form, and female tumblers, not always in the most decent attitudes. Then some other games which we cannot make out, and chess, or a game like chess, with men all of the same shape.

The forms of the boats and the way of rowing, the men standing in rows sometimes one above the other, are very curious, as well as the barks, in which,

‘With adventurous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale.’

In some of the sailing-boats, with their chequered sails, we catch a resemblance to the boats and mat-sails of the South Sea Islanders. One or two of the more splendid barks realize the description of Cleopatra's:—

* ‘Wine and other refreshments were then brought, and they indulged so freely in the former, that the ladies now and then gave those proofs of its potent effects which they could no longer conceal. In the mean time, dinner was prepared, and joints of beef, geese, fish, and game, with a profusion of vegetables and fruit, were laid, at mid-day, upon several small tables; two or more of the guests being seated at each. Knives and forks were of course unknown, and the mode of carving and eating with the fingers was similar to that adopted at present in Egypt and throughout the East; water or wine being brought in earthen *bardaks*, or in gold, silver, or porcelain cups. —Wilkinson.

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'The bark she sat on, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the waters.'

The last Number of the engravings closes with the enrolment, the muster, and exercise of the military. The scribe is writing down their names on the muster-roll, the recruits are learning to march, and we must say, thanks perhaps to the artist, they move in excellent step, and with the most symmetrical regularity. The rest of the plates represent military gymnastics. The following Numbers will probably make us better acquainted with the armies of the Pharaohs : we shall await them with great and undiminished interest.

The literary part of Signor Rosellini's work is composed in the spirit, with the acquirements, and with the diligence of an accomplished scholar. On some historical points of considerable importance we entertain different views ; but it is impossible not to feel the highest respect for one who unites so much candour with so much erudition—so much liberality towards all his colleagues in his branch of inquiry, with such high qualifications for the cultivation of that branch of learning to which he has devoted his studies. Those, however, who wish to obtain a more rapid and compendious view of the progress made in Egyptian discovery will consult the volume of Mr. Wilkinson. His long residence in the country—his patient and repeated investigation of the different objects of interest—his intimate acquaintance with the vernacular languages and modern customs, render him a high authority on all points which depend on actual observation : while, if the arrangement of his work might be improved, the matter is full of the most curious information ; and the whole set forth, if in an unpolished, yet in a plain, forcible, and unaffected style. To future travellers in the East this book will be an indispensable manual.

ART. VI.—*Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion, derived from the literal fulfilment of Prophecy—particularly as illustrated by the History of the Jews, and by the Discoveries of recent Travellers.* By Alexander Keith, D.D. 12th edit. Edin. 1834.

OUR readers may be surprised at seeing, by the title of the work which is placed at the head of our Article, that we are about to review a book which has already passed through *twelve editions*. Such success and such a lapse of time since its original publication, as those circumstances imply, might seem to exempt it

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it from our ephemeral jurisdiction; but there are some particulars connected with the successive editions of this work which call for special notice—and indeed the later editions contain some facts, which are, we believe, as yet not extensively known, but which we consider as of considerable importance—not merely to the elucidation of *particular predictions*, but to the corroboration of the *general scheme* of Scripture prophecy.

There is, however, a preliminary topic suggested by Dr. Keith's work, which has hitherto been, as far as we are aware, wholly unnoticed, but which, even as a literary question, requires explanation: for, as it at present stands, it seems to us to derogate very much from the personal character of Dr. Keith for candour and fair dealing; and of course the want of these qualities on the part of the author would have a tendency to diminish any favour and confidence to which his work might otherwise, and on its own intrinsic merit, be entitled. We mean the extraordinary and to us incomprehensible manner in which Dr. Keith has dealt with Bishop Newton's '*Dissertations on the Prophecies*;'—from which he appears to have borrowed—not only without acknowledgment, but with a studious attempt at concealment—the main design and plan of the work, his most valuable facts and arguments, and most, if not all, of the authorities and illustrations which appear in his earlier editions.*

Dr. Keith states the occasion and object of *his* publication in the following passage of the preface to the first edition:—

'The idea of the propriety of such a publication was first suggested to the writer in consequence of a conversation with a person who disbelieved the truth of Christianity, but whose mind seemed considerably affected by a slight allusion to the argument of prophecy. Having in vain endeavoured to obtain for his perusal any concise treatise on the prophecies considered exclusively as a matter of EVIDENCE [sic], and having failed in soliciting others to undertake the work, who were far better qualified for the execution of it, the writer was induced to make the attempt.'—*Preface*, p. v.

We must, before we go farther, observe, that we do not clearly understand what Dr. Keith means by saying so emphatically, that he could find no concise treatise in which the '*prophecies are considered exclusively as matter of EVIDENCE*.' We, on the contrary, know of no '*treatise on the prophecies*'—concise or voluminous—which does *not* consider them as, in a double sense, '*matter of evidence*:' first, as to be tried *by the evidence* of posterior facts and events; and secondly, when thus substantiated, to

* Of the *twelve* editions we have been able to see but four, but we do not apprehend that those we have not seen can be different in any essential from those we have.
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be adduced as *evidences* of divine inspiration, and consequently of revealed religion.

Passing over this preliminary ambiguity, we must confess that we cannot comprehend how any man who had seen or even heard of Bishop Newton's celebrated work—a work known not only to every scholar, but, we may say, to every studious Christian in the empire—could have thus boldly denied the very existence of such a treatise; but when, in proceeding to examine Dr. Keith's own work, we find that it is, in its *form and substance*, its *topics*, its *evidences*, and its *arguments*, *identically similar* to the Bishop's, we indeed are exceedingly astonished, and wonder whether to attribute the Doctor's assertion to ignorance or . . . our readers may fill up the blank when they shall have finished our Article. As this is an age—still more than that in which the phrase was first used—in which books are made by pouring out of one vessel into another, we should not have complained of Dr. Keith's use or even abuse of Bishop Newton's valuable labours, if he had not, in so high a tone, disclaimed all knowledge of any such work; and it is very remarkable that throughout the *first half* of his volume there is no allusion which could lead any one to believe that Newton had written on the same subject. Dr. Keith, perhaps, may not think Bishop Newton's work entitled to the epithet '*concise*.' But *short* and *long* are relative terms. In some respects, and compared with some other works, the Bishop's is, in our judgment, justly entitled to be called *concise*—in some instances, quite as much so as Dr. Keith's copy from it. It is the common manual on the subject; and the difference in length between it and Dr. Keith's octavo edition is very inconsiderable, when we recollect that Dr. Keith excludes a *particular class* of prophecy which Newton included. But the '*conciseness* of the treatise' was not the main question; Dr. Keith, even by his mode of *printing* the passage, pointed our attention not to the *length* so much as to the *nature* of the work—he proposes to give us a work of a *kind* of which he has not been able to find any specimen; and yet precisely of *that kind* is the work of Bishop Newton. But even if we were to admit that Bishop Newton was not *concise*, and that Dr. Keith is, (neither of which admissions, however, we could make without reserve,) we should still ask was that any reason for putting altogether aside and out of sight the original work? If Dr. Keith meant to abridge Newton, why did he not avow it? Why not so much as mention the book? Why, in short, has he made a use of him so large and so entirely unacknowledged as to amount to *absolute plagiarism*? The whole affair is so curious and important, both as a personal and a literary question, as to require full elucidation.

The

The first coincidence occurs in the first pages of the prefatory matter of the two publications. We have already quoted a passage from Dr. Keith's first preface—we now beg our readers to turn back and read that extract again—and having done so, we submit to their wonder a passage from the first page of Bishop Newton's work:—

'What first suggested the design were some conversations formerly with a great general (Marshal Wade), who was a man of good understanding and of some reading, but, unhappily, had no great regard for revealed religion or the clergy. When the prophecies were urged as a proof of revelation, he constantly derided the notion, asserted that there was no such thing, and that the prophecies which were pretended were written after the events. It was immediately replied, —that there were several prophecies in Scripture which were not fulfilled till those later ages, and are fulfilling even now, and, consequently, could not be framed after the events, but undeniably were written and published many ages before. He was startled at this, and said he must acknowledge that, if this point could be proved to satisfaction, there would be no argument against such plain matter of fact; it would certainly convince him. It was this occasion, my lord, that first gave rise to these dissertations.'—*Newton's Dedication.*

Here is a curious coincidence to begin with. Bishop Newton writes his book to satisfy a person with whom the evidence from prophecy appeared to have extraordinary weight. Dr. Keith, seventy years after, *happens* to meet a person similarly disposed, and having *sought in vain* for any treatise that meets such an object, (though we shall show, by and by, that he all along had Bishop Newton at *his fingers' ends*,) concocts a book which, as the occasions were similar, turns out to be, by a double coincidence, *exactly similar* to its *unknown* predecessor.

We shall now proceed to show that that predecessor was *not* unknown. In the first place, the two passages we have quoted might excite a little suspicion that the *later* in point of date was borrowed from the *earlier*. Our first proof is in the preface to his fifth edition. In the next, we find Dr. Keith sets out by quoting—as from an uncertain author—that concise, pregnant, and beautiful expression, '*Prophecy is a growing evidence!*' This remarkable phrase belongs to Bishop Newton; at least he uses it—(*Introd.* p. 3, ed. 1831)—and we do not recollect to have seen it in any anterior writer. But we shall not rest on suspicions nor even probabilities—we mean to establish, by *proof*, the *fact* of *unacknowledged and deliberate plagiarism*.

Dr. Keith does not take quite so wide a scope as Bishop Newton: 'to bring the argument within narrow limits, those prophecies are excluded which were fulfilled previously to the era of the last of the prophets, or of which the meaning is obscure or the

application doubtful.'—*Preface*, p. vi. Nor is the order of the topics the same. Bishop Newton follows, for the most part, the chronology of the prophecy; Dr. Keith seems to us to have no order at all. But, *referendo singula singulis*, the following comparative scheme of the caputular titles of both works will show the similarity of the general design.

KEITH.	NEWTON.
Ch. i. Introduction.	Introduction.
Ch. ii. Prophecies concerning Christ and the Christian religion.	Jesus is the Messiah—Diss. iv., § ii. Moses's Prophecy of a Prophet like himself—Diss. vi.
Ch. iii. The Destruction of Jerusalem.	The Destruction of Jerusalem—Diss. vii. and xviii.
Ch. iv. The Jews.	The Jews—Diss. viii.
Ch. v. The Land of Judea and the circumjacent Countries.	Other Prophecies concerning the Jews; Desolation of Judea—Diss. viii.
Ch. vi. Nineveh.	Nineveh—Diss. ix.
Babylon.	Babylon—Diss. x.
Tyre.	Tyre—Diss. xi.
Egypt.	Egypt—Diss. xii.
Ch. vii. The Arabs—Slavery of the Africans—European Colonies in Asia.	Prophecies concerning Ishmael—Diss. ii.
Ch. viii. Seven Churches of Asia.	<i>Not in Newton—NOR IN KEITH'S four first editions.</i>
Ch. ix. Daniel's Prophecy of the Things noted in the Scripture of Truth.	Daniel's Prophecy of the Things noted in the Scripture of Truth—Diss. xvi.
Conclusion.	Conclusion.

This table will sufficiently show that the general scheme of the works and the distribution of the subjects are so much the same that it is impossible to believe that the second has not been borrowed from the first. No doubt, if ten different authors had undertaken to write on the prophecies, several might be expected to produce the same topics; but it is next to impossible that any two could, without previous concert, have coincided, in so many instances, in the distribution of, and mode of handling, those topics. The majority of the titles of the respective chapters are the same; and one, '*Daniel's prophecy of the things noted in the Scripture of Truth*,' is so peculiar, that we think we may say that it is ten to one against Dr. Keith's having adopted that precise title, if he had not had Bishop Newton's before his eyes; and, indeed, in another place he does vary it into the '*prophecy of the scripture of truth*.'

We shall now descend to the details, and shall show that there is in them also a similarity, which could not be the effect of chance.

chance. Let us begin with the earliest, in point of date, of the prophecies—the denunciation of the destruction of Jerusalem—treated in Newton's seventh dissertation and in Keith's third chapter:—

NEWTON.

Diss. vii., p. 91, &c.

The *first* text quoted is from Deut. xxviii.; and the *second* text quoted is 2 Kings vi.; and the *third* text quoted, Lev. xxvi., and so on.

And Newton states, that in beginning with these texts he departs from the order in which the prophecies lie: so that, if Keith did not copy Newton, he must have hit upon the bishop's motive for inverting the usual order. They then proceed to observe upon the text of Deuteronomy xxviii. 49:—

NEWTON.

'This description cannot be applied to any nation with such propriety as to the *Romans*: they were truly brought from far—from the *ends of the earth*. *Vespasian* and *Adrian*, the two greatest conquerors and destroyers of the Jews, both came from commanding here in Britain. The Romans, too, from the *rapidity of their conquests*, might very well be compared to *eagles*, and perhaps not without allusion to the *standard of their armies*; and their *language was more unknown* to the Jews than the Chaldee.'

Newton proceeds to notice the slaughter at *Gadara* and *Gamala* (p. 91), and several other fortified places (p. 92).

Immediately after this, both authors proceed to mention the capture of Samaria by the king of the Assyrians.

NEWTON—pp. 93, 92.

'Six hundred years after the time of Moses, when Samaria was besieged by the king of Syria,—"there was a great famine in Samaria; and behold, they be-

sieged

KEITH.

Chap. iii. pp. 51, &c.

The *first* text quoted is from Deut. xxviii.; and the *second* text quoted is from 2 Kings vi.; and the *third* text quoted is Lev. xxvi., and so on.

KEITH.

'Every particular of this prophecy has met its full completion. The remote situation of the *Romans*—the *rapidity of their march*—the very emblem of their arms—their *unknown language* and warlike appearance—their indiscriminate *cruelty and unsparing pillage*, which they exercised towards the persons and properties of the Jews, could hardly have been represented in more descriptive terms. *Vespasian, Adrian, and Julius Severus removed with their armies from Britain to Palestine*—the *extreme points of the Roman world*. The eagle was the standard of their armies.'

Keith proceeds to notice the slaughter at *Gadara* and *Gamala* and other repeated instances (p. 52).

KEITH—p. 53.

'Six hundred years posterior to this prediction, Samaria was besieged by the king of Syria—the most loathsome food was of great price, and an ass's head

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was

sieged it till an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver."'

To which Newton subjoins a reference to 2 Kings vi. 25, where the passage is.

Both immediately proceed—

NEWTON—p. 93.

"And when Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem, the famine prevailed in the city, and there was no bread for the people of the land."—2 Kings xxv. 3. And in the last siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, there was a most terrible famine in the city; and Josephus hath given so melancholy an account of it, that we cannot read it without shuddering. He saith, particularly, that "women snatched the food out of the very mouths of their husbands, and sons of their fathers, and (what is most miserable) mothers of their infants."—*Jos.* l. 5, c. 10, § 3.

'In every house, if there appeared any semblance of food, a battle ensued, and the dearest friends and relatives fought with one another, and snatching away the miserable provisions of life.'

—*Jos.* l. vi. c. 3, § 3.

The words of the texts of Scripture cited on both sides are of course the same, but the exact number and order of the texts—the nature and order of the topics—the introduction of the siege of Samaria—which was necessary to the *subsequent* argument of Newton, but *not* to that of Keith—could all these coincidences have been fortuitous? But there is an additional though trivial circumstance which puts the matter beyond all doubt. Dr. Keith *might*, no doubt, have consulted Josephus, and translated the passage for his own use, but could he have *chanced* upon the particular words—'*snatched the food out of the very mouths*,' which is Newton's own translation of Josephus's account—*γυναῖκες γὰρ ἀνδρῶν, καὶ παῖδες πατέρων, καὶ το οὐκ ἐλάττωτον, μητέρας μητέρων ἐξήνεπαζον ἐξ αὐτῶν τῶν στοματῶν τὰς τροφάς.*—lib. v. c. x. § 3. No two translators could have hit upon the exact same form of expression; and to wind up the whole of this curious affair, it

was sold for eighty pieces of silver.'

To which Keith subjoins a reference to 2 Kings vi. 4; where there is *nothing* about it.

KEITH—p. 53.

'When Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem, the famine prevailed in the city, and there was no bread for the people of the land. And Josephus relates the direful calamities of the Jews in their last siege, before they ceased to have a city. The famine was too powerful for all other passions, for what was otherwise revered was in this case despised.

Children snatched the food out of the very mouths of their fathers and even mothers, overcoming the kindred feelings of nature, &c.—

(Keith here makes no marks of quotation, but goes on without break.)

—In every house, where there was the least shadow of food, a combat arose, and the nearest relatives struggled with one another for the miserable means of subsistence.'—*Jos.* l. vi. c. 3, § 4.

seems

seems clear that Dr. Keith either did not consult Josephus,* or made his notes very carelessly, for he refers for *all* this to the *sixth* book, *third* chapter, *fourth* section, whereas this last passage is in fact in the *fifth* book, *tenth* chapter, and *third* section; and he has fallen into this error because Bishop Newton had collected from different parts of Josephus all that belonged to the same subject, and Keith took the bishop's *last* reference, not knowing, as it seems, how much belonged to one *book* and how much to another.

We hereabouts find an additional instance of Dr. Keith's use of the bishop's version of Josephus, accompanied by a little artificial attempt at originality:—

'The constitution of nature, says the Jewish historian, (*Jos. iv. 4.*) was confounded for the destruction of men, and one might easily conjecture that no common calamities were portended.'—Keith, p. 60.

Bishop Newton quotes the same author to the same point, and in the same part of the argument:—

'It was manifest (as he [*Jos. iv. 4*] saith) that the constitution of the universe was confounded for the destruction of men, and any one might easily conjecture that these things portended no common calamity.'—Newton, p. 379.

Here the words employed are all identically the same, except that Dr. Keith substitutes *nature* for Newton's *universe*—Newton being nearest the original—*τῶν ὅλων*.

We think we may now venture to assert that we have proved that Dr. Keith made very ample use of Bishop Newton's book, though his preface seems to negative even the possible existence of such a work. But, to make assurance doubly sure, let us compare a whole chapter of Keith with a whole dissertation of the bishop's—we select that of Nineveh as the *shortest* and most suitable to our limits. The *identity* of the texts and topics, and consequently of the *substance* of the essays on both sides, will be best shown by exhibiting on the one hand *all* the quotations, whether from scripture or profane writers, made by Doctor Keith, and on the other the similar quotations which are to be found in Newton's chapter of Nineveh:—

DIODORUS SICULUS.

KEITH, c. vi. § 1.

NEWTON'S Dissertation, ix.

Lib. ii.

p. 229

Ibid.

229

Ibid.

229

Ibid.

230

The same quotations in Newton
respectively.

p. 134

134

133

132

* A small circumstance leads us to doubt Dr. Keith's having himself consulted Josephus in the original. In those parts of his work which are more directly borrowed from Bishop Newton, the references to Josephus are made, as in the Bishop's work, in Latin—'*De Bello Judaico*' (see pp. 53, 59). When Dr. Keith, in a part of the work which is his own—being that which mentions recent travellers—has occasion to mention Josephus, the reference is in English,—'*Josephus, of the War*' (see pp. 118, 119).

MANNHAM, CHRON.
Sec. xviii.

KEITH, c. vi. § 1

NEWTON'S Dissertation, ix.

NAHUM.

ii. 6
i. 8
i. 10
iii. 2

i. 8
i. 9
ii. 10

ii. 13

iii. 17
iii. 18
iii. 19

ZEPHANIAH.

ii. 13
ii. 14
ii. 15

p. 231	Same quotation in Newton	p. 137
	but with a reference to the <i>proper</i> sec. xviii. which it is; and not the xvii. as mis-quoted by Keith.	
229	Same quotations in Newton	134
229		134
230		133
230	No such reference in Newton—and for a good reason—viz. that neither in his text, nor in Keith's, is there any allusion to Nahum iii. 2.	
230	Same quotations	135
230		135
230	Newton quotes ii. 9 and 11, but does not specify 10.	
230	Same quotation in Newton	135
230	These three quotations are to be found in Newton, p. 135, where the passage is quoted in his text, but it is not quoted at all in the text of Keith, who has copied the reference without quoting the passage.	
	Same quotations in Newton	135
		135
		135

These are the *whole* of the quotations and references made by Dr. Keith from the Scriptures or the classics, and we see that every one of them, except *two*, is to be found in Newton. Of these two, one is the *tenth* verse of Nahum ii., which the bishop does not *specifically* quote, though he does verses 9 and 11 at each side of it; the other is not to be found in Newton, because it is clearly a mistake of Keith's, who makes the reference but gives no corresponding text.

This would, we apprehend, be sufficient evidence that Keith borrowed the *materials* of his chapter from Newton; but we can here again carry the proof a little higher by exhibiting some verbal coincidences:—

NEWTON.

'Nineveh was the capital of the Assyrian empire—as it was an ancient, so it was likewise a very great city' (p. 126), '60 miles in compass' (p. 126), 'and which, according to Diodorus Siculus, had walls 100 feet high, and 1500 towers, of 200 feet high.'—p. 136.

'Lucian, who flourished in the second century after Christ, and was a native of Samosata, a city upon the river Euphrates, affirms that Nineveh was utterly perished, that there was no footstep of it remaining, nor could you tell where once it had been.'—p. 137.

KEITH.

'Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, was for a long time an extensive and populous city. Its walls are said, by heathen historians, to have been 100 feet in height, 60 miles in compass, and to have been defended by 1500 towers, each 200 feet high.'

'In the second century, Lucian, a native of a city on the banks of the Euphrates, testified that Nineveh was utterly perished; that there was no vestige of it remaining; and that none could tell where it was once situated.'

Here

Here we see that Dr. Keith employs, in his text and without any reference or marks of quotation, the very words of Bishop Newton's own translations of Diodorus and Lucian. Had Dr. Keith been writing from his own stores, he might have quoted Diodorus and Lucian, but it is impossible that he could have quoted them in the identical words of Bishop Newton's version. Two words, indeed, in the last extract, are changed. Dr. Keith has substituted '*testified*' for '*affirms*,' and '*vestige*' for '*footstep*,'—but even for these variations he may be indebted to the bishop, who talks in the next line of Lucian's '*testimony*;' and in the latter passage, after giving '*footstep*' in the text, he adds in a foot note, out of his superabundant accuracy, the Greek word *ixvos*, and the Latin *vestigium*—by which Dr. Keith was probably enabled to make these *important* alterations. We shall add another instance of Dr. Keith's desire to make—when it does not cost any great expense of learning or study—variations from his model. Towards the conclusion of the Dissertation on Nineveh, the bishop quotes the old travellers Thevenot and Tavernier and the geographer Salmon, as to the ruins still existing along the banks of the Tigris, 'ruins of great extent,' 'heaps of rubbish for a league along the river, full of vaults and caverns,' 'heaps of rubbish almost a league along the Tigris over against Mosul, which people imagine to be the remains of this great city.' Instead of these Dr. Keith *substitutes* (what it would be better if he had *added*) the account of the recent traveller Buckingham, of 'the appearances of mounds and ruins extending for ten miles, and widely spread, and seeming to be the wreck of former buildings.' The meaning is obviously the same, but the *introduction* of Mr. Buckingham's name and the *suppression* of the others gave a little air of novelty and originality to Dr. Keith's compilation. There are a variety of other points in this remarkable chapter, which might be quoted to the same conclusion, were it not a waste of time and space to add to the proofs already accumulated; but there is one final circumstance which proves so clearly the uncandid and deceptive spirit in which the whole matter has been dealt with, that we cannot omit it. Dr. Keith thinks proper to conclude this chapter with an *acknowledged* quotation (the FIRST that occurs* in the work) from Newton—

'Such an utter end has been made of it. . . . and such is the truth of the divine prediction' (p. 232):—

to which he appends this note,—

'See Bishop Newton's Dissertations.'

* There are, as we have before stated, in the subsequent half of Dr. Keith's work five or six other references to Bishop Newton, but they are in the same style of acknowledging a trifling obligation to conceal or negative a greater one. Some of these instances are very gross, but we have not room to expose them.

Why should Dr. Keith, who had not hitherto acknowledged any of his innumerable and substantial obligations to Newton, have thought it necessary to distinguish this general observation, which would apply to *any* part of both the books as well as to *Nineveh*? Was it with the intention that—if it should be thereafter discovered by some over-curious critic that he had borrowed every fact, every argument, every quotation, and every reference, from Bishop Newton—he might be able to say in his defence that, ‘forsooth, he had so little intention of concealing it, that he actually referred his readers to Bishop Newton’s Dissertations?’ If he should now attempt such an excuse, we reply, first, that he only refers to Newton for the *half dozen words* we have quoted, and that, although his *usual references* are made with great display of minute accuracy, as *lib. i. cap. 2, § 3, p. 4*, (Newton always furnishing him therewith,) he gives *no reference* to any of his *six quotations from Newton*. A reference might have led to examination—comparison—detection! But, again; if he meant by this note to avow any obligation to Newton beyond the mere passage quoted, why did he not say so? and why did he not do the same justice on the thousand other occasions in which he has borrowed from the bishop? and why, above all, did he, in his preface, affect to be ignorant that such a work as Newton’s ‘Dissertations’ ever existed? and why does he add in his Appendix, ‘The preceding pages occupy for the greater part a space which *writers on prophecy have very sparingly touched*,’ (p. 373,) when, in point of fact, they for the greater part occupy a space which Bishop Newton had so *unsparingly touched*—that, except geographical facts extracted from *very recent* travellers, Dr. Keith may be said to have scarcely produced a new text, a new quotation, a new illustration, and hardly even a novel expression?

We sincerely regret that our sense of truth and justice has forced us to make this exposure. We lament it for Dr. Keith’s own sake, for that of literature, and, above all, for the sake of the cause of which he is, in other respects, a useful auxiliary. Why, we ask in equal wonder and sorrow, did not Dr. Keith candidly confess his general obligations to Bishop Newton’s work? Why did he not say, as we should have been ready to admit, that, admirable as in all its leading features it is, its general utility would be much increased by revision and curtailment—that some of its subjects have for common use become obsolete—that others are drawn out to a tedious length, and occasionally encumbered by a superabundance of proof—that some of his interpretations were rather strained, and others, those particularly relating to Christian sects, too dogmatical—and, above all, that the discoveries of modern travellers afford so many and such important illustrations and confirmations of the bishop’s argument, that such a work as

Dr.

Dr. Keith had undertaken was highly desirable? Even then we should have said that his work had still retained much of what might be considered most objectionable in Newton, but we could have raised no charge of unfair dealing towards his predecessor; and we should have been able with *unmixed* pleasure to state, that in the only part of Dr. Keith's work which can be fairly considered as his own, the selection of modern testimonies has been performed with considerable diligence and success; and we cannot but deplore the weakness by which he appears to have been led to tarnish his real merit by endeavouring to appropriate to himself what not only does not belong to him, but is the undoubted property of another. Detection was so probable, nay, so certain, (though it seems to have been more tardy than might have been expected,) that we do not understand how a man of common prudence (even throwing out of consideration all higher motives) could have ventured on such an attempt; and we cannot help still indulging a hope that there may be—though we have failed to discover it—some less disagreeable explanation of the matter. Nothing could give us more pleasure than to find ourselves mistaken; we have, as we went along, stated (to use a colloquial but very appropriate phrase) *chapter and verse* for our assertions. We hope and believe that we have not overlooked any evidence which could lead to a different conclusion—if we unfortunately have, and if Dr. Keith can show that we have done him injustice, we shall be most anxious and most active to take every possible means of repairing it.

From this very unpleasant preliminary discussion we turn with pleasure to the main question, and rejoice to see added to Bishop Newton's already convincing evidences of the truth of Christianity through the means of prophecy, the very curious and surprising testimony of modern travellers, and the corroboration of the Bishop's beautiful expression, (the origin of which Dr. Keith attempts to smother in '*it has been said,*') that prophecy is '*a growing evidence.*' Assuredly it is extraordinary and most satisfactory that in these days, when it seems from mundane circumstances particularly needed, we should find an accumulation of *new* proofs of the truth of prophecy—and therefore of miracles—and therefore of the Christian religion, which seventy years ago Bishop Newton could not have imagined; but which are nevertheless as true and as certain as any common geographical fact, and which seem calculated to enlist alike the adventurous amusement of travellers, and the sedentary curiosity of the literary world, in the great cause of Revealed Religion. We know not how it may be with others, but we confess that we have felt more surprise, delight, and conviction, in examining the accounts which the travels of Burckhardt, Mangles, Irby, Legh, and Laborde, have so recently given
of

of the state of the Judæan region, and particularly of Edom, or Idumea, than we had ever derived from any similar inquiry. It seems to us like a miracle performed in our time, and of which we are witnesses. Twenty years ago we read certain portions of the prophetic Scriptures with a vague belief that they were true, because other similar passages had, in the course of ages, been proved to be so, and we had an indistinct notion that all these (to us) obscure and indefinite denunciations had been—we knew not very well when or how—accomplished: but to be made, as it were, parties to the supernatural transaction; to have the *miracles* repeated as it were before our eyes; to have graphic descriptions, ground plans, and elevations showing the actual existence of all the heretofore vague and shadowy denunciations of God's vengeance against Edom, does, we confess, excite our feelings and exalt our confidence in prophecy to a height that no *external* evidence had hitherto done. This is not unnatural, because—*segnius irritant*, &c.—the other completions of prophecy have reached us by tradition, and have been the subject of contradiction, discussion, adverse interpretations, and eventually therefore of a less perfect degree of conviction; but here we have—bursting upon our age of incredulity, by the labours of accidental, impartial, and sometimes incredulous witnesses—the certainty of existing facts, which fulfil what were hitherto considered the most vague and the least intelligible of the prophecies. The value of one such contemporaneous proof is—if we may judge from our own feelings—immense. Whatever is subjected to the mere operations of human reasoning must be always matter of some degree at least of uncertainty. The fate of Nineveh affects us but little, for none of us have any distinct idea of what it was, and we know not where to look for the traces of when and how it vanished, nor even for the exact site of its remains. By many recent travels, we find, in Palestine, and, above all, in *Edom*, evidences existing alike of what they *were* and what they *are*, and in both the accomplishment, in a miraculous degree, of the miraculous predictions. One such proof, too, corroborates all others. The miracle of one accomplished prophecy—made as clear and certain as the existence of the statue at Charing Cross—throws a reflected light on other miracles which were, from their nature, incapable of permanent proof; and the very ruins of Petra—like the fabulous stones cast by Deucalion—are instinct with being, and may contribute to generate new life and more extended prospects of immortality. In order to see the effect which these discoveries may produce, it is necessary to take a slight view of the question of miracles, and the sophisms by which it has been attempted to depreciate their validity.

With a somewhat unphilosophical pomp and confidence, Mr.

Hume

Hume announced, in his 'Essay on Miracles,' that he had discovered a decisive and infallible test for trying—that is, as he meant, for destroying—the credibility of miracles.

'I flatter myself,' he says, 'that I have discovered an argument of a like [decisive] nature, which, if just, will, with the wise and learned, be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious credulity, and consequently be useful as long as the world endures.'

And the argument thus ostentatiously produced is,—

'That no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish.'—*Essays*, vol. ii. p. 123.

In reply—we must begin by observing Mr. Hume's total omission of the distinguishing feature of the Christian argument—namely, that the abstract credibility of a miracle must depend, in a great degree, on the alleged occasion. A miracle performed for no object, or for a wholly inadequate one, even the evidence of our own senses would hardly induce us to believe: but such and so great objects as were to be effected by the Christian revelation—reason, human reason, must admit to have been worthy of the Divine interposition. But, not to pursue this higher and more spiritual view of the case, we will consent to argue it on Mr. Hume's own narrow grounds and by his own cold rules of logic; and we ask whether this vaunted axiom of his be anything else than the old question of the *balance of evidence*? All questions of testimony (whether concerning miracles or not) must be decided by preponderance. A miracle is, from its very essence, contrary to our experience of the laws of nature; and to be believed, must be supported by evidence (not, as Mr. Hume loosely and insidiously says, *more miraculous*, but) more convincing to the mind than general experience.

It may be wondered how a man of Mr. Hume's sagacity should have mistaken the disfiguring an old argument for the discovery of a new one; for, except the improper use of the words '*more miraculous*' for '*of greater weight*,' there is nothing novel even in the form of the proposition.* But the truth, we fear, is, that Mr. Hume, blinded or seduced by his *anti-Christian* bigotry, endeavoured, by the use of a vague and improper term, to convert an indisputable truth into an infidel sophism. In the first place, the term '*more miraculous*' is a strange solecism in the mouth of a dialectician. Can there be, strictly speaking—and in such a discussion a reasoner cannot be too strict in his expressions—can there be *degrees* in the *miraculous*? A miracle may be justly called *greater* or *less* in reference to its circumstances or its consequences—as the *Resurrection* of our Saviour may be said to be a

* And even that is not new; for P. A. (Pierre Anet) had said, in his '*Supernaturals examined*,' that nothing could prove a miracle, but a miracle.

greater miracle—greater in its circumstances and consequences—than his walking on the waters; but no one supernatural interposition of God can be in its essence *more miraculous* than another. A miracle is a miracle, and can be neither more nor less. Mr. Hume must have been well aware of this, but he used this form of expression with the same *mala fides* which runs through the whole essay: for when he requires, in proof of a miracle, something '*more miraculous*,' he requires what cannot be; and therefore unfairly jumps to a conclusion that there never was, nor ever can be, any such thing as a miracle: whereas if he had said that the evidence to establish a miracle must be *more convincing* than the evidence against it—which is the real meaning of the proposition—he would have left the question just where he found it, and on the ground where every Christian is ready to discuss it. But this verbal sophism was not Mr. Hume's sole object in thus framing his proposition: he had another, and (as he thought) a deeper—but which we think almost as shallow, and certainly equally inconclusive. When he requires, for the truth of a miracle, evidence whose falsehood should be *more*, or even *equally* miraculous, he confounds two very different meanings, and again requires what, strictly speaking, never can be. The evidence *against* any miracle is material—*physical*—arising out of the fixed and (except in the supposed case) immutable laws of nature. But the evidence *for* a miracle must be altogether of a different kind: it can only be an accumulation of human testimony, which, however high we may suppose it to be carried, even if it should rise to a moral certainty, can never attain to what—in strictness—can be termed *miraculous*.

Mr. Hume, therefore, requires a *physical certainty* in a case, which, at the very highest, can, from the nature of things, admit of no more than a *moral certainty*; and where, let us add, the moral certainty is not only all that is necessary, but all that would be *useful* or available for its purpose: because religion—for the original propagation of which miracles were wrought—is an *influence* on the human *mind*, and to the capacities of the human mind its proofs are measured and adjusted—the *means* are equal to the *end*. If, as Mr. Hume's argument requires, the evidences of religion were to be tangible, substantial, and amounting, in all minds and in all ages, to *physical certainty*, man, as to all those subjects which are now the province of reason and of faith, would become a *mere machine*, having neither room for the exercise of his mental faculties, nor choice, nor merit, nor demerit, in all those parts of his conduct which are under any spiritual influence. It might have pleased the Almighty to have so constituted his creatures that they should have had certain unvarying and irresistible rules of thought and action—he might have made us *automatons*—and the *moral* might have

have been, like the *physical* world, one complete and unerring mechanism ;—but as he has been pleased to constitute us—with freedom of action—with reason to guide and conscience to control us—and finally, with an innate expectation (approaching to, yet short of absolute certainty) of a future and immortal state of retribution—it is clear that it would be totally *inconsistent* and *irreconcilable* with our *present natures*, that we should have any *physical* certainty in *moral* or *spiritual* matters,—which would indeed cease to be moral or spiritual, if they could be reduced to that kind of standard which Mr. Hume's doctrine would establish.

We have felt it to be our duty to make these few *general* observations on Mr. Hume's theory, (argument we can no longer call it,) before we could, satisfactorily to our own feelings, enter on the particular views of the subject suggested by the new matter in Dr. Keith's book, which will, we think, be found to overturn in a very special and remarkable way both Mr. Hume's original proposition, and an equally important corollary which, towards the end of his Essay, he derives from it, and to which we must advert.

After having applied his alleged infallible rule to disprove various prodigies mentioned in profane history, and by implication the miracles recorded in the Old and New Testaments, Mr. Hume proceeds :—

'What we have said of *miracles* may be applied without any variation to *prophecies* ; and, indeed, *all prophecies are real miracles*, and as such only can be admitted as proofs of any revelation. If it did not exceed the capacity of human nature to forestall future events, it would be absurd to apply any prophecy as an argument for a divine mission or authority from heaven—so that, upon the whole, *we may conclude*, that the *Christian religion* was not only at first attended by miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one. Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity, and whoever is moved by FAITH to assent to it is conscious of a *continual miracle in his own person*, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and practice.'—*Essays*, vol. i. p. 139.

On the latter part of this extract we must observe, that to *conclude* an essay pretending to be argumentative, and on the most solemn subject, by a *sneer*, is neither good logic, good taste, nor fair dealing. As to the assertion that '*mere reason is insufficient to convince us of the veracity of the Christian religion*,' it is not merely a *petitio principii*, but, as we have already hinted—for we do not pretend to have developed the subject—*false in fact* ; for it is to suit our mental capacities that the evidences of Christianity are so clear, and no clearer—clear enough to engage, occupy, and convince

convince the mind, but not so absolutely and indubitably established as to leave the greatest faculty God has given us—our reason—*nothing to do*. Fixed and irresistible certainty on the subject of religion would involve fixed and irresistible certainty on all moral and intellectual subjects, and, by inevitable conclusion, on all thoughts and all actions whatsoever; and so—as we have already said—would be wholly inconsistent with the *reasoning power* to which Mr. Hume so confidently and so illogically appeals: and *Faith*, at which he sneers as subverting all the principles of the understanding, is, on the contrary, as we believe every Christian feels, the result of an intellectual exercise, humbly and honestly aspiring towards the knowledge of God, through the various evidences he has vouchsafed to give us of his existence and attributes.

But it is with the former part of this extract—that which relates to *Prophecy*—that our more immediate business lies. When Mr. Hume penned that passage, he could have had no idea that it involved a refutation of his whole system; and a refutation, too, not merely by that class of evidence against which his Essay was directed, but by proofs of that very ‘*continual*’ *permanent and physical* kind which he required, *because he thought they were impossible*. Of *miracles*, at once complete and perfect, performed two thousand years ago, Mr. Hume asserts, and we concur, it is impossible that there should survive physical evidence; but it had escaped him, that of the *other species* of miracles—namely, *Prophecy*—such material proof might possibly remain, and, if produced, would afford the precise species of evidence he required, and establish, even on his own too narrow and partial principle, the truth of the whole doctrine of Miracles, of which he confesses Prophecy to be a real and integral portion.

It seems very strange, or very uncandid, that, thus admitting *Prophecy* to be *Miracle*, Mr. Hume should do no more than mention it in the general terms we have quoted, and that, while he touches on a variety of *miracles*, he does not so much as allude to a single case of *prophecy*. This uncandid mode of dealing with the matter will be made the more striking by one or two examples of his mode of arguing. He states—

‘that one of the *best attested miracles* in all profane history is that which Tacitus reports of Vespasian, who cured a blind man in Alexandria by means of his spittle, and a lame man by a mere touch of his foot.’—*Ibid.* p. 130.

It is remarkable that Voltaire introduces the self-same examples in the self-same terms as miracles, ‘*des mieux attestées et plus authentiques*.’ (*Essai sur les Mœurs*, Intr.) Whether he copied from Hume, or Hume from him, (as we have not at hand either of the *original* publications, which were both subsequently considerably altered,)

altered,) we cannot ascertain; but we suspect, from all the circumstances, that Mr. Hume's *learned* example was taken at second hand from Voltaire: be that as it may, they both very uncandidly conceal some important observations of Tacitus, which very essentially *qualify* his statement of the fact, and afford a safe clue to unravel the supposed mystery. At the time of these events, the power of the Emperor Vitellius was in its last agonies, and the ambitious and crafty Vespasian was *watching* at Alexandria the *course* of events, and preparing to assert, when the occasion should offer, *his claim to the imperial purple*. Is it wonderful, therefore, that *at such a time*

'many miracles should have happened by which the *favour of heaven* and a *certain inclination of the divinity towards Vespasian* might be shown.'—Tacitus, Hist. iv. § 81.

Not satisfied with this acute suggestion, Tacitus adds, that when, after some reluctance, Vespasian consented to try the experiment on the patients, he did so in the confidence that

'his *FORTUNE* was now omnipotent over all obstacles, and that nothing was incredible or impossible to him.'—*Ibid.*

What then was this but, evidently, one of those tricks by which an artful man deludes an ignorant and superstitious people to acquiesce or assist in the projects of his ambition? And why did not Voltaire and Mr. Hume proceed to relate what Tacitus *immediately* adds, and what must satisfy even the most ordinary intellect of the juggling game which Vespasian was playing?

'By this circumstance [the cure of the two men] Vespasian's desire to visit the temple of Serapis, for the purpose of consulting the deity on the *affairs of the empire*, was much increased. He ordered all persons to be kept at a distance from the temple, which he entered alone, and after his devotions to the god, he looked behind him, and saw one *Basilides*, a man of consequence amongst the Egyptians. On coming out, he asked who had seen Basilides.—No one! and it, on further inquiry, appeared that at this very time Basilides was in a sick bed eighty miles distant from Alexandria. Thence Vespasian interpreted that he had had a divine vision, and from the *name* of the man [*Basilides—kingly—from βασιλεως*] he *augured of the success of his attempt on the empire*.'—*Ibid.* § 82.

Tacitus places all these miracles and their motives together and in the same category. Why did Voltaire and Hume suppress the latter? Why did they not produce it as an equally *well-attested* miracle—which it is? Why when, in corroboration of Tacitus, both these sceptics cite Suetonius's testimony to the same stories, why do they conceal that Suetonius describes Vespasian as affecting to have been almost from his childhood a *miracle-monger*, and quotes several ridiculous instances, which shadowed forth—as Vespasian

pasian said and wished others to believe—his *future greatness*? Why?—evidently because they felt that it would be but such an accumulation of fraud and absurdity as must defeat their object. And when Mr. Hume spends a whole page of his Essay in a solemn and very pompous amplification of the two first miracles, and expatiates on the ‘*gravity, solidity, age, and probity*’ of so great an emperor, and the candour and veracity of the historian—‘*the greatest and most penetrating genius of all antiquity*’—why does he omit that historian’s acute and penetrating observations on the motives which at that time must have operated on Vespasian’s mind, and wholly conceal this ridiculous claim of *second-sight*, and the miracles performed at *child’s play*, by that venerable emperor? Are we not entitled to say that Mr. Hume, at least, can have no claim (whatever Vespasian or Tacitus might) to the praise of *candour, veracity, or probity*?

But is it not also strange, when Mr. Hume came, within two or three pages, to discuss the question of Prophecy, that the very names of Tacitus and Vespasian did not bring to his recollection an *accomplished Prophecy*—which Tacitus records, which Vespasian prepared, and which his son Titus fulfilled—the destruction of Jerusalem? Surely the long antecedent predictions of that event, and the event itself accomplished to the very terms—the *ipsissima verba* of the predictions—are *at least*—speaking as a mere matter of human evidence—as well authenticated as Vespasian’s cure of the blind and crippled Alexandrians; and in the cases themselves there is this immeasurable difference—the blind man and the cripple *might* have been impostors, like him recorded in our own history as detected by Humphry Duke of Gloucester; while it is a fact beyond all possibility of doubt or deception, that the *Septuagint* translation of the Bible, (we are stating the matter on merely human evidence, and do not carry back the Pentateuch to its divine origin,) in which *some* of the prophecies are contained, was made and promulgated at least three hundred years before the destruction of Jerusalem. But perhaps the prophecy was still so vague as not to be exclusively applicable to the capture of the Jewish metropolis. To show the contrary, let us notice a few circumstances of a single one—the first—of these predictions—and of the event.

There are in the Scriptures many general denunciations of

* This view of the case is corroborated by Vespasian’s alliance with that other *miracle-monger* Apollonius Tyanæus, who was, probably, at this very time at Alexandria, suggesting and assisting these ambitious impostures of the candidate-emperor. The following passage from the life of Apollonius is very significant:—‘He (Apollonius) then passed over into Egypt, where Vespasian was endeavouring to establish his power: this prince was aware of the value of such an auxiliary; who had great influence with the vulgar, and he attached him to his interests by consulting him as an oracle. Apollonius, in return, exerted all his influence with the people in favour of Vespasian.’—*Biog. Univ.*, tit. *Apollonius*.

wrath against particular cities, in which, as was natural, neighbouring nations were either expressly or by implication announced as the instruments of divine vengeance. But in *this* case it was denounced that—

‘The Lord shall bring a nation against thee *from afar*, from the *ends of the earth*—as the *eagle* *flieth*—a nation *whose tongue thou shalt not understand*—a nation of *fierce countenance*.’—Deut. xxviii. 49.

This description could apply to none of the neighbours or usual enemies of the Jews—nor to the Asiatic states, nor to the Egyptians, nor even to the Greeks; in short, it could only apply to the ROMANS—whose warriors came—as the *eagle*—‘the *standard of their armies*’—flieth—from the *ends of the earth*—from Gaul and Britain, to the plains of Judea. The vast extent of the Roman empire, and wide distribution of its forces, would have been quite sufficient to justify the prophetic description of men coming from the *ends of the earth*; and indeed Josephus himself, in commencing his account of the Judean war, gives only *such* a general description of the invading army; for, after a detail of their admirable order and martial appearance,—he adds, ‘with such discipline and such men, what marvel is it if their empire extends in the east unto the Euphrates, in the west unto the Ocean?’ &c. (b. iii. c. 3); but, a *mere accident* has corroborated to posterity the *minute* accuracy of the prophecy—for we find, by an *incidental* remark of Tacitus relative to a different time and subject, that one, *at least*, of the legions employed against Jerusalem—the celebrated 10th—must have been actually withdrawn from Spain and Gaul for that service, (compare Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. § 68 and v. § 1,) and it is notorious that Vespasian and Titus themselves (and probably many of their officers and troops) were fresh from a campaign in Britain—*toto divisos orbe Britannos*—the *ends of the earth*.

The prophecy having thus described the *enemy*, then proceeds to specify the *nature* of the war in which this formidable foe is to assail them:—

‘He shall besiege thee in *all thy gates* until thy *high and fenced walls* come down wherein thou trustedst.’—*Ibid.* v. 52.

Thus a SIEGE is predicted, and not an ordinary siege, but a *blockade of all the gates*—and this was accomplished by a work so prodigious, that Josephus scruples not to attribute it to the direct assistance of God—a wall of circumvallation round the whole capital, supported by detached forts, and other auxiliary works: until at last, after the most obstinate defence recorded in the annals of the world, their *high and fenced wall*—in which they had so *trusted* as to reject every overture of peace and pardon—came down.

But the prophecy not only foretold the *general features* of the siege, but specified some of its most remarkable *peculiarities*, such as the FAMINE which the blockade produced—and it even details one circumstance of such horror as never probably has occurred in the world before or since:—

‘The *tender and delicate woman*, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for *delicateness and tenderness*, shall have an evil eye towards *her young one*, and towards the children she shall bear, for she shall *EAT them* for want of all (other things) *secretly in the siege*, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in *all thy gates*.’—*Deut. xxviii. 56, 57.*

Now let us see how *every point* of these dreadful denunciations was fulfilled!

‘I will recount,’ says Josephus, after describing the extremities to which the Jews were driven, ‘an act never heard of before, either among Greeks or barbarians, so horrible and *incredible*, that I would omit this calamity lest posterity should think I lie, had I not many witnesses thereof, and should incur reprehension for not fully recounting all the accidents of them that are dead. A certain woman, of a *noble and rich family* (“*tender and delicate*”)’—[here follow her name and family, and some details of the beginning of her sufferings]—‘was by rage and necessity compelled to do that which nature abhors, and taking her son, whom she was then suckling, (“*her young one*,”) she *slew him*, and did cook the one half of him and *ate it*—the rest she reserved *hidden* (“*secretly*”).’—*Josephus*, b. vi. c. 7 and 8. This unnatural fact so shocked even the *besiegers*, that Titus publicly

‘protested to Almighty God that he was not the cause of this guilt, and had offered the Jews peace and pardon; but that he would bury this horrible crime of eating their own children, in the ruins of their country, and not suffer the sun to shine on such a scene of abomination.’—*Ibid.*

We select this *one* out of one hundred *accordant* passages of the Old and New Testament which foretold the fall of Jerusalem, and we ask whether this minute and, in its utmost minuteness, accurate prediction of a fact so unimaginable, as, even after it occurred, to seem still incredible, would not have been, to any *candid* reader of the history of the Flavian era, a more remarkable circumstance than the incidents so imperfectly quoted by Mr. Hume: at least, was it not worthy of *some slight allusion* in a philosophical essay which undertook to prove—and partly from the history of *that very period*—that there *never had been*, and *never could be*, a prophecy accomplished?

We trust that the foregoing observations will not be considered irrelevant to the scope of our article; on recurring to Mr. Hume’s Essay, we were forcibly struck by those two points—the verbal fallacy

fallacy of his original proposition, and the *suppressio veri*—the *bad faith*, of his relation of the facts he adduced; and as we do not remember to have seen either* adequately exposed, we felt it our duty to submit them, even thus cursorily, to the attention of our readers. We trust we shall also be excused for observing a most important circumstance in the account of the siege of Jerusalem given by Tacitus, which has been hitherto only noticed as an error on the part of the historian; whereas, in our judgment, the error, such as it is, affords another of those unpremeditated and accidental confirmations of divine prophecy, which neither could have been imagined by any ingenuity—nor produced by any fraud—nor, when produced, can be resisted by any candid mind. After relating the portents and prodigies which announced the ruin of the city, the historian says that these signs affrighted only the better informed few—but that the great mass of the nation, buoyed up by ancient prophecies, were confident of ultimate victory—

‘The multitude,’ he says, ‘relied upon an ancient prophecy, contained, as they believed, in books kept by the priests, by which it was foretold, that in this very juncture the power of the *East* should prevail over the nations, and a race of men would go forth from Judea, to extend their dominion over the rest of the world. The prediction, however, though couched in ambiguous terms, related to Vespasian and his son Titus.’—*Hist.* v. 13.

Upon this, some over-zealous commentators (see, for instance, Brotier, iv. 314, and Murphy, iii. 55) accuse Tacitus—as well as Josephus, who makes a similar statement—of base flattery to the Flavian emperors, and of a gross mistake, in thus referring to Vespasian and Titus a prophecy which evidently designated our Lord JESUS CHRIST. Now a consideration of the case will acquit the honest and sagacious historian of flattery, and will even reduce his error to a very slight and (in a foreigner) very venial ambiguity, while the very ambiguity confirms his own general veracity, and the truth of the scriptural accounts. In the first place, the statement of Tacitus corroborates by profane evidence the fact—so clear from other sources—that in the *holy books* preserved from a *remote antiquity* by the Jewish priesthood, there were prophetic announcements relating—as all parties agreed, though they might differ as to particular interpretations—to the *then existing circumstances* of Jerusalem;—secondly, it shows that one of those prophecies was that, *about this period*, there should spread from Judea a dominion over the affairs of the

* Since the above was written, we find that the fallacy of Hume's proposition was exposed much in the same sense, but more elaborately and infinitely more ably than we have the power to do, by the learned and excellent Dr. Elrington, now Bishop of Ferns, in a Sermon printed in 1794; which, on every account, ought to be republished.

rest of the world—(*Judea profecti rerum potirentur*;)—thirdly, that some predictions, from which the bigoted and deluded Jews anticipated military success, were really announcements of the Roman triumphs. Now all these three important statements are undeniably true. The error of Tacitus—the slight error—and which may have been the error of the Jews themselves, is this, that in alluding to the long series of prophecies which the sacred books contain, those relating to the coming of the Messiah and the spread of his religion were confounded with those which related to the destruction of the city. The prophecies, written 1500 years before, mentioned two events *nearly* contemporaneous, which are so mixed together in the original scriptures that, before they occurred, they must have been inseparable by any human interpreter—and we now know, in point of fact, that they were intimately connected. Tacitus, receiving the statement in the mass, and seeing that no Judean conqueror had appeared, affirms all that *he* could with truth have stated—namely, that of the prophecy—that part was accomplished which announced the victories of Vespasian and Titus. So that, in what he rejects and in what he affirms, Tacitus equally supports the truth of the Christian revelation—both the prophecies are mentioned—but they *did not* allude, as the Jews expected, to a conqueror whose kingdom should be of this world; and they *did* allude—as the besotted Jews would *not* believe—to the destruction of Jerusalem. We know not whether this may be thought a digression; but it is at least one which, even if the veracity and judgment of the Roman historian only were at stake, we think our readers would excuse us for making.

The admission (if we may so call an insidious suggestion) made by Mr. Hume, of the efficacy of prophecy toward the general argument, had been already made in wider terms, but with the same ultimate object, by a more candid infidel—Antony Collins—‘*that prophecy is a stronger argument than a miracle*’—(*Grounds and Reasons*, p. 27): but it may well be suspected that neither Hume nor Collins would have made any such concession if they had looked at the whole bearings of the prophetic writings. Collins imagined that he had discovered some flaws in the prophetic evidence relative to the person of our Saviour, and, in pursuing his own *ignis fatuus*, lost sight of the class of local and historical prophecies. Hume probably was pre-occupied with the same idea, and thus fell into the same admission; and neither thought it expedient to push the inquiry and argument one step beyond their original narrow and purblind scope. Whether this was from bad faith or mere oversight, we shall not decide; suffice it to say, that if they had proceeded ever so short a distance in the course

course they themselves had pointed out, they would have found, even in the then state of geographical knowledge, sufficient evidence to have shaken to its foundations, if not utterly to overthrow, their main design.

It must be admitted, that the general darkness and doubt which did and—of their very essence—must obscure the prophetic visions, rendered them less formidable to the infidel sophist than the miraculous *facts* of sacred history. Originally, all prophecy must have been dark; a considerable proportion of it still remains so, and some will probably not become clearly intelligible till the final consummation; but portions have been in every successive age accomplished, sufficient to vindicate the general scheme, and keep alive, by a stream of evidence and a *growing* testimony, the faith of mankind. One at least, and a very important class, has been, in the lapse of time, indubitably fulfilled: and we should learn from this, that the *apparent* vagueness and original obscurity of a prophecy are no conclusive reasons for disbelieving that it may be ultimately and clearly accomplished. When the denunciations against Nineveh, Babylon, and Tyre were first promulgated, they seemed, no doubt, utterly incredible and impossible. That the most extensive and populous cities—built with stupendous solidity—the capitals of the most powerful nations—situated in the most fertile regions, and in the centre and thoroughfare of the inhabited earth, and flourishing, as Burke says, ‘*in luce Asiae*, in the midst of the then noonday splendour of the then civilized world’—should be all swept away, and so utterly annihilated, that their very ruins should perish—*this* must have appeared an absurd and monstrous prediction: yet it has come to pass; and human learning and ingenuity have failed to discover any other cause for these astonishing changes than that such was the *will of God*! We may add also, that, as far as the remoteness of the time and the extent of the destruction have allowed any details to reach us, they have been brought about by the means and in the manner—at first obscurely, but now plainly—foretold; and every hint that profane history supplies, and every fact that modern travellers discover, contribute to the confirmation of the very smallest details of the original predictions. And it is not the least part of the miracle that the *Scriptures* themselves, which record these original predictions, and which were so perishable in their material nature, should have survived the walls of Nineveh, the towers of Babylon, and the moles of Tyre.

Nor is it the *works of man* only that thus testify by their ruin—*perfulgent eo ipso quod non videantur*—the divine truth; the very *features of Nature* herself have accommodated themselves to the most improbable predictions; the prophetic curses of barrenness, desolation,

desolation, affliction, and slavery, pronounced against the rich, flourishing, and powerful countries and inhabitants of Egypt, Judea, Assyria, and Arabia, have been, to our own ocular knowledge, rigorously fulfilled, and are still in unmitigated force. In short, it may be asserted, that—what we venture, for conciseness, to call—the *geographical denunciations* of the prophecies, have been all executed with the most surprising, but most indisputable accuracy.

Bishop Newton and several other writers had exhibited and applied, with great learning and ingenuity, all the proofs which in their respective times existed on these subjects; but the last fifty years have added prodigiously to our geographical knowledge of the scriptural regions; and every recent traveller—and some of them were very reluctant, and most of them very unconscious witnesses—has added something to the already ample mass of evidence. The most valuable and only novel part of Dr. Keith's work is, as we have already stated, his adding, under the proper heads, to the collection of his predecessor, these recent and *growing testimonies*; and had he been content with claiming this not inconsiderable merit, we should have congratulated him on having made a most interesting and valuable addition to sacred literature. At first he had added to Bishop Newton's examples little more than the information afforded by Volney—information important in itself, but rendered more so by the fact that Volney was a *professed* infidel—who wrote with a strong bias *against* the truth of those prophecies, in *support* of which Dr. Keith* has ingeniously produced him as an involuntary, and, therefore, the more valuable witness. In his second and subsequent editions, Dr. Keith has made—with discrimination and ability—a like use of the still more modern travels of Seetzen, Burckhardt, Legh, Buckingham, Kepple, Mignan, Irby, and Mangles—and has accumulated a mass of geographical evidence of the accomplishment of the *local* prophecies, which is in the highest degree amusing and instructive. Our limits do not permit us to particularize all the important points which are thus elucidated, but the case of EDOM, to which we have already alluded, is so entirely novel, so pre-eminently striking, and for the minute, accurate, and utterly unimaginable correspondence of the prophecy with the event, so curious and important, that we shall select it as a specimen—certainly the best—of Dr. Keith's addition to the labours of Bishop Newton.

The denunciations against the land and inhabitants of Edom are—as every scriptural reader knows—amongst the most frequent, and at the same time the most vague, and in some particulars the least

* We find in the sermon before referred to, that Dr. Elrington had done so forty years ago.

intelligible. Edom, or Idumæa, was a country not inferior in natural beauty and fertility to the Land of Promise itself: it was rich with the *fatness of the earth* and the *dews of heaven*.—(Gen. xxvii. 39.) It was celebrated for its *fields and vineyards*, and its abundant *wells*—(Numb. xx. 17)—the great source of comfort and fertility in those regions. It possessed herds and flocks in abundance, (Gen. xxxvi. 6.) and became so powerful, that it waged war with Judea, and after a long struggle established its independence—even, says the author of the Chronicles, ‘unto his day.’ The Roman poets celebrated one specimen of its luxuriant vegetation. Virgil, in his *Georgics*, would have selected no mean and barren region as the parent of his triumphal palms.

‘*Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas.*’—Geor. iii. 12.

Nor is it unworthy of our notice that, in almost the same passage in which he thus celebrates the glories of Idumæa, he mentions the *Britons* as *naked* barbarians (ib. l. 25). Lucan also, in his enumeration of Pompey’s allies, distinguishes Idumæa among the most important states of the Syrian region; and again, with an allusion which implies the fertility of its soil—

—‘*Damascus,*

Gazaque, et arbusto palmarum dives Idume,

Et Tyros instabilis, pretiosaque murice Sidon.’—Phar. iii. 215.

Under the Cæsars the country continued to be remarkable for its fertility, and the capital for its commerce; and we shall see by and by, from very unexpected evidence, that it was, to a comparatively late period, in a state of great wealth, population, and civilization. Now hear what—while its fertility was at its height, its prosperity still in progress, and *long before* it had reached the magnificence it afterwards attained—hear what the Prophets denounced against it—

But first we must notice (which Dr. Keith has not done) the primal cause of the denunciation. We find in that beautiful lamentation of Israel ‘*By the waters of Babylon*’ (Psalm cxxxvii.) that the Edomites instigated Nebuchadnezzar to the utter destruction of Jerusalem, and insulted the misery of their neighbours and relatives. ‘Remember,’ exclaims the Psalmist, ‘Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of [the trouble of] Jerusalem, how they said, *Down with it, down with it, even to the ground!*’

This vague and transient allusion is, as we shall see, pregnant with meaning; the Lord *did* remember the ingratitude and cruelty of Edom, on this and on repeated subsequent occasions, and ‘*recompensed*’ her inveterate obstinacy and disobedience by the desolation she had invoked upon others.

‘*Because Edom hath dealt against the house of Judah, therefore,*
saiih

saith the Lord, I shall stretch forth my hand against Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it, and will make it desolate from Teman—and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth—I will make thy cities desolate. Thou shalt be desolate, O Mount Seir, and all Idumea, even all of it.—Ezek. xxv. 12; xxxv. 15.

'For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompenses for the controversies of Zion—from generation to generation it shall lie waste, and none shall pass through it for ever and ever; but the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, and the owl also and the raven; and there shall the vultures be gathered; and he shall stretch forth upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness. They shall call forth the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And there shall come up in her palaces nettles, and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls.'—Isaiah, xxxiv. 8-15.

'Lo, I will make thee, Edom, small among the heathen, and despised amongst men. Thy terribleness has deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Edom shall be a desolation, and every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and no man shall abide there.'—Jer. xlix. 15-18.

These and similar prophecies we have long read in the sacred books, without having any definite idea either of what or where the capital of Edom itself was, or the precise import of these—as they seemed, *general*—denunciations. Even Bishop Newton, though he refers to all the texts, can say no more on the subject than—

'We know little more of the history of the Edomites than as it is connected with the Jews; and where is the name and nation now? They were swallowed up and lost partly among the Nabathean Arabs, and partly among the Jews; and the very name was abolished and disused.'—p. 43.

Bishop Lowth, in his Commentary on Isaiah, confesses that the evidence then in existence as to Edom

'seemed by no means to come up to the terms of the prophecy, or to justify so high-wrought and terrible a description—it seems then, that Edom being put, by a common figure, for God's enemies in general, the prophecy may have a further view to events still future,' &c.—

And several other commentators profess themselves at a loss to account for some of such extraordinary expressions as *'the lines of confusion and the stones of emptiness,' &c.* Here then was a prophecy which, even so late as the days of Newton and Lowth, was confessed to be in an unsatisfactory if not unintelligible state. It was indeed one of those prophecies to which Hume or Collins might have consented to appeal.

Now

Now mark the sequel. Volney was the first of modern writers to notice the tract formerly called Edom—he did not pass through it—for this once great thoroughfare was no longer practicable.

‘No traveller,’ he says, ‘has yet visited it, but it well merits such an attention, for, from the report of the Arabs, there are to the south-east of the Red Sea, within three days’ journey, upwards of thirty ruined towns absolutely deserted’ (*thy cities shall be desolate*). ‘The Arabs sometimes make use of the ruins to fold their cattle, but in general avoid them on account of the enormous scorpions*. We cannot be surprised at these traces of ancient population, when we recollect that these districts enjoyed a considerable share of the commerce of Arabia and India.’—*Volney*, ap. *Keith*.

But now not even a traveller can visit Idumæa without extreme difficulty and danger—(*and none shall pass through it*). Volney did not pass through it any more than other subsequent travellers who attest its utter desolation. Burckhardt and Seetzen, however, did: ‘they are,’ says Dr. Keith, ‘the only travellers who as yet have passed through it, and they—according to the prophecy—have been cut off.’ We cannot either assent to or approve of Dr. Keith’s carrying the *letter* of the prophecy so far as to see in the fate of Burckhardt and Seetzen—the only persons who, as he chooses to say, passed through—the *continued* effect of the prophecy. Burckhardt and Seetzen *passed through* it no more than their successors have done, and they died long after in distant countries; the words evidently have no such meaning as Dr. Keith would strain them to—they applied to the Edomites, and have *been accomplished*:—and, once for all we say, and this will answer many of Dr. Keith’s observations, that it would not in our opinion at all affect the accuracy of the prophecy, if the valley of Edom were *hereafter* to become—as it perhaps may—as frequented by travellers as the valley of Chamouni. Burckhardt’s account, however, does certainly corroborate the words of the prophecy down to very minute particulars. He describes the ruins of many large and some stately towns, scattered through a country which may be with great propriety called a *stony desert*—although susceptible of culture—and which must have been once thickly inhabited. ‘At present, all this country is a *desert*, and Maan (*Temân*) is the only inhabited place in it’ (Burckhardt, p. 431 *et seq.*)—(*I will make it desolate from Teman*). In the centre of this desert, the geographers of antiquity had led us to suppose that *Sela* (by the Greeks called *Petra*, both signifying the Rock), the capital of

* Creatures, probably, of the same class as those translated *dragons*, *serpents*, *fiery serpents*.—Is. xxxiv. 15; Numb. xxi. 6; Deut. viii. 15. Laborde states that they are still called *fiery scorpions*, from the extreme inflammation caused by their bite. How every little detail corroborates the Scriptures!

Idumæa, had once been, but no one had ever heard or imagined that the remains of any such place were in existence, till Burckhardt stumbled upon a desolate city exhibiting the most curious remains of art. It stands in a narrow valley, surrounded by enormous perpendicular rocks, in the clefts of which have been wrought caves or chambers which Burckhardt—who seems to have known, and certainly to have thought, nothing about the Idumæan prophecies—calls sepulchres; subsequent travellers see that many of them were residences. These excavations are found at all heights—from the level of the valley up to an elevation in the clefts of the rock which appears utterly inaccessible—

‘O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst build thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down.’

After Burckhardt, Messrs. Bankes and Legh, and Captains Irby and Mangles, in 1818, made a joint excursion to this scene of wonders, this *monumental miracle*. The account of the country through which they passed, and the toils and the perils they encountered, are a striking commentary on several points of the prophecy, which we have not room to extract; but the wonder of wonders is the city of Petra itself, situated in a defile now called Wady Mousa, to which, with great difficulty and danger, they penetrated, and where they were permitted to make a sojourn so short and so anxious that, though it gratified in a high degree, it also disappointed their curiosity. Burckhardt had already given a cursory account of this extraordinary place, with its sepulchres, colonnades, pyramids, mausoleums, and a theatre, with all its benches, capable of containing 3000 spectators, all cut out of the rock; while the ground was covered with heaps of huge stones strewed over the foundations of long lines of buildings, fragments of columns, and vestiges of paved streets—(*the lines of confusion, and the stones of emptiness*). Mr. Legh’s account, published by Dr. Macmichael, and that of Captains Irby and Mangles, more than confirm all this—

‘On entering the pass which conducts to the theatre of Petra, they remark:—“The ruins of the city here burst on the view, in their full grandeur, shut in on the opposite side by barren craggy precipices from which numerous ravines and valleys branch out in all directions; the sides of the mountains covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, (*O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, &c.*—Jer. xlix. 16.) presented altogether the most singular scene we ever beheld.”

‘A narrow and circuitous defile, surrounded on each side by precipitous or perpendicular rocks, varying from four hundred to seven hundred feet in altitude, and forming, for two miles, “a sort of subterranean passage,” opens on the east the way to the ruins of Petra. The rocks,

or

or rather hills, then diverge on either side, and leave an oblong space, where once stood the metropolis of Edom, *deceived by its terribleness*, where now lies a waste of ruins, encircled on every side, save on the north-east alone, by stupendous cliffs, which still show how the pride and labour of art tried there to vie with the sublimity of nature.

'Tombs present themselves, not only in every avenue to the city, and upon every precipice that surrounds it, but even intermixed almost promiscuously with its public and domestic edifices; the natural features of the defile grew more and more imposing at every step, and the excavations and sculpture more frequent on both sides, till it presented at last a continued street of tombs. The base of the cliffs wrought out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades, and pedestals, and ranges of corridors adhering to the perpendicular surface; flights of steps chiselled out of the rock; grottos in great numbers, which are certainly not sepulchral; some excavated residences of large dimensions, (in one of which is a single chamber, sixty feet in length, and of a breadth proportioned;) many other dwellings of inferior note, particularly abundant in one defile leading to the city, the steep sides of which contain a sort of excavated suburb, accessible by flights of steps; niches, sometimes thirty feet in excavated height, with altars for votive offerings, or with pyramids, columns, or obelisks; a bridge across a chasm now apparently inaccessible; some small pyramids hewn out of the rock on the summit of the heights; horizontal grooves, for the conveyance of water, cut in the face of the rock, and even across the architectural fronts of some of the excavations; and, in short, "the rocks hollowed out into innumerable chambers of different dimensions, whose entrances are variously, richly, and often fantastically decorated with every imaginable order of architecture"—all united, not only form one of the most singular scenes that the eye of man ever looked upon, or the imagination painted—a group of wonders perhaps unparalleled in their kind—but also give indubitable proof, both that in the land of Edom there was a city where human ingenuity, and energy, and power, must have been exerted for many ages, and to so great a degree as to have well entitled it to be noted for its strength or *terribleness*, and that the description given of it by the prophets of Israel was *as strictly literal as the prediction respecting it is true*. "The barren state of the country, together with the desolate condition of the city, without a single human being living near it, seem," in the words of those who were spectators of the scene, "strongly to verify the judgment denounced against it." *O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, &c. —also Edom shall be a desolation, &c.*—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 405; *Keith*, pp. 186-190.

Nor are there wanting some slighter touches to complete the prophetic picture—

'The screaming of the eagles, hawks, and *owls*, which were soaring above their heads in considerable numbers, seemingly annoyed at any
one

one approaching their lonely habitation, added much to the singularity of the scene. The fields in the immediate vicinity of Edom are, according to the observation of Burckhardt, "frequented by an immense number of *crows*."—*Keith*, p. 205.

In short, there seems to be hardly an expression, however vague or metaphorical it may have appeared in the long series of Idumæan prophecy, which has not received from the concurrent testimony of all the travellers (the earlier of whom had no idea whatsoever that they were commenting a prophecy) a confirmation, conclusive in all its great features, and so exceedingly curious and accurate in some even of the smallest details and most literal expressions—that though we should not rely on such verbal coincidences, we cannot but admit that they are really wonderful. But while Dr. Keith was exhibiting in his later editions these extraordinary corroborations of his views, he received from Paris—"O! would," as he says, 'that that city would give heed to the truth which it thus affords the means of confirming!'"—he received the six first livraisons of the '*Voyage de l'Arabie Pétrée*, par MM. Léon de Laborde et Linant*,' illustrated with splendid engravings of the ruins of Petra,

'In which,' as Dr. Keith truly observes, 'by merely affixing a text, the beauties of art become immediately subservient to the interests of religion. Where, very recently, it was difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain a single fact, and where only indirect evidence could be obtained, men may now, as it were, look upon Idumæa, and see how the lines of confusion and the stones of emptiness have been stretched over it. And we may now, in like manner, look upon the ruins of the chief city of Edom, of which the very existence was, till lately, altogether unknown. All the plates attest its vast magnificence, and the almost incredible and inconceivable labour, continued as it must have been from age to age, prior to the days of Moses and later than the Christian era—by which so great a multiplicity of dwellings, tombs, and temples were excavated from the rock.'—pp. 192, 193.

We have ourselves examined this work, and profess ourselves, however struck with the beauty and curiosity of the scenes which it represents, to be still more delighted with this revival of the lost capital of Idumæa, and the unexpected and decisive, and we may add, eternal proof that is thus established of that one of the prophecies, which twenty years ago was perhaps the least intelligible even to the learned. We cannot refrain from adding two or three small instances in which this last publication corroborates

* '*Voyage de l'Arabie Pétrée*. Par MM. Léon de Laborde et Linant. Folio. Livraisons I. to XII. Paris.' We have heard that a translation of this work is now in the press. The reader will also find two very beautiful engravings of the ruins of *Petra* in Findeu's *Landscape Illustrations of the Bible*, or in the *Biblical Keepsake* for 1834, pp. 39 and 101.

the prophecies in circumstances which had not occurred to former travellers, nor of course to Dr. Keith. The prophet had, as a contrast to the predicted desolation, recorded the antecedent civil organization of Edom: '*They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing.*' Now M. Laborde, not dreaming of this text, proves from profane history that in this capital 'there existed a *king* and ministers, *princes and nobles*, and a *government* so regular as even to have raised and paid a kind of subsidiary force; in short, the kingdom presented a long-established *civil and military organization*.'—*Intr.* p. 8. The vague text, '*I shall make thee despised among men,*' does not seem to have occurred to M. Laborde, when he makes the following involuntary commentary upon it: '*The Arabs give to one of these ruins a ridiculous and indecent name—an insult which is of a piece with the general destruction—to prove the fragility of human works, there was only wanted, in addition to the injuries of time, the derision of men.*'—p. 55. Dr. Keith, with an overabundant anxiety that every, even the smallest detail of the fulfilment of all the prophecies should be visible even to this day, was a little disconcerted that the travellers did not see '*nettles and brambles in the palaces*;' but he consoled himself, in lieu of '*a direct and literal fulfilment,*' with the observation that the *thorny* branches of the *talk-tree* are very abundant in Idumæa. We think Dr. Keith need not have been so anxious on this point, which might have been safely taken for granted; but we are glad to be able to afford him *direct and literal* evidence from M. Laborde's late *livraisons*, that these ruined palaces are '*overgrown with nettles and brambles.*'—pp. 55-58. These are trivial matters compared with the great features of the case, but they are still curious and interesting.

But there is one much more important circumstance which has occurred to us, and which seems to carry the evidence to the highest possible point of satisfaction—the works, as Dr. Keith hints, and as appears in the plates, are evidently the works of many ages, from the primitive dwellers in the rock down to the days of Adrian; and perhaps some sceptic may say that works of the days of Adrian would rather impugn the prophecy, whose completion might have been expected at an earlier period. The objection would not be worth much—for it is clear that *whatever intermediate vicissitudes the city and nation may have suffered*—and the prophecies point to *many*—the *final* fulfilment could only be appropriated to the period when Edom was finally abandoned to a '*perpetual desolation from which her cities should not return,*'—(Ezek. *ib.*) When they should call their nobles and there should be none, and all her princes be nothing.—(Is. *ib.*) When there should be no civil government—

government—and when there should not be even left a straggling inhabitant of the waste; when no man should abide therein, neither shall a son of man dwell in it.'—(Jer. *ib.*) And when the whole site should exhibit nothing but the lines of confusion and the stones of emptiness.'—(Is. *ib.*)

But there is another striking prophecy, which clears away every vestige of difficulty by distinctly predicting those vicissitudes, and the obstinate endeavour of the Edomites to defeat the prediction by continuing to restore and adorn their city;—

'Whereas Edom saith "We are impoverished—but we will return and build the desolate places;" thus said the Lord of Hosts: THEY SHALL BUILD, BUT I WILL THROW DOWN! and YOUR EYES SHALL SEE, and you shall say, The Lord will be magnified from the borders of Israel!'—Malachi i. 3, 4.

Is not this almost more wonderful than all that has preceded? The later architecture is thus not merely accounted for, but absolutely predicted, and we are told that the day should come when our eyes should see this, and that the Lord should be magnified—not from Israel, but—from the borders of Israel—the borders of Israel! where exactly this wonderful city stood. What human ingenuity, what human sagacity—even if we had been aware of the general state of Edom—could, prior to the discovery of these comparatively modern architectural remains, have affixed any definite or even rational meaning to these predictions of Malachi? Is not this, according to Mr. Hume's own principle, a miracle?—have we not here that unexpected kind of physical demonstration, the falsehood of which appears to human reason to be absolutely impossible? Surely the Lord is magnified from the borders of Israel!

Here we are obliged to close our too loose and imperfect remarks on this amazing discovery. We had intended to have given a more detailed account of the splendid work of M. Léon Laborde, and to have taken notice of several other recent 'Illustrations' of biblical scenery and events. This article has, however, already gone to a length that warns us to desist, and we therefore reserve the continuation of the subject to another, but we hope early, opportunity.

ART. VII.—1. *An Essay, Religious and Political, on Ecclesiastical Finance, as regards the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland.* By the Rev. David O. Croly, Parish Priest of Owens and Aglis. Third Edition. Cork. 1834.

2. *Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.* London. 1834.

3. *Letters to a Dissenting Minister of the Congregational Independent*

- pendent Denomination, containing Remarks on the Principles of that Sect, and the Author's Reasons for leaving it and conforming to the Church of England. By L. S. E. Third Edition. London. 1833.
4. *Ecclesiastical Establishments not inconsistent with Christianity, with a particular view to some of the leading objections of the modern Dissenters.* By William Hull. London. 1834.
 5. *Letter to the Right Hon. Earl Grey, containing a Vindication of the Established Church.* By a Dissenting Minister. London. 1834.
 6. *The Uses of a Standing Ministry and an Established Church.* Two Sermons. By Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London. 1834.
 7. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London at the Visitation in July, 1834.* By Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Lord Bishop of London.
 8. *A Charge delivered in the Autumn of 1834, at the Visitation in Hampshire.* By W. Dealtry, D.D., Chancellor of the Diocese.

THE two works at the head of our list have forced themselves upon our notice by their common bearing on a momentous question, the practical operation of the *voluntary system* for the maintenance of a Christian ministry. The first is written by a man whose fearlessness is the surest pledge for his honesty; his style is the image of his character—rude, wild, at times coarse, but bold, strenuous, and straightforward, he utters the sentiments of strong and conscientious indignation with the native energy and homely illustration of a mind which owes more to its inborn vigour than to education. Not that the author is deficient in acquired knowledge; his views, particularly of ecclesiastical history, are extensive and just: if he does not stand alone and superior among his brethren, the parochial Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland are far better instructed than we had been accustomed to suppose. In his courage Mr. Croly does unquestionably stand alone: he is no common man who, at the risk of his professional prospects, his peace—we must, we fear, add his life—exposes the unhallowed connexion which now subsists between the Roman Catholic priest and the political demagogue, unfolds the secret mysteries of agitation, and gives such sober advice to those ‘who, insulting the simplicity of the poor and their state of dependence, invest them with the robes of pretended majesty, clothe them with imaginary purple and fine linen; and raising them, by the labour of sophistry, from their humble sphere above thrones, dominations, and powers, kneel down in mock homage and hail them “the sovereign people.”’

'If,' says Mr. C. 'the plebeian body are to be the governors of the world, let them first of all be duly prepared for the execution of so great a task. For the art of governing is not the play of children: *ars artium est regimen nationum*. Let them be divested of their childishness, for they are yet in their infancy; rid them of bigotry, prejudices, and sectarian hatred; inculcate on their minds a hatred of vice and a love of virtue. Divest them of their weakness and their credulity; and strengthen their minds to withstand the baneful arts of superstition and imposture. Banish from them lawlessness, savageness, cruelty, and bloodthirstiness, and make them civil, orderly, peaceable, and humane. In a word, fashion them, form them, renew them, make them rational beings, not only in appearance but in reality: do this and let your theory be put in practice, give them control over the government, and let them be denominated "the sovereign people." —*Croly*, pp. 67, 68.

To his own order he says—

'Have ye ruled the people committed to your charge according to the maxims of the Gospel and the canons of the church? Have ye ruled the people, or have ye suffered yourselves to be ruled by them? Have ye, in the discharge of your duties, exhibited, as ye were bound to do, firmness, inflexibility, determination, and perseverance? Or have ye not, on the contrary, been "tossed about to and fro by every wind of popular doctrine?" Your career has been marked by unsteadiness, time-serving, and tergiversation. Popular clamour has scared you from the paths of duty, and influenced even your synodical decisions. Ye have made religion turn upon popular feeling or rather upon the feeling of faction, instead of endeavouring to make popular feeling square with religion. . . . Ye have suffered factious harangues to be made from your altars at the celebration of Divine worship, and surrendered your churches to be used as political club-houses. Has not religion in your hands become a mere party word? Ye have identified yourselves as Ministers of the Gospel with a political sect, entered into their views, partaken of their animosities, countenanced their violences, and made war, in conjunction with them, on the rest of the community.'—pp. 79—82.

But our immediate concern is not with the political or religious views of Mr. Croly, farther than as his character and situation guarantee the veracity of his statements touching the effects of the voluntary system for the payment of the priesthood. Nor, at present, do we propose grappling with the conclusion which he draws from these fearful statements—the expediency of a state-provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. The *voluntary system* is here in actual operation, where the power of the priesthood is still at its height, where the ceremonial of the religion and the administration of the sacraments by duly ordained ministers is esteemed essential to salvation; where, in short, the priest still holds, in the opinion of the trembling votary, the keys of heaven and of hell. The consequences,

sequences, if we believe Mr. Croly, are the most grinding exaction, which falls, almost exclusively, upon the poor; the most violent and disgraceful altercations, previous to and even during the most solemn religious ceremonies; bartering and chaffering, to which the traffic of the buyers and sellers in the temple was decent and reverential—on one side, the systematic endeavour to drive as hard a bargain as possible for the commodity in their hands—on the other, the degradation of the most sacred rites—of the mass itself—into a privilege, the value of which depends not in the least on the *moral or religious state of the purchaser*, but on *the price that is paid*. The Lord himself (for such is the conscientious belief of the Roman Catholic) is thus actually bought and sold.

These are appalling statements. Are they borne out by the 'Parish Priest' who cannot be ignorant on the subject—and who, if he is guilty of mendacity, or even of exaggeration, has ventured all his earthly prospects in wanton hostility to that Church of which he remains, though an outcast and persecuted, yet still a faithful member? First, then, as to the general system of payment:—

'The mode of exacting clerical dues is quite arbitrary and capricious; fixedness and uniformity are out of the question. Almost everything depends upon the temper and disposition of the clergyman. There are salutary regulations in every diocese, respecting church dues as well as other points of church discipline, put forth by episcopal and synodical authority. Specific sums are laid down as the remuneration to be demanded and paid for the performance of such and such religious rites—for the celebration of marriage, or the oblation of the mass, or the half-yearly administration of the eucharist. These authorized exactions, as may be supposed, are moderate enough, and would not be at all adequate to supply the wants of an aspiring priesthood. Every priest, therefore, looking to his peculiar necessities, or to self-interest, makes the most he can of his ministry, and multiplies his exactions, without any reference to statute law or episcopal authority. Owing to this departure from fixed rules, the strangest discrepancy prevails even in the same diocese as to the church demands made upon the people.'—pp. 25, 26.

We must add the following sentences to this preliminary statement:—

'It may be right to observe that in the present defective state of things, the rich Catholics contribute in general but little to the support of their clergy. They pay nothing in proportion to their rank and means. They are extremely deficient in this respect, so that the whole burden of the priesthood, as to their support, rests, it may be said, on the shoulders of the poor, industrious, labouring classes.

'The revenue of the parish priest is derived from a variety of

sources. Confession furnishes the most steady and constant source of revenue. The priest selects twice a-year one or two houses in every plough-land or neighbourhood, where he holds what are called "stations of confession;" and it is required that the families all about should meet him when he comes among them upon these occasions; should make their confessions, receive the holy sacrament, and finally pay the customary dues. If increased dues are demanded—a thing of occasional occurrence—disagreeable and sometimes scandalous altercations ensue. Similar scenes occur when individuals attend and crave time for payment; while such as absent themselves, unless they send the dues as an apology, are generally made the subject of public abuse and exposure. All these things take place in connection with the *administration of two sacraments—penance and the eucharist*. The custom transforms religious rites into merchantable commodities, which the priest prices and turns to his own advantage, in the best manner he can. This is the appearance of the thing; and the common people do imagine that they pay their money in lieu of getting confession and communion. So deeply, indeed, is this persuasion engraven on their minds, that they consider themselves exempt from the obligation of payment unless they actually get absolution and the holy sacrament—that is—value for their money.—pp. 28, 29.

Marriage, it is well known, is a sacrament in the Roman Catholic Church; how far, according to Mr. Croly, is its sanctity maintained in the present practice of administering the rite by the Irish priesthood?

'The first thing done when there is question of marrying a couple, is to make a bargain about the marriage money. This sometimes causes a considerable delay. The remuneration or stipend prescribed by the diocesan statutes is never thought of for a moment. Indeed, all statutes respecting money matters are a mere dead letter. The priest drives as hard a bargain as he can, and strives to make the most of the occasion. Marriages are sometimes broken off in consequence of the supposed exorbitance of the demands. Some endeavour to evade the payment of any contribution: others give but little, and the few that please the priest are mere exceptions to the general rule. What is the consequence? The clergyman, after begging and entreating for some time to little purpose, gets at length into a rage, utters the most bitter invectives against individuals—abuses, perhaps, the whole company, and is abused himself in turn—until at length the whole house becomes one frightful scene of confusion and uproar; and all this takes place at the administration of one of the sacraments of the Catholic Church.'—pp. 30, 31.

The whole Christian world unite in their reverence for the initiatory rite of baptism:—

'The general rule is to baptize at private houses, or at the priest's house

house or lodgings, and under circumstances not of a very hallowed description. One leading feature in the transaction, on the part of the priest, is to get in the customary offering, and to swell, if possible, its amount. Children are sometimes sent away without baptism, for lack of money; and women remain frequently a considerable time without being church'd or purified after child-birth, (a great evil in their eyes,) because the priest has not been satisfied respecting the baptism money.'—p. 33.

The rite of extreme unction derives a peculiar importance and solemnity, in the eyes of all who believe in its efficacy, from the agonizing circumstances under which it is usually administered—it 'is considered in this country to be of the last importance; so much so, that no misfortune is accounted greater than for a poor mortal to depart this life without its reception. This rite is often administered under most distressing circumstances—amid sickness, lamentation, destitution, and want: yet money is demanded in most cases, particularly in the country; and instances occur of payment being demanded beforehand, and even of money being pocketed by the priest which had been given as alms for the relief of the dying.'—p. 34.

Other sacred rites are likewise objects of considerable gain, and give rise to contests between the secular and regular clergy.—(See pp. 36, 37.)—We conclude with the following paragraphs:—

'Other bad consequences regarding the clergy themselves arise out of the present system of church support. Many among them are constantly endeavouring to overreach and undermine one another. Every man of this description looks to his own private emolument, regardless of all covenants or agreements expressed or implied. The curate does not make a fair return to the parish priest, nor the parish priest, perhaps, to the curate; nor the curates, where a number is associated, to one another. Every man gets in what he can; and seems to think that he would be justified in appropriating the entire to himself. But this he cannot do; for he must make some return of his receipts; and this he does—but it is an arbitrary return, maimed, docked, curtailed. The consequence of all this is, that church revenue is become a mere scramble—every man is striving to seize upon a larger share, and deciding for himself in the appropriation. This is a bad state of things; it is a shameful state of clerical demoralization. Common honesty is out of the question. Nothing but lies, schemes, duplicity, false returns; so that the simple and the honest become the prey of the cunning and the crafty.

'It has been always the boast of the Roman Catholic Church, that she teaches her children to observe the laws, to respect the civil magistrate, and to do nothing inconsistent with the public peace and with individual security. The Irish Catholic priests have not this time past preached these doctrines to the people. It would be too much, perhaps, to say, that the priests themselves were the original instigators of the misguided multitude. There is no doubt that many of them acted a

prominent part in the business; and the impression on the minds of the common people was and is, that the priests gave it their full and unqualified sanction. But many of them *yielded reluctantly to the torrent*; and appeared to give their approbation to that which they in reality condemned. They went with the multitude, instead of guiding the multitude; and suffered religion and morality to be completely turned topay turvy. What was the cause of all this? Many causes, no doubt, may be assigned. National and religious prejudices might have had a share—sectarian hatred, cowardice—a general perversity of morals. But can it be said that the present state of clerical dependence for support upon a capricious multitude had no share in determining this unbecoming conduct on the part of the Irish Catholic priesthood? *The multitude held the strings of the clerical purse*; and woe betide the unfortunate priest who would set himself in opposition to their wishes. As a body they became all-powerful in this respect. The common cry among them was, that they would not uphold any priest who would not back them in their proceedings; and instances could be produced where this threat was carried into execution, and upright individuals of the clerical body were made the objects of every species of injustice and persecution. *The dread of poverty and of being cast off by those to whom they looked for subsistence* contributed powerfully to make the body at large become mere time-servers, and overlook the obligations of their sacred ministry. *It was a kind of general apostacy arising from base considerations of self-interest.* Accordingly, they either preached or countenanced lawless combination and suffered the temple to be profaned.

“*Dicite pontifices in sancto quid facit aurum.*”—p. 37-40.

Such is *the voluntary system* in the case of a body so powerfully influential as the Romish priesthood in Ireland. The autobiography of a ‘Dissenting Minister’ throws some light on the working of the same system, where the minister is of necessity still more completely at the mercy of the congregation. But it wants both the authority and the talent of Mr. Croly’s pamphlet. It appears in a much more questionable shape, and at one time we entertained strong doubts of its authenticity. It is well known that one of the fashionable novels, which, a few seasons ago, in the impartial and discriminating language of the petty critics, displayed so intimate an acquaintance with the manners and conversation of the great world, turned out to be written by a dissenting minister in a remote country town: we began to have our misgivings lest some of our profane writers of fiction had been committing reprisals, and assuming this foreign garb and *nom de guerre*. The author, whoever he may be, has attempted to anticipate our objection in one of the most pointed sentences in his book—for we must observe that the wit interspersed in the volume is not in general of a high order: though occasionally it reminds us of the sly, quiet irony of Galt, it more frequently offends against the gravity

gravity and seriousness which might become the subject, without compensating by either grace or point. He says—

‘I am not going to make a fiction that shall look like truth, but rather to exhibit a truth, which shall look like a fiction. By many, indeed, it will be treated as fiction; for they who *do not* know it to be true will think it fiction, and they who *do* know it to be true will call it fiction.’

Passing over some minor grounds of suspicion—there is, on the whole, a kind of minuteness and circumstantiality about the book which looks like truth; the author is so completely identified with the small passions, the small jealousies, the small ambition, and the small vexations of his situation, that we are by degrees brought to believe him when he asserts—*horum pars parva fui*—

‘These little things are great to little men.’

We are inclined, then, to consider this as the genuine work of an inferior man, and a wounded and disappointed one, who has nevertheless good sense enough to have become conscious of the humility of his own pretensions, and shrewdness enough to perceive much of the weakness, and self-interest, and conceit of the class into which he has been thrown; but who is grievously wanting in that deep religious feeling, that holy devotion to the cause of Christianity, which would find within itself a support and consolation for these petty miseries, as for the severer and more afflicting trials of life.

It may be a true picture, then, of what is going on in the lower regions, or rather outskirts of dissent. And it is in these outskirts that the propagation of dissent chiefly takes place—it is there that the activity of party spirit, and that of mercantile speculation, mingle with and leaven the higher motives of religious zeal and earnestness for the spiritual welfare of mankind—there, chapels multiply, which appear to add greatly to the strength and numbers of the dissenting body, but often are only the subdivisions of existing sects, which are weakened rather than increased by these secessions among their own people.* We cannot, however, accept this work as a fair or full representation of the dissenting body; we cannot believe that their leading academies for education either are, or were twenty or thirty years ago, in the deplorable state

* Several of the publications on the side of the Church have quoted these remarkable admissions from a leading dissenting journal:—‘The fact is not, in Britain, as if there were an establishment on one side, and an harmonious dissent on the other, peaceably parted by some specific disagreement, the existence of which all agree to lament: but our dissent is itself fraught with dissent, and breaks, and breaks again into distinct masses, as often as any excitement, local or general, puts the body in motion.’ In the same article are sentences which describe ‘the multiplication of societies by division;’ ‘polypus churches’ . . . ‘the propagation of dissenterism by signs’ . . . ‘the raising of congregations by architectural forcing glasses called chapels.’

which

which is here described; we cannot suppose that they generally treat their ministers with such indignity and such illiberality; that they exact so much duty, and pay with such parsimony; make them so servile to their caprices, to their interest, to their passions, and so ill repay their servility; that they exercise so inquisitorial a control over their private lives, and interfere with such busy assiduity in their domestic arrangements; that they are universally afflicted with an insatiate rage for novelty and excitement, which makes them ungratefully dismiss to penury and to obscurity those whose talents have been exhausted in their service, and whom they have pampered with a gross but transient popularity. It is notorious that many of the most respectable dissenting ministers live apparently in ease and comfort, and pass their whole days in amicable intercourse with their congregations—an intercourse which, from their being usually on one level as to rank in society, is easily kept up—that they appear to grow in the attachment and reverence of their people, and are followed to the grave by their respectful and fervent regret. We apprehend—in short, it appears indeed from his own showing—that the author of this work has been more connected with what we may call, we trust without offence, the adventurers in dissent, than with the older, more regular, and organized congregations.

We are as little inclined to affect the smooth language of insincere eulogy, in order to conciliate those who appear to us the most respectable of the dissenting body, as to be exasperated out of our calm and even course of candour and impartiality, by the hostile position which has been assumed against the Church by the more violent, in which, nevertheless, the whole body appears, at present, disposed to acquiesce. We look to the high and unalterable principles of Christian charity, not to the temporary effect which may be produced by our humble endeavours, for the establishment of reason and truth. We think the dissenting plan immeasurably inferior to that of an established church for the advancement and maintenance of pure Christianity. We think the voluntary system pregnant with inveterate, with incurable evil. But the Christianity of superior and enlightened minds may, we are most willing to admit, not only neutralize this evil, but elevate both the teacher and the congregation far above the sphere of its contagion. The dissenting minister of real talent, profound piety, and popular address, not merely feels that he has a right to assert his independence, because his commanding qualities can at any time obtain a new situation and secure an adequate stipend, but his ascendancy has a favourable influence over the congregation, whose honest pride in his superior abilities, and sincere attachment, expand their hearts, so that the grave and quiet deacons have

have rather to moderate than to excite their liberality. This combination of happy qualities is, however, of course rare; and systems must be judged only by their operation on ordinary minds. Ordinary men, when they hold the purse-strings, will be dictatorial, exacting, parsimonious; ordinary men, whose maintenance and the provisions for their families depend on the will of those who regulate their stipends, will not preserve that independence which, in our opinion, is among the most essential qualifications of the Christian minister. We mean, of course, independence—not on that legitimate control of public opinion, which requires from every teacher of Christianity exemplary conduct, diligent devotion to duty, Christian, and therefore, necessarily, kind and conciliatory manners—the practice, in short, of all those virtues which are the inseparable fruits of the faith which he inculcates;—but that independence, which is equally indispensable, whether the Christian minister be considered as invested with a peculiarly sacred character, as designated for his office by divine influence, or merely raised above his congregation by the more careful cultivation of the mind, and more profound study of the Scriptures;—that independence which is perfectly connected with the lowliest Christian humility. A man with this frame of mind will not condescend to take the key-note of doctrine from those he is appointed to teach; will flatter no prejudice; will remonstrate against any vice or sin, even if it happen to beset the wealthiest and most influential man in the congregation; will despise, in short, every art or manœuvre, and rest his claims to the respect and attachment of the people solely on the native dignity of his character.

The dissenters certainly do themselves injustice by the bitter complaints which perpetually break out in their authorized publications against the want of liberality in their supporters, if there is not this constant collision between the wants of their ministers and the rigid economy of the congregations. They are equally unfortunate in the violent and disgraceful schisms which have become matter of public notoriety in the metropolis, and which necessarily bring their concerns under the *secular* authority of the courts of justice.

The admissions of the Dissenters as to the inseparable evils of their own system have been collected from their authorized publications, by the industry of the writers who have engaged in this controversy in different parts of the kingdom on the side of the Church. They may be found in a book, the title of which stands the third in the list at the head of our article. The author is an avowed dissenter from that dissent in which he was educated, and is now a clergyman of the Church. This volume, to the great indignation of some of the dissenting journals, has been recommended, though in guarded language, from a high quarter.

It

It might have been as well, perhaps, not to make common cause with a book in which old Johnson's phrase is borrowed, and it is roundly declared that 'the devil was the first dissenter.' To us the book appears a coarse, intemperate, and abusive party publication—some strong positions are strongly urged, and there is a good deal of that rude and homely vigour which is often found in the controversial writings of the dissenters; but the general impression is harsh and repulsive—altogether inconsistent with that high tone of Christian dignity, that earnest yet not ungentle persuasiveness, which we should wish to see universally prevalent on the side of the Church. The writer's extracts from the works of the dissenters are, however, most curious for their involuntary betrayal of the weak points in their own system—and we are obliged to admit that they perfectly coincide with, and powerfully illustrate, the 'Autobiography of the Dissenting Minister.'

Among the most curious and instructive passages in the 'Autobiography,' is the account of the author's birth and parentage.

'I am the youngest of five, and my father, at the time of my birth, and for many years after, was a linen-draper in the Borough of Southwark. He had been brought up a strict dissenter, and was as pleased to trace his descent from the Non-conformists of the days of Charles II., as any Welshman can be to trace his pedigree up to Noah's ark. My mother also was a Puritan by descent, and all their friends and acquaintances were more or less of the same class. I was imbued from my earliest childhood with the idea that nothing good could exist out of the pale of dissent. None but the books of our own sect were ever admitted into our house, and as much as possible care was taken that we should not hold intercourse with *the people of the world*; for so we designated all who did not belong to our sect. Sometimes, indeed, it was absolutely necessary to meet with individuals belonging to the established church, but on such occasions I observed that so little conversation passed, that we seemed to be in the company of foreigners, who could not speak our language. As for going into a church, we should as soon have thought of going into a play-house, which building we were taught to regard as the house of the devil;—we did not indeed call the church by the same name, but we regarded it with almost the same abhorrence, and we used to speak of a church parson as of one who had no religion, morals, or even understanding. Being of a rather ardent temperament, I entered into the spirit of our family religion with no slight degree of zeal; and I regret to say, that the religion of my early youth, which was particularly commended by the pastor of the flock to which my father and mother belonged, consisted for the most part of a very pharisaic contempt for others. I used to make very many severe remarks on the irreligion of the world in general, and of our own more immediate neighbours in particular. I recollect very distinctly the indignation with which on Sunday I was in the habit of declaiming against the sin of Sabbath-breaking, when I saw persons setting out in gigs or on horseback on country excursions;

sions ; and if I read in the newspapers any account of persons being drowned in the river on Sunday, I felt rather more delight in this manifestation of a divine judgment, than rightly became a Christian and a youth. I was invariably attentive to the discourses of our pastor, but I rather think, upon recollection, that I listened to them so closely, prompted more by the vanity of being afterwards able to repeat the heads of the sermons, than by any truly serious feeling, or any desire after religious instruction.'—*Autobiography*, p. 2—4.

The reader will perceive in this specimen a certain air of caricature—which, indeed, is thrown over the whole volume ; but the writer has touched one of the most unmitigated evils of religious dissent—that jealous exclusiveness which still coops up the different sects of English dissenters within their own narrow pale, and teaches them to confine all virtue, all truth, all Christian excellence to their own sect. The religious are kept, if not to their own community, at least to the narrow region of dissent ; beyond this begins the '*world*'—the region of sin, of profaneness, of infidelity, at best of religious formality, and low and secular views of the Gospel. It might have been expected that the more general diffusion of knowledge—or at least the wider circle embraced by literature—would counteract this tendency to isolation in rigid and unmingling factions ; but there seems some danger lest it should confirm, rather than diminish, this inveterate evil. Every political party, every religious sect, every section of a sect, has now its own literature—its quarterly, or monthly, or weekly journal : it is even beginning to have—(alas ! that religion should be connected with that whose whole being is so apt to be bound up with the excitement of human passion)—its *daily press*. Of all irreligious publications (if St. Paul be right in asserting that the greatest of Christian virtues is charity) the worst is a religious newspaper. Beyond their own publications, most of the class for which they are written have neither time nor inclination, nor permission from the spiritual inquisition which rules their minds, to extend their reading. The rest of literature is enveloped in one vast index expurgatorius. Thus the line of demarcation is drawn as strongly and rigidly as ever ; and that common ground on which it might be hoped that the different parties would meet, and by mutual acquaintance soften off their asperities, is almost wholly interdicted. But it is the greatest evil, as well as the greatest danger, to society, when the different classes are condensed into hard, unsocial, antagonist masses, with no ties of amity, no common feelings from friendly intercourse, to break the rude collision. If men in general would know each other better, they would hate each other less. We have been much struck by a passage in the History of the French Revolution, by the present minister, M. Thiers. He is accounting for the jealousy still entertained

tertained by Madame Roland of the King, towards whom her party had become more favourably inclined: '*La raison de ses défiances est naturelle, elle ne voyait pas le roi. Les Ministres, au contraire, l'entretenaient tous les jours, et d'honnêtes gens qui se rapprochent sont bientôt rassurés.*' Would that this *rapprochement* could take place between all who have any pretence to the Christian character! The writer who uses the signature of L. S. E. quotes the following passage from the *Eclectic Review*:—
 'Pure attachment to dissenting principles requires to be kept up in certain minds by a *keen hatred*, and now and then a *little round abuse of the Church.*'

But for this power of isolating their people from all general intercourse with churchmen, we should very little dread the effects either of their hatred or their abuse. But for this, the most rigid dissenter would at least arrive at Pope's charitable frame of mind—

'Even in a bishop I can spy desert.'

We shall not follow our Autobiographer through the classical and commercial school, in which, with the assistance of Smart, he appears to have acquired the power of construing, not of scanning, the first ode of Horace. His subsequent academical career—at least the literary part of it—must, we conceive, be considerably burlesqued.

'In the academic establishment the utmost liberality of political opinion prevailed; frequently political topics were given to us as the subject of our themes; and I believe it was generally considered a piece of academic etiquette to take the anti-national side of the question. There were several shades and gradations of opinion, from the sober whig down to the conceited and roaring democrat. Paine's *Age of Reason* was of course not in great esteem among us, but his *Rights of Man* were highly popular; nor did we much relish the Socinianism of Dr. Priestley, but we admired him as a martyr to the cause of liberty; and though we adopted not the Arianism of Dr. Price, we gloried in his avowal of the right of the people to call kings to account, and to cashier them for misconduct. We regarded America as the *ne plus ultra* of political perfection—as the pure land of liberty, civil and religious. We hated the name of William Pitt, and all but worshipped that of Charles James Fox. We could not very well understand Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*, but we venerated his politics. We had in our college library, in four volumes, the trial of Thelwall, Hardy, Horne Tooke, and others for high treason; and we regarded Sir Francis Burdett as one of the first of living characters. Indeed, whatever theological or political prejudices I had been imbued with under my paternal roof, these were by no means abated or diminished by the society or pursuits of the college; but though they were not immediately and palpably diminished, yet I think that ultimately, by means of the excess to which the opinions were carried, and the bigotry with which they were maintained, the hold which they originally had of my mind

mind was very greatly shaken. This effect did not appear at once, but was developed several years after, much to my annoyance. I believe that one of the reasons why we never read Aristophanes was that he makes democracy look so exquisitely ridiculous. The difficulty of the author could be no objection, for to our classical tutor one author was quite as easy as another, if it had but a Latin version at the bottom of the page; and we used to be very proud of reading Æschylus, Thucydides, and Longinus. The fact is, that the eminence of our classical tutor's scholarship was so great, that he could read any Greek author with a Latin version, and none without it.—p. 37—39.

Some persons may find amusement in the account of the various congregations by which, in turn, our simple minister is received with flattering approbation, and dismissed with cold and contemptuous neglect—the clashing interests of the more wealthy managers* of the schisms which divide and subdivide the small sects—the low arts of popularity by which he endeavours to make good his ground—the unwearied labours and the baffled hopes, which exhaust his powers and depress his energies. Upon us, these things, represented with an air of truth and reality, produce only emotions of thoughtful sadness; and that sadness settles into deep melancholy, when we anticipate the possibility that this, or anything approaching to it—anything with one feature or principle like this—is to be the substitute either for the Established Church of England, or for the humbler, but in these days equally vituperated, Kirk of Scotland. The question is not, whether the whole body of dissent in this kingdom is liable to such serious exception; but, whether it is the natural tendency of the spirit of dissent, if dominant, to propagate Christianity in a form which maintains so much of its language, and even of its doctrine, with so little of its real tone or spirit.

The Bishop of London has referred, in one of the notes to his admirable sermons on Establishments, to a very striking passage in Barrow's twelfth sermon on the Independence of the Clergy.

* Mr. James, in 'The Church Member's Guide,' a work of authority among the Dissenters, indignantly asks, 'What is the Deacon of some of our communities? Not simply the laborious, indefatigable, tender-hearted dispenser of the bounties of the Church—the inspector of the poor—the comforter of the distressed. No! but the *bible of the minister, the patron of the living, and the wolf of the flock*—an individual who, thrusting himself into the seat of government, attempts to lord it over God's heritage, by dictating alike to the pastor and the members; who thinks that, in virtue of his office, his opinion is to be law in all matters of church government, whether temporal or spiritual: who, upon the least symptom of opposition to his will, frowns like a tyrant upon the spirit of rising rebellion among his slaves! Such men there have been, whose spirit of domination has produced a kind of *diaconophobia* (i.e. deacon-horror) in the minds of many ministers, who have suffered most wofully from their bite, and have been led to do without them rather than be worried any more. Hence it is that in some cases the *unscriptural* plan of committees has been resorted to—that the tyranny of *Lord Deacons* might be avoided.'—(Quoted by L. S. E., p. 149.)

We prefer, however, selecting an illustrative quotation from the writings of an eminent dissenter, quoted by L. S. E. :—

‘The power of choosing a minister produces a feeling *unfavourable to religious result*, as it leads all in some degree to listen rather as judges than disciples. At certain periods this is essential, but in the minds of many it frequently continues; it is too congenial to the dominant propensity of human nature to be readily relinquished; hence often a variety of evils—hence the rude remarks, the vulgar impertinence of some of all ranks and sexes—hence the *general custom* of regarding how a thing is said, rather than the thing itself, though the most momentous, perhaps, within the compass of thought. With the consciousness of a minister, as “their servant for Christ’s sake,” many are disposed to think him such for their own, and to occasion disorder by unreasonable demands on his time, attention, and *docility*! The freedom from priestly domination, laid as the basis of the system, will excite at times such a feeling of independence as will expand into something like *popular tyranny*.—Binney’s *Life of Morell*.

This Mr. Binney is the author of a sermon which denounced the church ‘as a national evil,’ as ‘destroying more souls than it saves.’ We leave it for him to reconcile the strain of that sermon with the passage which we have just been quoting from his *Life of Morell*. The passage is in itself a valuable one—and we recommend it to the most serious consideration of the Scotch General Assembly, whose late vote as to the subject of *patronage* will, if unrescinded, soon make every vacant benefice in the Kirk the subject of a popular canvass!

We are of course unable to judge how much truth there may be in our next specimen of the ‘*Miseries of a Dissenting Minister*’ :—

‘I am now arrived at a most important epoch in my history—the most important, perhaps, in a minister’s life. Being arrived at years of discretion, as I thought, for I was full thirty, I ventured to take the liberty to fall in love, and to marry. This I found was taking a very great liberty indeed, but I am sure I did not think any harm. I did not marry a portionless damsel, as one of my brethren did—who, in consequence of it, found his salary gradually decrease, as a hint that he might take himself and his poverty elsewhere; nor did I marry one out of any other sect than my own. My sin was, that I chose a wife for myself. I will not say, because I do not think, that there were any young or middle-aged ladies in my flock who were desirous of having me; but the sin was, that I chose for myself without consulting my flock. Now by this I say I gave offence. I did not fall into any downright disagreement, or come to anything like absolute affront;—they were all very civil to the bride, and affected to like her very much; but they all made various animadversions and remarks of a not very complimentary nature; and these remarks were all carefully

fully picked up, and brought to me for my own special amusement; they were all told to me in perfect confidence, and a particular injunction was given to me by the narrator, praying that I would not let them give me a moment's uneasiness on any account whatever;—they did not indeed give much uneasiness, but they would have given me less if I had never been told of them.'—*Autobiography*, p. 176.

To return, however, to more serious matters—we must quote the verdict of this author on one general effect of the voluntary system in the sphere in which he has moved. He is speaking of the restless love of change which, he asserts, prevails among the dissenting congregations:—

'I am now an old man, and I can truly say that I have seen dissenting congregations grow weary of three successions of preachers. Piety has nothing to do with it; for the truly pious of the congregation are for the most part quiet and uncomplaining, thinking more of the salvation of their souls than of the gratification of their taste. I have thought much of this matter, and have observed it long with great patience and a close attention, and I find it to be an evil inseparable from dissent, and the natural consequence of the voluntary system. A minister goes to a congregation as a suppliant: he must make himself agreeable to all, and undergo the criticisms of all; the very outset of his connexion with them places him in a humiliating attitude. When he first enters the pulpit as a candidate, the question naturally occurs to him, "Do I seek to please men?" and the answer as naturally occurs to him in the affirmative. For awhile, perhaps, he may succeed—may be intensely popular—may be idolized; but it cannot last long, unless he has extraordinary talents, or great comparative wealth. Few men of wealth, however, are disposed to take up the work of the ministry among the dissenters; and as for extraordinary talents, it is merely an identical proposition to say that they are not common. But let a man's wealth or talents be what they may, a dissenting congregation can never forget that it has sat in judgment on its minister, and therefore can never look up with complete respect to one on whom it has looked down with the investigation of criticism. It often happens that a minister is engaged for six months, or even more, upon trial, and during the whole of that time he is listened to critically; and he preaches and prays with a view to criticism; and he is compelled to undergo a thousand impertinent hints, animadversions, and suggestions, to make himself all things to all men; and at last it depends on the turn of a straw whether he be chosen or rejected. The sanctity and reverence of the ministerial character must greatly suffer by this system; and accordingly we find almost every where that a dissenting minister is but the tool of his flock; they are his instructor, and not he theirs. He must preach and pray in such fashion as may be most pleasing to them; he must be always of their opinion in all matters—religious, political, or otherwise.'—p. 111—113.

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The author in a former passage had called to his assistance some nervous language, from a pamphlet by William Hull, whom he describes as a dissenting minister:—

‘Dependent,’ says Mr. Hull, ‘for his election on the suffrages of persons who are proud of a power which they are seldom qualified to exercise with wisdom; dependent for his daily bread on the voluntary contributions of those who, while they are accustomed to sit in judgment on the preacher, boast that they can, at any time, cashier and reject the man of their choice; dependent for a favourable reception of his public services on a series of private attentions, which, under the imposing name of pastoral visits, are for the most part only the sacrifice of time to frivolous gossip and idle calls,—the pastor of an Independent church is of all men the *most dependent*; and therefore, to maintain his standing with a plebeian constituency, must be of all men the most servile. This servility is inculcated by the dignitaries of dissent under the abused name of Christian humility; and to cut and shuffle and creep is perversely denominated becoming “all things to all men.” But he has his revenge; he stoops to conquer. He maintains his ascendancy by arts of fanaticism, or by cherishing the passions of sectarian bigotry and hate, and surrounds himself finally with the factitious dignity and questionable influence of a partizan.’—pp. 166, 167.

Here the Autobiographer has been guilty of injustice, both to Mr. Hull and to the whole body of dissenting ministers. In the first place, we have no doubt that he is wrong in stating that the writer he is quoting ever was a dissenting minister. Mr. Hull, whoever he be, is the author of two pamphlets, about the ablest which have appeared on the subject; we recommend the first especially to our readers for the cogency of its argument, the vigour of its style, and, in general, its high tone of Christian feeling. To justify the last clause in our sentence of well-deserved praise, we must continue the quotation which our dissenting minister has so unfairly broken off—though in the passage which follows the extract are some words even stronger than those adduced, which we wish had been avoided or softened. The expressions against which we except, and of which even the recent resolutions passed at Birmingham shall not extort our approval, we have marked in italics. Alas! that, writing in the nineteenth century, we cannot remonstrate against the use of such terms in Christian controversy, without the recollection of public documents, deliberately issued by more than one body of Dissenters—to say nothing of the language openly used by individuals—rising up, as it were, to rebuke our charity. Mr. Hull says:—

‘The evils which result are incalculable. One, not perhaps of its greatest, is the spirit of interminable warfare against the church; since a principal means of commanding influence within their own connection

connection is to exasperate the malignity of faction, by feeding in vulgar minds an ignorant contempt of the clergy. The charge of being "*useless*" proceeds with an ill grace from men whose lives are spent in efforts to frustrate the labours of the clergy by *calumniating their characters*. But the apology of the dissenting minister is to be found in his system, if indeed any apology can be offered for the man who consoles himself for *conscious servility* to his own party by a corresponding *insolence and ferocity* towards others.

'This counter-statement is given "more in sorrow than in anger;" not in the spirit of vindictive retaliation, but in mere justice to the calumniated ministers of the church, and to the cause of truth. For, after all, dissenting ministers, generally, are good men, although placed in circumstances unfavourable to the culture of manly independence of mind, which is perfectly distinct from party violence. And let it be recorded to their own honour, and to that of human nature, that not a few of their number fall victims to the system which they conscientiously uphold. They err in reasoning, but their hearts are in the right place. Their souls are not rendered callous by fanaticism. They feel the bitter mockery of such independence as is allowed them. Men of finer and more ethereal temperament sink under the indignities and privations they endure, in what they conceive to be the path of duty, and die broken-hearted. The real cause of their untimely departure is little understood by the people with whom they are associated. Sustained in their last hours by faith in their Redeemer, their lamented fate is ascribed to their anxious zeal too rapidly wearing out the spring of life; and their names are enrolled in the obituary of the sect, as a testimony to the goodness of that system which destroyed them.'—*Hull*, pp. 59, 60.*

We might leave Mr. Hull to reconcile the apparent contradiction between these two paragraphs; but, on such a subject, contradiction is inevitable. Where two antagonist principles are thus in perpetual conflict,—on one side, the religion itself, with all its mild, and benignant, and sanctifying influences working within the hearts of the more enlightened and the better men—on the other, the inseparable evils of the *voluntary system*, inflaming the pride and the passions of the more intemperate and undisciplined,—with this constant struggle between the self-denying, and self-sub-

* 'A young man has been observed to receive from a church a flattering reception, and to settle under circumstances of peculiar encouragement. The people have formed a high opinion of his talents, and a higher of his piety. In the course of a year or two all is altered—the promise of his early services is not fulfilled—the feelings of the people change; some, whose admiration at first arose almost to enthusiasm, become now perhaps the most cool or *contemptuous*; the man lingers on for a time amidst growing dissatisfaction, till at length he either quits a sphere which he finds himself no longer adequate to fill, or is borne, with a strange mixture of emotion in the breast of survivors, to the last and universal refuge of humanity, "where the slave is free from his master, and where the weary are at rest."—*Life of Morell*, p. 253. And this touching passage is again from the hand of the vehement preacher of the King's Weigh-House, Mr. Binney!

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duing, and self-devoting spirit of the Gospel, and that of jealousy, of depressed ambition, of interest, and all the baser motives, in the heart of the individual,—not merely do we cease to wonder that from the same *community* should issue the meek, the devoted, the affectionate minister of Christ, and the fiery and restless demagogue; but that the same elements should ferment in the same *mind*, and, at one time, lend to the language of the same man a peaceful, evangelic gentleness, at another, the fierce and passionate invective of faction, discontent, and hatred.

In his dignified answer to the memorable Birmingham resolutions, the Premier has appealed to the good sense and justice of the more enlightened—we are desirous to believe far the greater—body of the Dissenters in this country. To the measures of Sir Robert Peel, in order to allay this fierce and overbearing turbulence, by removing every real—as far as possible, every imaginary grievance—and so to leave them without a shadow of just complaint against the impartiality of the government, the country looks with anxious though trustful expectation—

‘Hunc ubi commotâ fervet plebecula bile,
Fert animus calidæ fecisse silentia turbæ
Majestate manûs—quid deinde loquere?’

We, too, in our humble sphere, would call upon the more enlightened of the dissenting body themselves,* we would call on all wise, and moderate, and Christian people, to re-consider this vital question,—the comparative advantage of an endowed and established church, and that of the voluntary system for the maintenance of the Christian ministry. We appeal from those whose most enlarged view of the benefits of Christianity comprehends no more than the operation of certain peculiar doctrines, embraced only during a short period, and on a very narrow and limited scale, to those who take a wider survey of the influence exercised by our blessed religion, and would trace, willingly and gratefully, the benefits of the life and the death of the Redeemer in every modification of his faith which its divine author has permitted it to assume. We appeal from those who are blinded by hereditary or imbibed hatred of an established church, to those who can discriminate between the essential advantages of an endowed establishment and the accidental abuses which may have crept into the Church of England; from those who consider all bishops as actuated by the severe and arbitrary principles which were conscientiously maintained by Laud, to those who can discern that the existing Church of England is not more justly chargeable with the errors

* The better class of Dissenters have not been altogether silent. The admirable ‘Letter to the Right Hon. Earl Grey,’ we trust speaks the sentiments of a numerous class.

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of intolerant and comparatively barbarous times, than the modern Baptists with the atrocities of John of Leyden, or the prudent and peaceful Friends with the frenzies of James Nayler, and the other crazy fanatics who bore testimony against the 'Steeple House.' *

It is our duty, we humbly think, at least to attempt to throw ourselves forward, and assume the vantage ground of later history, in order, altogether divested of our own individual prepossessions, even of our most rooted feelings, to pass an impartial and deliberate judgment on questions like the present. Thus to anticipate with prophetic sagacity the verdict of the future philosophic historian should be the aim of the real statesman;—of him to whom alone the prospective interests of a great country ought to be committed, of him who legislates on deep and lasting principles, neither resisting with unwise and fruitless opposition the progress of human opinion, nor mistaking every passion of the day for the profound impulse of the public mind—the reiterated clamour of one section of society for the settled conviction of the whole. It will appear to the future historian, that at this period a considerable property—but a property not sufficient, if entirely confiscated, to make any sensible diminution in the public burdens—was held by a peculiar tenure. In every district a man of education and character was bound to reside, to perform the functions of religion; his sphere of duty was strictly defined, and every inhabitant had a right to demand his services; his church must be open on all stated occasions. This resident, whatever his rank or station in the ecclesiastical body, must be, and we will boldly state, almost invariably is, a man of exemplary moral character. He stands in a very peculiar position:—by his education, and by the respect at present universally attached to his profession, he is admitted on a social footing by the gentry and the highest aristocracy; the profession, indeed, is held in so much esteem, that the younger sons of men of the highest station are found within its ranks;—yet by the duties

* The Wesleyan Methodists are not only distinguished, at least the larger and more primitive part of the community, by a less hostile feeling towards the church, but the constitution of their community, in some degree, mitigates the inseparable evils of the 'voluntary system.' Though maintained by the benefactions of their members, the intervention of the Conference in regulating, we believe distributing, the salaries of the preachers, and in the appointment of the preachers to their different circuits, (that Conference being formed by the body of the preachers themselves,) prevents any direct collision between the congregation and the pastor. He is neither directly chosen by them, nor immediately stipendiary to his particular flock. As for establishments, the sentiments of the founder of Methodism are well known on that point. John Wesley would have had no objection to the revenues of the See of Canterbury, if he might have spent them in furtherance of his own religious views; he would, we suspect, have been only too happy to take up his abode in Lambeth Palace, if he might, at the same time; have been allowed to preach in Lambeth Fields. The excellent life of one of Wesley's ablest and most genuine disciples, Richard Watson, will furnish us with an early opportunity of reverting to this subject.

of his office he is equally bound to be at the call of the humblest pauper. Of course, where there are many more than 10,000 clergy, there will be men of every hue and shade of talent and capacity — every possible difference of temper and sentiment; there will be bigotry, narrow-mindedness, a strong corporate spirit, a dread of change; there will be worldly ambition and indolence, avarice and carelessness, as well as the virtues which ought to adorn, and which in the innumerable majority of cases do adorn, the ministerial character. But if the total effect be less pleasing and hopeful than an Utopian view of the subject might presuppose; if the clergyman is not universally,—what he is so frequently,—the link which binds together the different ranks of society,—the almoner of the rich, the friend, and adviser, and consolator of the poor;—let us inquire what other disposition of this property is likely, on the whole, to be so conducive to the peace and happiness of society, to the moral and religious interests of mankind?

The question is now entirely between an endowed and established church, and the voluntary system. No other appropriation to religious purposes can be admitted; the church revenue, if diverted from its present uses, must be altogether desecrated and thrown into the common stock of secular property. To follow out, indeed, the principle of the voluntary system to its legitimate consequences, the law must prohibit the dedication of property to religious purposes, at least to the maintenance of Christian ministers, whether by grant or bequest. All endowments for the maintenance of dissenting teachers must be heroically surrendered in pursuance of the dominant principle: for the sole difference that we can discover between the two kinds of property, is the much larger amount of the one, and the much greater antiquity of its legal title. One general Mortmain Act must confiscate for the present, and proscribe for the future, all endowments for ecclesiastical purposes. Whether the property of the church was altogether obtained by voluntary grant or bequest, or by extorted concessions, to our mind makes little difference. It is held by a tenure which has been recognized for centuries, and whether vested, like the dissenting endowments, in individual trustees for the purposes named by the donor, or whether, as we apprehend to be the real relation between the church and state, the state is the trustee, and is bound to see the covenants of that trust, as far as may be, fulfilled; all endowments of the kind* must stand and fall together.

* It is singular enough to find the different sects of dissenters contesting with so much pertinacity the 'Lady Hewley's Charity.' On the strict principles of the voluntary system, surely they should petition to be relieved from the dangerous possession of such an endowment; or make it over by common consent to increase the 'dead weight,' which now oppresses into religious torpor the Established Church,

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What then is to become of this property, if alienated for ever from its present uses? We have already said that its sale would really benefit the public but little; government assignats on church property would afford a very temporary relief to an embarrassed chancellor of the exchequer. But what will be the social, the moral, the religious consequence? The squire or the rich nobleman will have added the tithe to his rents; the glebe will have been thrown into the park of the neighbouring lord; the peaceful parsonage will become the residence of the retired tradesman; the church, we presume—for no one sect will be able to assert a peculiar right to its use, or to maintain it in repair—will become a picturesque and venerable ruin. There will be no longer in the village, or in the small town, the gentleman by birth, by manners, and by education—very often the man who spends five times the amount which he receives from church property, on purposes connected with religion and charity. For this most important point has been usually overlooked. There are numberless instances of men of considerable private fortune, who, from the high respectability in which the profession is held, are led to embrace it with zealous ardour, and bring to the church ten times the property which they ever derive from it. Instead of this, there will be the wretched cottage, or rather the cluster of cottages, where the teachers of the different sects, who will take upon themselves the Christian instruction of the peasantry, will rise in lowly rivalry; and obtain, as best they may, and by any means which their too-often-tempted conscience will permit—for want is the most dangerous of tempters)—to wring out their precarious livelihood. They may be assisted by voluntary associations among the more wealthy of their sect, but what will be their general condition in comparison with the poorest curate of the existing church? If they can live, where are the funds for their education, for their books?—as for their assisting others, their ‘widow’s mite’ would be a mite indeed!

America is the great model to which both parties appeal to show the success or the failure of republican institutions both in church and state. The voluntary system is there in full operation; some of its American advocates assert, as they assert with regard to all their institutions, in the most perfect and unexampled efficiency as a plan for the maintenance and advancement of Christianity. The counter-statement, however, rests on equal authority, and presents a very different result.* It is impossible for us fairly
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* A work has been published by the Rev. J. G. Lorimer, of Glasgow, called ‘The Past and Present Condition of Religion and Morality in the United States of America, an Argument not for Voluntary, but for Established Churches.’ It abounds in quotations

to examine this controversy, without entering into minute details, balancing conflicting statements, and decomposing, as it were, the whole system of American society, for which we have at present no space. But indeed time alone can solve this great and all-interesting problem. A century at least must elapse, the vast floating surface of society must assume a settled form, before we can judge whether the spirit of Christian peace will continue to brood upon the waters, and calm its unruly agitation. We are unwilling to doubt the power of Christianity to adapt itself, as a beneficent agent in the work of civilization and happiness, to any form of society; yet we cannot suppress some feelings of despondency at the Christian prospects of America. We are at the same time bound to admit, that our views of the beneficial effects to be expected from Christianity may not be quite accordant with those of the advocates of the opposite system. We believe the calm and sober piety inculcated by the most influential lights and guides of the Church of England, to be much nearer to genuine and primitive Christianity, than the sudden and paroxysmal bursts of revivalism which convulse and, we doubt not, exhaust the religious feelings among our transatlantic brethren: even under the fairest representations of their moral influence, we consider the camp-meetings too nearly allied in their furor and contagious fanaticism, to the Corybantic rites of Paganism, or, at best, to the wild eruptions of enthusiasm, the simultaneous pilgrimages, and the crusades of the barbarous ages of Christianity. It is universally admitted, that vast tracts of country, covered by a scattered and migratory population, are altogether without the administration of Christian ordinances, or the teaching of a settled ministry. This is perhaps inevitable; the great cause of the weakness of the Church of England has been its inability—we must reluctantly add, its supineness at former periods in endeavouring—to keep pace with the rapid growth of population in the manufacturing districts. But, to argue the question, at present, on mere utilitarian principles—in any comparison between the two systems of Christian ministrations as to their efficiency and power, the total difference in the social state of the two countries, a difference which no revolution can level, must enter into the account. Grant that the voluntary system works, on the whole, with success in the United States;—grant that even if these immense masses of population exist unleavened by the purifying influence of Christian ministrations, this is an in-

quotations from American writers, showing the real religious state of the country. The last note to the Bishop of London's *Sermons on Establishments* contains a very interesting and temperate statement on the subject, in reply to a Mr. Colton, an American clergyman, who had attempted to refute the Bishop's conclusions on this subject.

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evitable consequence of the present period of social development in America ;—grant that the congregations of the separate religious sects bear as great a proportion to the general population as in this country ;—grant that the general tone of Christian feeling is equally high, pure, and primitive ;—grant that the liberality of the several congregations maintains at least the more respectable of the ministers in decent ease and comfort ;*—grant that our celebrated female traveller has overcoloured the influence exercised by the different ministers over her own sex, to the increase of their own worldly comforts, at the expense of the more parsimonious husband ; and that she has over-estimated the proportionate power exercised over the male and female mind, as shown in the relative numbers composing the congregations ;—yet, after all these prodigal and, we have no doubt, most unwarranted concessions, the question of the *utility* of a Church Establishment in England is hardly affected. In the United States all are, and must be for some time, much more on a level in point of property than in the old country ; the high wages of labour place the artisan and the peasant much more nearly on a par with the shopkeeper or tradesman ; the expenses of living on a decent scale are smaller, so that even the labourer who belongs to an independent congregation, if he has the will, has likewise the power to contribute to the maintenance of his pastor. The Methodists with us sometimes contrive to raise contributions among our working people ; and through the habits of sobriety and temperance which they inculcate, the poor man is probably a gainer rather than a loser by his penny a week, or such trifling subscription. This, however, cannot be done on a general and extensive scale. A revolution which would, in any degree, equalize property in this country, must commence by destroying two thirds of it. In the first place, in so violent and appalling a convulsion, as alone could disorganize the present tenure of property, all which depends upon public or private credit falls at once ; secondly, as such a revolution—if it ever comes—can only take place in the interests, and through the predominant power of the manufacturing classes, its first step must be the total abrogation of all corn laws, from which the value of land, and the

* We are assured, by a well-known and credible minister of that country, 'No minister of any Protestant denomination, to my knowledge, has ever received a sufficient living two years in succession. . . . Dr. Payson's father, like most ministers of country parishes, derived the means of supporting his family from a farm which his sons assisted in cultivating ; . . . even the celebrated Dr. Dwight, when engaged on Sundays in his ministerial labours, was at one period of his life left to work after the same fashion, during the week ; and . . . the salary of a minister is in some cases below that of a day-labourer.'—*Dealtry's Charge*, p. 16. Dr. Dwight himself has said—'A voluntary contribution, except in a large town, is as uncertain as the wind, and a chameleon only can expect to derive a permanent support from that source.'—*Ibid.* (note), p. 109.

whole capital now sunk in agriculture, must suffer the same fate.

We are at present in that state, whatever may be the changes of our political constitution, in which, by the one great undoubted law of population, with a vast proportion of the inhabitants of the country, the price of labour must be closely limited to the means of subsistence. Wages cannot rise to any considerable amount without exhausting the capital and the property from which they are derived. It is impossible then that our peasantry, or our working classes, can themselves maintain a Christian ministry. The Church of England is—we will not say, the state provision—but the provision bequeathed by our pious ancestors, and guaranteed by the state, for the Christian instruction of this otherwise helpless class of the community. Is it an adequate provision for this purpose? Far from it;—with all the contributions levied by the zeal of the Methodists and the dissenting congregations, it is confessedly far below the necessities of the poor. Will the voluntary system supply its place?—will it raise an income, independent of that which at present it does raise, equal or approaching to the church revenues, or even to that very large proportion of the church revenue which is rigidly devoted to the instruction of the people and the maintenance of the (invidiously so called) ‘working’ clergy? Woe to the poor of this land, if the church property—if their property, for it is theirs, in its beneficent influence, in all the blessings disseminated by a pious and zealous parochial minister, in the charities which he maintains by his indirect influence, as well as by his personal contributions, even in his expenditure within the sphere of his parish—if this property, which distils in its various channels of fertilizing bounty, through every region of indigence, destitution, and distress, should be suddenly dried up by the sultry breath of political agitation: if it should be alienated to any other purpose, even though that alienation should appear for the moment to alleviate the most pressing burthens of the poor. Dr. Dealtry in his recent Charge has collected from several publications a curious statement of the comparative contributions from the clergy and other members of the church, with those from the dissenters, to the hospitals, dispensaries, schools, and other charitable institutions of the country. With regard to the dissenting minister, he must, in all fairness, be left out of such calculations: if he had the will—as in better circumstances a teacher of Christianity must have the will—he wants the power to take the place of the clergyman in the support of such charities. With him, surrounded as he often is by a large family, charity must not only begin at home, but it must remain brooding and concentrated there—unable to extend its flight even

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into the nearest regions of want and distress. What would be the consequence to society, if the whole clergy of this country were at once reduced to the level of the dissenting ministry, in the means of doing good?—if all charities, as well as all the churches and meeting-houses of the kingdom, were left to the private and casual munificence of the opulent?—if there were none whom their station as Christian ministers, and their more intimate acquaintance with the divine charity of their Master, should summon to adorn and commend their faith by their good works—and who should be enabled, from their professional incomes, to answer to that imperative call?

For there is another most important point, which must not be overlooked in this great controversy. It cannot be denied that the present in this country, and even in America, is a period of much religious excitement. If the voluntary system would act at any time with efficiency, it would be now, when the plan of organizing religious associations is so widely practised; and the very nonsense and fanaticism which abound only prove the exuberant religious life and vigour which penetrate the whole of society. But the experience of all Christian history teaches us that such outbursts of over-strained excitement collapse into comparative indifference and apathy. The wise Christian statesman will provide for the evil day, as well as for the good: he will see that the voluntary system must ebb and flow with the tide of religious feeling; but if it once falls far below the decent, even if parsimonious, maintenance of a Christian ministry, what will be the consequence? None but very inferior, or very uneducated men, and those in general men of high-wrought enthusiasm, will embrace the calling; that enthusiasm falling upon undisciplined and uncultivated minds, the calling will sink in public estimation; and though there may be some wise and holy men who will cling to it through evil report as well as good report, yet the general effect must be the degradation of the ministerial character, and with that an increased disrespect and irreverence for religion itself. It is at such periods that the inert resistance of an endowed establishment, which depends for its support on no temporary excitement, and is liable to fail on no subsidence of local fervour, maintains at least the public ceremonial for local in all its decent dignity. Religion has a quiet sanctuary, in which, if she rest unaggressive, she still maintains her own self-respect, and commands respect abroad;—she can still associate herself with learning; and if the body of her ministers partake of the general quiescence as to the propagation of Christianity, even the regular performance of their functions tends to keep alive that which otherwise would almost expire in neglect and indifference.

indifference. At all events, directly that an impulse is given to a revival of religion, the machinery is at hand, and is almost instantly set in operation. The armour may be rusting for a time on the wall, but it is always ready for the hand, to be seized and employed as soon as the signal is given for the advance. If it be asserted, on the one hand, that the voluntary system will secure the Christian world against relapsing into such a period of apathy, we can only appeal to the annals of religion and to human nature itself; if, on the other, that it is the establishment of religion which tends, by the certainty of the provision which it affords, to repress and to deaden the energies of its ministers, we can only reply, that in the general course of things, penury, dependence, want of respect—the inevitable lot of Christian ministers, who, in a period of decaying piety, are supported only by the reluctant contributions of a few comparatively indifferent followers—will have a more fatal effect than even the enemies of our Church dare ascribe to the ease and independence of an endowed clergy. If the last appeal be made to the protecting Spirit, which, we are assured, will watch over the preservation of the Church, and that the blessing of that Spirit will certainly be granted in an especial degree to congregations formed, as it is asserted, so nearly on the primitive Christian model, here our answer is, that this argument assumes the point at issue—it is undoubtedly unanswerable, if it can be *proved*, and clearly proved, that one party has a right to adduce it rather than another.

The plain practical question is, whether there is so much Christian liberality in any Christian country as to make it consistent with religious, or even with political wisdom, boldly to throw up this fund. It is singular that those religious sects, which insist most earnestly on the total depravity of man, and confine the influences of real Christianity within the narrowest pale, will nevertheless calculate upon the adequate maintenance of the Christian ministry from the contributions of the enlightened few. They would be the first to admit the hardening and unchristianizing effects of wealth; the natural selfishness of the human heart, they might assert, and assert with some truth, would lead them in general to expect voluntary contributions to the maintenance of religion in an inverse proportion to the opulence of the individual. Yet on this precarious tenure, when there actually exists a revenue which burthens no part of society, and is no more a tax on the community than the rent of the landed proprietor, they would risk the power, the prosperity, we conscientiously believe, almost the existence of the Christianity of the land. Unless pure and influential Christianity is dominant—widely and permanently dominant, and dominant among the
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wealthier classes—can there be any rational reliance on the proper, effective, general maintenance of Christian ordinances, or of Christian instruction, in any state of society?

Deeply should we lament, if any observations of ours should tend to widen the breach between the Dissenters and the Church. We appeal, in the name of our common Christianity, to all the peaceful and the enlightened of the former body, to stand forward, in order to allay the ungodly strife which has commenced;—we appeal to all who prize the religion of Christ above temporary political influence, to arrest this implacable and internecine warfare against the Church, in which, if they succeed, the advantages to Christianity, even on their own showing, are remote and problematical; in ours, must be fatal to the religious welfare of the community; but which, by its very agitation and excitement, must give a most fearful shock to the faith of millions. The strife cannot be carried on without the maddening of evil passions on both sides, the exasperation of mutual hate, the degrading sense of defeat, the still more unchristian exultation of triumph—and of all this our common religion bears the blame, and suffers the penalty. Why will not Dissent, if it will adhere to its voluntary system, take its place as an auxiliary—as a rival, if it will—in the holy emulation of peace and good works, with the Established Church? Why will it be always looking to the petty interests of the dissenting body—uniting, upon a principle of common hostility to the Church, parties which differ, *inter se*, far more widely, and on more important points of doctrine, than most of them from the Church—while the great eternal interests of the religion of charity and love are forgotten? Religious liberty, in its usual sense, is a noble thing; but religious liberty according to its more genuine acceptation is far nobler—the liberty of the soul from the selfish jealousies, the inflaming passions, the hatred and the strife which fill the heart of the demagogue—the liberty which commands internal peace, into whatever outward state of anxiety or distress man may be thrown, and emancipates him from the most tyrannical bondage under which he can groan—his own undisciplined, unimproved, unsanctified nature.

In order to advance, as far as may be in our power, this holy consummation, we would endeavour to remove every point of hostile collision between the two bodies—to abolish every distinction which is not strictly necessary to the existence and efficiency of a national church—and, by endeavouring to negotiate an interchange of mutual good understanding among the wise and moderate on both sides, overawe into silence the clamours of the more violent. The principle of any such arrangement appears very simple,—mutual concession, and, if possible, mutual respect
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for conscientious prejudices. In this calm and conciliatory spirit, we would proceed, in the first place, to the investigation of what are called the *Claims of the Dissenters*, and afterwards to make some observations on the popular subject of *Church reform*.

The first grievance of which the Dissenters complain is the payment of *church-rates*. It may be observed, that the Dissenters do not state this question quite fairly, when they represent it as a personal charge; it is, in fact, a tax upon property. This tax is sanctioned by immemorial usage, and, no doubt, every one who hires a farm or a house calculates the amount of this rate as he does the poor-rate or the highway-rate, and pleads it in diminution of his rent. It is, then, a landlord's, not a tenant's tax. But let this pass. If the payment of church-rate be galling to the Dissenter, it is no less necessary to relieve the clergy in the large towns from the irritation inseparable from the yearly agitation of this question. In most towns the church-rate party has obtained the majority, and for that very reason we consider the amicable arrangement of the question at the present time every way desirable, more particularly when we consider *the uncertain state of the law as to the levying and appropriation of this fund*. Lord Althorp's Bill, introduced during the course of the last session, was assailed with equal violence by some zealous organs of either party. On one side it was objected, that the grant, secured upon the land-tax, did not amount to more than half the sum levied by church-rate throughout the kingdom. The Dissenters, again, insisted, that if any part of the church-rate was defrayed out of the general revenue of the kingdom, they were still liable to this indirect taxation. We must take the freedom to say, that both parties seemed to argue, if not in ignorance, in total forgetfulness of the nature of the church-rate, and the purposes on which it is expended. These purposes may be considered fourfold:—first, the repair of the fabric; secondly, the expenses of public worship, including the sacramental elements, surplices, books, &c., to which may be added the salaries of parish-clerks, and pew-openers, perhaps of sextons and beadles; thirdly, those which Lord Althorp, if we remember right, described as the luxuries of public worship,—the organ, and the organist's salary, carpets, cushions, and whatever may be considered the ornamental decorations of the church; fourthly, expenses strictly parochial, which have no relation whatever to the service of the church, and which concern the body of parishioners solely as a community, united by the bonds of neighbourhood. We suspect that a very considerable deduction must be made, on this head, from the general amount of church-rate. Under this account come fire-engines, fire-buckets, and water-mains; we are not certain on the point, but

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we rather believe that this charge is made by law on the church-rate in London,—in most towns it is established by usage. All the expenses of vestries, salaries to vestry-clerks, we presume, come from this rate, for they cannot legally be taken from that for the poor, or the highway-rate. Add to this, clocks, bells, and a multitude of small items of that kind, and we shall find a very considerable deduction from the church-rate; and all these expenses must, in all justice, be charged as a parochial tax upon the inhabitants under some other name. The third division of these items of expenditure, the ornamental part of public worship, ought, we think, to be borne by the congregations, either out of the pew rents, or from voluntary subscription. The manner in which Lord Althorp intended to provide for the second branch of church-rate expenditure was the most objectionable. He proposed to release *the rector* from the repair of the chancel, and to throw upon him, instead, these expenses. But Lord Althorp had, in the first place, overlooked the important point, that in many parishes there is no rector. Another most serious difficulty was this, that in the large towns, where, from the increased expenses of their situation, and the greater demands upon their income, it would be expedient to alleviate, rather than increase, the burthens upon the clergy, this bargain would have been, in general, most disadvantageous to them; while the country rector, whose chancel perhaps was in a state of comparative decay, would have to provide the requisites for public worship on the smallest possible scale, the town rector, who has been obliged to keep up his chancel, would have to provide for monthly communicants in vast numbers, and books, surplices, and all the rest of the charges in full proportion, according to the size of his parish, and, in some respects, his own zeal and success,—on the whole it would amount, in many instances, to a very onerous and unfair burthen. Some advantage would undoubtedly arise in placing the repairs of the chancel and the church under the superintendence of the same body; but some other source must clearly be found for this part of the church-rate expenditure, than that suggested by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. For the first article of expenditure, the repair of the fabrics, Lord Althorp assigned a payment of 250,000*l.*, payable from the land-tax. The dissenting interest was loud in its clamours against this proposition: instead of relieving them altogether from the burthen, it continued it, they said, in an indirect manner, since any charge upon the general revenue of the country pressed equally upon all classes. Their enemies might suggest that they were not well pleased that their annual opportunity of agitation was wrested from their hands, for they forgot to observe, that the land-tax is a partial burthen upon that class which at present pays the larger part of the church-rate,

rate, and in which comparatively few Dissenters are found—the landowners. In the country, the tax falls directly upon the land, and so, through the tenant, on the landed proprietor; in the towns it likewise falls on property, which is assessed, or liable to be assessed, to the land-tax. If, then, this measure were merely considered as a relief to the landed interest in its present state of depression, no class in the community could have any right to complain of its injustice: the only valid objection lies against the land-tax itself, from the strangely unequal and partial manner in which it is assessed, according to a very ancient valuation, on the different counties, while a reassessment is become almost impracticable from the redemption of a considerable part of it during the administration of Mr. Pitt. It is worthy of consideration, that all church property, including *tithes*, is assessed to the land-tax; in fact, no small proportion of this 250,000*l.* would be defrayed from the revenue of the church. In many cases, we have no doubt that the annual church-rate is not more than the clergyman's assessment to the land-tax.

The second demand of the Dissenters is the right of interring their dead in the parochial burial-grounds *by their own ministers*. This claim is a very singular corollary from the former. Whatever expense attends the keeping up the burial-grounds falls on the church-rate; the Dissenters will not pay the church-rate, and yet complain that they are not admitted, *on their own terms*, to all the advantages of those who do. This claim is not merely unreasonable; it is an invasion on the rights, and something like a gratuitous insult to the feelings and the conscience of the clergyman. The principle of mutual and amicable concession does not require the Church to surrender this privilege; it ought to induce the Dissenter not to advance the claim. By the law, the churchyard is the freehold of the clergyman; the ground is, in general, part of the original endowment of the church; and only where additional ground has been purchased by the parish has it been paid for, excepting its fence and inclosure, out of the church-rate.* This constant interference of the dissenting minister, even at his own door, with the provinces of the clergyman, must lead to that unpleasant collision which it should be the especial object of all legislation on such subjects to avert. As even the Dissenters, universally we suspect, deride the notion of any peculiar reverence attached to *consecrated* ground, we cannot understand how the purchase of a small piece of ground for the separate interment of

* In the large London parishes, where additional burial-grounds have been obtained at considerable cost, fees are usually charged for the churchwardens, as well as for the clergy. These fees, being received in aid of the church-rate, are an ample compensation to the parish for the money advanced.

their own dead—very small where the congregation consist of but few, large only where the community is flourishing—can be any heavy grievance upon Dissenters if they should be discharged from all payments, even for the inclosure of the churchyard.

Their next demand is for a General Registration. We presume that the object in urging this point is the legal difficulty which is found in the transmission of property; they want a record of their births and deaths, which shall be admissible as evidence in the courts of law. Without doubt, this concession should be made in the amplest and readiest manner. It concerns their civil rights, for which they are fully entitled to demand security from the legislature. For our own part, we wish that we had an executive strong enough to enforce the compulsory registration of births and deaths. Accurate statistics of a country form the most important element of political science, and we do not understand how these statistics can be accurate without a general national registration. But as the liberty of the subject seems to be disinclined to do anything 'on compulsion,' the only measure which can be contemplated at present must be one which will give full relief to the Dissenter who is desirous of securing the advantages of legal registration. The principle of such a measure appears to us the simplest possible, nor do we apprehend much difficulty in the details. Let the parochial registers remain as they are for the members of the church; let a civil register be established, in towns under the care of the town-clerk, in the country under that of the overseer, the constable, any one (with due deference to Lord John Russell) but the tax-gatherer. The parochial registers are now annually copied and returned to the chanceries of the different dioceses; the civil register might be transmitted to the custody of the clerk of the peace. But in order to obviate the difficulty of searching in two different places for records, a mutual interchange might take place, —a copy of the civil register should be transmitted to the chancery, and one of the ecclesiastical to the clerk of the peace.

The fourth demand is the Legality of Dissenters' Marriages. To any measure of relief on this head, the Established Church neither could in justice, nor, we are persuaded, would be disposed by inclination, to offer the least impediment. It is not a question between the Church and the dissenting body; it is the state that requires some security against the abuse of this privilege. The rite of matrimony is altogether so important to the well-being of society—the mischief of clandestine unions is so fatal to the peace of families—that the legislature must jealously guard the administration of the ceremony against all danger of fraud; it must not disorganize society in order to secure liberty of conscience. The whole difficulty, and it is a serious one, arises out of the constitution of the
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dissenting body. Are all dissenting chapels to be opened for the solemnization of matrimony? Are all dissenting ministers to exercise the privilege of legally performing the marriage ceremony? In the eye of the law, then, who is a dissenting minister? Any one who will present himself before the magistracy, go through a certain form, and pay one shilling? What is a dissenting chapel? Any room, any hovel, for which a license may be obtained with equal facility? To restrict these rights to meetings of a certain description would be resented as a most unjustifiable invasion of religious liberty. But where is the security that both these licenses may not be obtained by knavish and designing persons, with the express purpose of celebrating one or more clandestine marriages? Some limit must then be drawn between those dissenting congregations and those dissenting teachers which are to obtain this privilege, and those which are not; but where is this limit to be drawn?

‘Demo unum, demo iterum unum.’

Is the congregation of 200 to possess the right, that of 100 to be deprived of it? Or, still lower, is the presence of 20 to give sanction to this solemn rite, that of 19 to be deprived of the privilege? In one class of persons the license would be the security against improper marriages. Though obtained from an ecclesiastical court, we do not understand that dissenters object to the application for marriage licenses through the appointed surrogates. But all marriages cannot be by the expensive form of license. Something analogous to the bidding of banns must be introduced, in order that due publicity may counteract the danger of fraudulent connexions. But where are the banns to be published? In the parish church? The church from which the dissenter has altogether seceded, and where he may very possibly be entirely, where he certainly is comparatively, unknown? The clergyman too may reasonably object to be made the instrument of one part of the ceremony where he is not thought worthy of performing the whole. In the dissenting meeting?—of what size?—before what number of persons? The only way to escape from this difficulty appears to us, that in all cases in which the parties object to the forms of the Established Church, marriage should be considered, according to law, as a *civil contract*. The parties, of course, will have the right to add the sanction of any religious ceremony they may please, but the *legality* of the marriage should depend upon the certification of such marriage having taken place before a magistrate. The publication of the banns should likewise be a *civil* ceremony, announced by being affixed for a certain time in some conspicuous public place.

The last question which affects the dissenters is admission into the

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the Universities. On this subject we have more than once written at some length; we shall only repeat, that in the present temper of the Universities, any legislative measure which should force the heads and governors of the colleges to adopt a system of education to which they conscientiously object, appears to us a most tyrannical infringement on the rights of conscience. On the other hand, if the dissenters labour under any disadvantages in professional advancement from their exclusion from academic education, some scheme should be devised to place them, in this *civil* right, on an equality with their fellow-subjects.

The claims of the dissenters being finally satisfied, not perhaps to the utmost limit of their own demands, but to the fullest extent consistent with justice, peace, and the existence of the National Church, Church Reform in England becomes a question of the internal policy of that church; in which those without her pale have no further concern than that solicitude which all good men must feel, that all means employed for the moral improvement of the people should be made as efficient as possible. Such, we are inclined to think, is already the general sentiment—at all events to this view public sentiment is manifestly tending; and we may observe that, comparing the addresses of the great majority of so-called *liberal* candidates on the recent general election with those of the preceding one, there is certainly on this head a most marked improvement. Confining church reform then to the *regulation* of church property, we know no subject which *all* parties ought to approach with more dispassionate and serious equanimity.* The principle once admitted, it is a question purely of practical detail. But if all propositions emanating from the church itself, as represented by the bench of bishops, are to be looked upon with jealousy and mistrust; if, on the other hand, such crude and ill-digested measures as those thrown on the table of the House of Lords during the last session by the late Lord Chancellor, are to be considered the ultimatum of the opposite party:—measures which, while they professed to remedy the evil of non-residence, were gratuitously insulting to the resident clergy; threatened them with penalties and forfeitures conceived in the spirit of the Star Chamber; not content with making them inform against themselves, left them likewise at the mercy of common informers; restricted their absence from their cures from three months to two—though among the resident clergy it is well known that few avail themselves of the extent of their privilege—and to some it is absolutely necessary to do so—and all who do so, incur considerable expense

* We omit altogether the Tithe question—on the expediency of some commutation all parties agree; the difficulty lies in framing a practical measure.

in providing for their cures;—a measure, of which we conscientiously believe that no one clause, if acted upon at all, could have been acted upon according to the intention of the framer of the bill;—if, we say, the grave question of church reform is to be entertained in such a spirit as this, it can only provoke stern and resolute resistance on one hand, and more reckless aggression on the other. By a friendly conference, something may perhaps be done; by a hostile debate, the difficulties and intricacies of the question can only be more inextricably involved.

Meantime we hope and trust that we shall not be charged with any disingenuous design of endeavouring still further to embarrass this important question, if we state some of the difficulties which stand in the way of a satisfactory arrangement. If some wise statesman can devise a scheme for the removal of those difficulties, none would hail the providential boon with greater satisfaction than ourselves.

The legislature possesses one great advantage for the consideration of the question, an authoritative statement of the amount of revenue which it has to regulate. By the return of the Commission of Enquiry into Ecclesiastical Revenue, it appears that the total *net* revenue of the archbishoprics and bishoprics in England is 160,114*l.*, affording an average of 5930*l.* The *net* revenue of the chapters* is 272,828*l.*

The total *net* income of the 10,701 benefices in England amounts to 3,058,248*l.* From this is to be deducted the sum of 432,956*l.* for the stipends of 5282 curates, on an average of 80*l.* each. No deduction is made from this net income for the repair either of episcopal residences, or of glebe-houses, nor for rates and taxes on the same. The following is the scale of benefices, which cannot obtain too much publicity:—

Benefices under £50 per annum				294
above £50	"	100	"	1621
"	100	"	150	" 1591
"	150	"	200	" 1351
"	200	"	300	" 1964
"	300	"	400	" 1317
"	400	"	500	" 830
"	500	"	600	" 504
"	600	"	700	" 337
"	700	"	800	" 217

* The gross revenue of the chapters is stated at 350,861*l.*: we presume that this large deduction includes the heavy charge and expenses of keeping up and repairing the cathedral and collegiate churches, with their choirs and other expenses of cathedral worship.

Benefices

above £800		under £900		per annum	127
"	900	"	1000	"	91
"	1000	"	1500	"	137
"	1500	"	2000	"	31
"	2000			"	18

There is something appalling, at first sight, in this enormous inequality. Two great questions are instantly forced upon our consideration. Is it *practicable*, in the first place; in the second, is it *expedient*, to equalize the preferments of the church? The church property is the only source to which we can fairly look for the augmentation of the smaller benefices, and it is impossible not to see at once, that the confiscation of the whole episcopal and chapter property, with the few livings of very large amount, would not be of any great service. But we are not yet come either to the abolition, the degradation, or even, notwithstanding the brooding murmurs in the lower depths of democracy, to the expulsion of the bishops from the House of Lords. According, then, to the present order of things, would the average income of the bishops, calculated at 5930*l.*, endure much abatement? The equalization of the bishoprics among themselves is altogether a subordinate question; abstractedly speaking, we might wish that the laborious bishopric of Chester were at least equal to that of Worcester, or Gloucester to Ely. We should certainly prefer the raising the poorer bishoprics, Llandaff, Rochester, &c., by deducting from the richer sees, rather than by holding chapter preferment, and more especially livings, in commendam. But these are minor matters scarcely worthy of consideration in comparison with the great general question.

The chapter property may perhaps appear a more available source for the augmentation of the poorer benefices. But we must plead for considerable reservations on this head; we must plead in behalf of education and of learning. In the first place, the stalls at Durham, dedicated by the wise munificence of the present bishop and chapter to the endowment of the University in that city, will scarcely be diverted to a nobler or more useful purpose. The canonries of Christ Church *ought* invariably to be bestowed on men of letters or science, who will maintain or elevate the character of the University. We should much like to invade the patronage of the See of Ely with the same view, and attach half of its stalls to some of the most laborious and ill-endowed professorships at Cambridge. Nor, if instead of birth and connexion, theological attainments and literary distinction were considered the best title to the higher and more valuable stalls and deaneries, would the public have much inclination to

demand their more direct appropriation to the advantage of the parochial clergy? There is one very important and efficient office, that of archdeacon, which is in general miserably paid. The union of every archdeaconry with a stall is greatly to be desired. After ample provision for the maintenance of cathedral worship, and for that national as well as ecclesiastical object, the encouragement of theological erudition and literature in the highest sense of that word—after securing sufficient stations of comparative ease and dignity for men whose talents may be more serviceably employed in the labours of the desk, than in those of the ordinary parish priesthood—then, and not till then, what might remain of the chapter preferment might, in many instances, be beneficially employed in the endowment of the laborious and usually ill-paid vicarages in the large towns. This, in fact, is the weakest part of the church establishment. In all the older towns, the parochial cures in general belonged to the adjacent abbey. The abbey possessed the great tithes, and supplied the vicarage from its own body. At the Reformation the tithes were alienated, and the vicarage remained to struggle on in laborious penury. If, however, it be important that the more able and active of the clergy should be placed in the most important spheres of duty, it is in vain to expect this to be the case, where the laborious town parish is so much worse paid than the peaceful country rectory.

After all these deductions, of which the last alone would tend to improve the condition of what are now vulgarly called the working clergy, not much would remain for any general fund for the augmentation of poorer benefices. But with submission, we would inquire whether the property is not capable of considerable improvement. The greater part of the chapter property is held on lives. We presume that the whole revenue is calculated on an average of fines. But that average must be very uncertain and precarious. It is in fact a mere lottery; a lucky man may hold the same preferment for a year, and, by the falling in of valuable lives, receive a very large sum, while a less fortunate incumbent may drag on years of expectant indigence, and just drop into the grave before the fine is due. This is altogether a bad tenure, both for landlord and tenant: uncertain to the former, often vexatious to the latter. Would it not be possible to devise some scheme of mutual assurance, by which, as far as can be done in justice and fairness to the tenants, and consistently with the covenants, these leases might be allowed to run out, and so, from these almost gambling speculations on lives, reduce the greater part of the church property to regular annual rents? As a very considerable eventual increase in the property might be expected;

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expected; and if a large proportion of it were reserved for the augmentation of smaller benefices, the government might, without injury to the public, if necessary, lend its aid. This would be peculiarly advantageous, where, as in many cases, the great tithes of large parishes are held on lease from ecclesiastical bodies, and the vicar, or more usually the perpetual curate, is paid by a fixed stipend, that stipend having been regulated when men

'Were passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

Nothing, *we know*, from many instances, creates a stronger prejudice against the church than the miserable pittance assigned to the resident curate in an extensive parish, where a large amount is levied for tithe, not by a lay rector (that the farmers understand,) but by an ecclesiastical body. All livings actually held by chapters ought in justice to be brought under the Curates' Act. If a scheme of this kind should be impracticable, we would venture to make another suggestion. At present, every benefice, including the bishopricks and the chapter preferments, pays first-fruits to the Crown. These first-fruits are made over to Queen Anne's Bounty Fund, which is applied to the augmentation of small livings. The first-fruits, in the latter case, on the whole, may not be very burthensome, but coming upon the bishop or prebendary just when he is most hardly pressed, by the change of residence, the expense of furnishing a new house, &c., it is often very ill-timed; and if he should die before he has realized several years' income, his family may be left worse off for his advancement. Might not the first-fruits be commuted, to the advantage of both parties, for a per-centage upon fines?

As to an equalization of livings, any such measure would be as unjust as impracticable. The necessary preliminary to such a step *must* be a re-measurement and re-arrangement, an equalization in point of extent and population of all the parishes in the kingdom. The confusion this would create in all the property in the country shows at once its absolute impossibility. And even if this departmental and sectional division were introduced, and the country marked out into new episcopal and parochial squares or parallelograms, unless the system possessed a self-adapting power to the rapid increase of the population in some quarters, and its more stationary condition in others, the proportion would be disturbed and thrown into as great irregularity as ever in a few years. It is obviously then impracticable, without thus recasting, as it were, the whole social system, to approximate to anything like uniformity in the payment of the clergyman, or to apportion the funds for his maintenance according to the first principle, the extent and population of the parish. In fact, the main difficulty arises from the insufficiency

of the whole revenue of the church : if it were all thrown together, and nothing reserved for bishops or other superior officers of the church, it is calculated that it would give to each parochial minister an income of 326*l.* ! It would be a pleasant office to become a church reformer with an annual million or two more at our command ; but under present circumstances, it is very difficult to suggest measures which will not create almost as many evils as they remove.

For, if such an equalization of the church revenues were practicable, we should entertain serious doubts of its expediency. Our readers will be astonished, it may be, amused, at our grave reference to the population question, in a discussion like the present. But in sober and most solemn earnest we would suggest the inquiry, whether by the multiplication of small livings of about 500*l.* a year, the general condition of the whole body would not be reduced greatly below its proper level of respect and independence ? A much greater number would be tempted, immediately that they obtained a benefice, which we presume would be facilitated by this increase in small livings, to enter on early and imprudent marriages ; they would find themselves burthened at the outset of life with large families, and either be reduced to penury, or at all events sink lower and lower in the general scale of society. According to the present system, unless heir to a family living, with commanding interest or commanding talents, a young man in orders is content to serve several years on a curacy before he thinks of settling in life. It is true, that some live and die as curates : it is a lamentable truth, that among these have been, there still may be, some deserving a much better fate ; but we scarcely see how this is to be avoided, in an over-crowded profession. But it is much better that there should be a great number of curates too poor, and only a certain number of incumbents rich enough to marry, than that the general body should be thus, much earlier in life, tempted to sin against the principles of prudence, with no hope of improving their professional income, as their families grow up, except by means not quite compatible with the full discharge of their clerical duties. Of all things the least desirable is generally to equalize the clergy down to the level of the dissenting ministry.

Under these circumstances, it will appear that Bills against pluralities and non-residence are matters which, however necessary, require the most cautious and deliberate legislation. Their necessity we admit in the amplest manner. None would feel greater satisfaction than ourselves, in preventing the accumulation of benefices and ecclesiastical dignities on one, not always the most deserving, certainly not the most distinguished ; great abuses of

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this kind no doubt exist, and such abuses should be prevented, for the future, by rigid and uncompromising statutes. Wherever it is possible, there should be a resident clergyman in, or *near* every parish. For there is a vast deal of very idle fallacy, and serious misapprehension arising out of the parliamentary returns. No distinction is made, at least no marked and evident distinction, between a clergyman actually non-resident, and those who happen to reside just beyond the borders of their parish. In many instances, a clergyman is much more conveniently situated for the performance of his duties, though not actually within his parish, than if he were domiciled in some remote and unpeopled corner of it. At all events, these cases should not be confounded: we know several instances of clergymen, who are most diligently discharging the duties of their cures; but, in the public documents, are represented as non-residents, because the living either has no glebe-house, or none in which a gentleman can live; and the incumbent has therefore obtained a commodious dwelling as near as possible to his charge. In this, as in some other cases, we would allow great latitude to the bishops, and no man should be returned as non-resident, who is residing near enough to perform his duties with convenience and punctuality.

In one important particular all the Bills against pluralities and non-residence appear to us framed on a false principle. They have considered only the *value* and the *distance* from each other; they have altogether omitted the more important part, the population. Dr. Burton, in his proposed plan for the taxation of the larger livings for the benefit of the smaller, totally forgot this most important item in the calculation. It would be as unjust as it would be impolitic to tax a living of 500*l.* a year, with 5000 parishioners, for the benefit of one of 100*l.* with a population of 100. It would be a much more effective regulation than most provisions which we have seen, if any person holding two livings should, in almost all instances, be compelled to reside on that which has the largest population; and, holding one with a certain amount of population, he should in no case be permitted to hold another, unless where the population is very small. Under such regulations, notwithstanding the honest and just prejudice against pluralities in the abstract, there is no doubt that their practical operation, *in the present state of the church*, would be beneficial rather than injurious. If a clergyman has one living worth 200*l.* with a population of 2000, and another of 500 (no uncommon case) with a population of 200, it would be better that he should reside on the larger benefice with the united income, and leave a resident curate, with a *liberal stipend*, on the smaller. And, after all, population, though the best, is far from a certain criterion of a clergyman's

a clergyman's labour,—a flock of 1000 scattered over a wide surface would require much more of his time and labour than twice that number concentrated on one spot.

We cannot be unaware of the jealousy which exists against discretionary powers, but we are not less convinced that, in the present unequal divisions of parishes, and, we fear, the incurable disproportion between the income and the service to be performed, any act of parliament, which shall rigidly interdict every kind of plurality, and uniformly enforce the residence of the incumbent, will by no means remedy those evils which appear to call for legislative interference. In many instances it would unquestionably be inexpedient, we do not scruple to add, unjust. To leave no dispensing power with the bishop in those numerous and unavoidable circumstances which require the temporary absence of a clergyman from his cure, his health or that of his family, or important business, would be to subject the clergy to an inquisitorial tyranny to which no other class of men in the kingdom would submit. We would go much farther, and lodge a more extensive discretionary power with the rulers of the church. The application of the law to the countless peculiar and anomalous cases which exist of parishes almost without inhabitants, yet with a respectable income, and populous parishes with scarcely any income at all, might safely, in our opinion, be vested in those to whose province it belongs. If these powers are abused, it will then be time for the State to exercise that supreme authority, which, put forth at present, without modification or power of dispensation, would as unquestionably be supreme injustice.

At all events, we trust that this great question will be considered, as considered it must be, in a calm and amicable spirit. For our own part, we can see no cause for jealous apprehension on one side, for acrimonious hostility on the other. The English Church is certainly not endangered by the perilous splendour of its general endowments; it possesses not the *dono fatal* of inordinate wealth. On the contrary, the disproportion between its revenues and its necessities is become so flagrantly manifest, that all apprehension of the diversion of Church revenues to less legitimate purposes may safely be dismissed, even under the most hostile and unscrupulous government, provided that government has once sincerely recognised the necessity of maintaining the religious Establishment. Instead of abolishing bishoprics, there is rather a demand for an increase in their number. It is quite clear that every shilling which can be gained by any new distribution, or by the improvement of church property, will be immediately absorbed, and, alas! will far from fill the void, in the payment of the poorer and more laborious benefices.

The cordial union of all firm and rational friends to the Church

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Church Establishment, in a temperate examination of the best mode of re-arranging its revenues, as far as that re-arrangement may be needed, will at once unmask the insidious friendship of those who—abolitionists at heart—still talk the smoother language of reform; and, by forcing them to declare their views openly, show how very insignificant a portion of the educated and influential classes of the community are inclined to sever the few remaining and almost imperceptible links which unite the Church and State. Nor do we consider this urgent cry of 'peace! peace!' applicable only to the avowed or secret enemies of the Established Church. If any zealous but imprudent and short-sighted knot of churchmen should endeavour to rouse a spirit of resistance among the clergy to a fair and candid examination of the Church, with a view to such correction, as may be practicable, of its imperfections;—if they should attempt to embarrass the government—the only government the country can have, that still retains a profound respect for the ancient institutions of the country—they will be the worst enemies of that Establishment, of which they declare themselves the devoted champions. If, on the other hand, such discussions are carried on with openness, candour, and real liberality, with a fair statement of difficulties, and a tranquil consideration of the remedies proposed, the Establishment of the country will rally round it all the good sense, the moderation, the wisdom, we will venture to say, the genuine Christianity of the country; for the real Christianity of the Dissenters themselves will then have the courage and the justice to disclaim the sentiments of the more violent and factious of that body. When the alternative is fairly placed before the country between an Established Church and the Voluntary System, we have too much confidence in the wisdom of the English nation at large, to have the slightest apprehension of appealing to, and of abiding by, its deliberate and solemn decision.

ART. VIII.—*Zur Geschichte der Neueren Schönen Literatur in Deutschland*, von Henri Heine. Th. 1 und 2. Paris and Leipzig. 1833.

IT has frequently been made a question, whether the Germans have any well-founded pretensions to wit; and it seemed till lately pretty generally agreed that the maintenance of the national honour in this respect had devolved exclusively on Jean Paul, whose sallies come flashing through his mysticism, like lightning through clouds. Within the last five years, however, a new star has

has appeared in the literary hemisphere of Germany,—malign in its influence, wavering in its orbit, and unsteady in its light, but sparkling all over with a brilliancy which soon occasioned all eyes and glasses to be turned upon it. Henry Heine came out as a poet and prose-writer—first with his *Reisebilder*, next with his Contributions towards the Literary History of his Contemporaries—and speedily gained for himself the reputation of being one of the cleverest, if not wittiest, writers of his day. We say, for himself—no man having ever been more exclusively the architect of his own reputation than Heine; for at starting he wantonly provoked a whole host of detractors by his impertinences—and, by his hardly concealed contempt for existing creeds and establishments, he has often managed to reduce even his most ardent admirers to the condition of apologists. At the present moment, he is regarded as a regular outlaw, a downright *caput lupinum*, in the literary circles of Germany, where ‘his hand is against every man, and every man’s hand is against him.’ Yet we believe him to be possessed of many noble and generous qualities (as, indeed, what man of true genius is not?)—we are told that he is now eagerly striving to work himself pure—and nourish a strong hope that he will come round, ere long, to a due sense of the evil of his ways. But the undoubted ability of his writings, apart from their tendency, will amply justify the passing notice we are about to take of the volume named at the head of this paper—a work much better fitted for our purpose than the *Reisebilder*, which, as the name partly imports, is a mere collection of thoughts, fancies, images, and descriptions, picked up or suggested during journeys to well-known places of resort—acute, lively, and graphic, but wild, wandering, and desultory. The volume now before us, on the contrary, is the commencement of a regular critical history of the recent German literature, addressed, indeed, to French readers, and professedly composed as a supplement to Madame de Staël’s celebrated ‘*De L’Allemagne*,’ but not the less adapted to England on that account; for we believe the two nations (always excepting our inner circle of adepts) are much upon a par as regards the peculiar kind of information conveyed by Heine, and still look equally to Madame de Staël as their principal authority on all matters connected with the belles-lettres and philosophy of Germany. Yet it is clear to demonstration, that mighty changes have been effected since she wrote; and it would be by no means difficult to prove that she had at best but a superficial acquaintance with the subjects about which she discourses so pleasantly. Robert Hall says he threw aside the book disdainfully on finding her, in her account of the metaphysicians, coolly setting down a well-known idealist among the

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realists;* and it is still related, as characteristic of her style of inquiry in Germany, that her first address to Schelling was:—*Monsieur, voudriez-vous bien m'expliquer votre système en peu de mots?*† Her accounts of books, also, are singularly defective; her analysis of *Faust*, for instance, shows that she had never read above a third of it. But on the subject of Madame's merits and demerits Heine himself shall speak—

‘Madame de Staël's *Germany* is the only comprehensive piece of information which the French have received as to the intellectual life of Germany; and yet, since the appearance of this book, a long period has elapsed, and an entirely new literature has developed itself in Germany. Is it but a transient literature? Is it already in the sere and yellow leaf? Opinions are divided upon these points. Most believe that, with the death of Goethe, a new literary period begins in Germany; that old Germany is gone with him to the grave; that the aristocratic season of literature is at an end, the democratic beginning; or, as a French journalist lately expressed it, “The spirit of individuals has ceased, the spirit of all has commenced.” As to myself, I cannot so confidently decide on the future evolutions of the German mind. The termination of the *Goethe period of art*, by which name I first designated this period, I had for many years foreseen. I might well prophesy! I had a thorough knowledge of the ways and means of those unquiet ones, who would fain make an end of the Goethe dynasty; and in the risings of that time against Goethe, I myself was certainly to be seen. Now that Goethe is dead, a strange pang comes over me to think of it.

‘As I announce these pages as a continuation, in some sort, of Madame de Staël's work, I am obliged, whilst honouring the instruction derivable from it, to recommend, notwithstanding, a certain caution in the use of it, and most particularly to proclaim it a *coterie* book. Madame de Staël, of glorious memory, has here, in the form of a book, opened, as it were, a drawing-room, in which she received German authors, and gave them an opportunity of familiarizing themselves with the civilized world of France; but in the hubbub of the most various voices which cry from out this book, clear above all is heard the fine descant of Mr. A. W. Schlegel. Where she is all herself, where the magnanimous Madame speaks out directly with her own whole heart—even with the entire fire-work of her own brilliant absurdities—there, good and excellent is the production. But so soon as she

* ‘He added, when something was said about the flights of her fancy, that for his part, he could not admire her flights, for to him she was generally invisible; not because she ascended to a great height above the earth, but because she invariably selected a foggy atmosphere.’—*Gregory's Life of Hall*, p. 235.

† The same mode of inquiry seems to have been adopted by M. Thiers during his ten days' journey to England in 1833, in which time he pledged himself to the citizen-king to learn all that was worth learning concerning us. He wrote as follows to a gentleman then connected with the Treasury:—

Mon cher Monsieur,—Pourriez-vous me donner un petit quart d'heure pour m'expliquer le système financier de votre pays? Tout à vous, THIERS.

lends an ear to others' whisperings; so soon as she does homage to a school, whose very existence is altogether foreign and incomprehensible to her; so soon as, by extolling this school, she is detected in forwarding certain ultramontane tendencies, which are in direct contradiction with her own protestant clearness—then, is her book poor and uncongenial.

The school in question is the Romantic school: but this differed very widely from the romantic school in France, of which Victor Hugo is now regarded as the chief:

'But what was the Romantic school in Germany? It was nothing else but the re-awakening of the poetry of the middle ages, as manifested in their songs, paintings, buildings, in their art, and in their life. But this poetry had proceeded from Christianity; it was a passion-flower, sprung from the blood of Christ. I know not whether the melancholy flower, which we call passion-flower in Germany, bears the same name in France, nor whether the same mystic origin is attributed to it by popular tradition. It is that strangely coloured flower in whose chalice we see copied the instruments of martyrdom employed at the crucifixion, namely, hammer, pincers, nails, &c.—a flower which is not altogether hateful but only spectral, nay, whose aspect actually excites a gloomy pleasure in the soul, like the convulsively sweet sensations which spring from pain itself. In this point of view this flower would be the most appropriate symbol for Christianity, whose most awful charm consists in the very enjoyment of pain.

'Although in France the Roman faith alone is understood to be included under the name Christianity, [!!!] I must most particularly declare beforehand that I am speaking only of the Roman Catholic faith. I speak of that religion in whose first dogmas a proscription of all flesh is contained; which not merely assigns to the spirit a dominion over the flesh, but even aims at totally depriving the one of life, to give supremacy to the other: I speak of that religion through whose unnatural exposition sin and hypocrisy came into the world, since even by the proscription of the flesh the most innocent sensual gratifications became sin, and, in consequence of the impossibility of being all spirit, hypocrisy inevitably sprung up: I speak of that religion which likewise, through the doctrine of the utter worthlessness of all earthly goods, through the dog-humility and angel-patience enjoined by it, soon became everywhere the most approved prop of despotism. Men have now learnt the real nature of this religion; they are no longer to be satisfied with pointings to heaven; they know that the material, too, has its good, and is not entirely of the devil; and they now vindicate the enjoyment of earth, this lovely garden of God, our inalienable inheritance. Simply because we now so thoroughly comprehend the consequences of that absolute spirituality, may we also believe that Roman Catholic Christianity, as regards its worldly policy, has reached its acmé. For every age is a sphynx which throws itself from the rock so soon as its riddle has been guessed.

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on Europe by Catholicism. It was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the gloomy colossal materialism which had unfolded itself in the Roman empire, and threatened to annihilate all the spiritual excellence of man. As the loose memoirs of the preceding century form, as it were, the *pièces justificatives* of the French revolution; as the terrorism of a Committee of Public Safety appears to us a necessary medicine, after reading the confessions of the patrician world of France subsequent to the Regency; just so is the wholesomeness of the ascetic spirituality recognized after reading *Petronius* or *Apuleius*, books which may be regarded as the *pièces justificatives* of Catholicism. The flesh had become so wanton in this Roman world, that the monastic discipline might well be necessary to mortify it. After the feast of a Trimalchion, there was need of a fasting regimen.'

He proceeds to specify the effects of this spirit upon the romantic literature of the middle ages, in which he thinks self-denial too rigidly inculcated; excepting, however,—he might have made abundance of exceptions—Gottfried of Strasburg, who, by the way, is supposed to be the author of the book which lured Dante's Paulo and Francesca into sin. Music, painting, and architecture, suffered, he says, from the same cause; but it will be sufficient to quote what he says about the last:—

'The art of building bore the same character as the other arts in the middle ages; as, indeed, at that time all manifestations of life harmonized most surprisingly with one another. Here, in architecture, is exhibited the same parabolical tendency as in poetry. When we now enter an old cathedral, we hardly feel any longer the exterior sense of its stone-work symbolism. Only the general impression strikes immediately into the soul. We here feel the elevation of the spirit, and the prostration of the flesh. The interior of the cathedral is itself a hollow cross, and we there walk in the very instrument of martyrdom; the variegated windows cast their red lights upon us, like drops of blood; funeral hymns are trembling round us; under our feet, tombstones and corruption; and the spirit struggles, with the colossal pillars, towards heaven, painfully tearing itself asunder from the body, which drops, like a worn-out garment, to the ground.

'When we look upon it from the outside, this same Gothic cathedral, these enormous piles of building, which are so airy, so fine, so ornamental, so transparently elaborated, that one might suppose them carved out, that one might take them for Brabant points of marble; then do we first truly feel the power of that age, which knew how to obtain such a mastery over stone itself, that it seems almost spectrally instinct with spirit, that this hardest of material things expresses the spiritualism of Christianity.'

Coleridge had probably something of the same sort in his mind, when he said that an old Gothic cathedral always looked to him like a petrified religion. Heine continues:—

'But the arts are nothing but the mirrors of life, and as Catholicism was extinguished in life, so also did it grow faint and die away
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in art. At the time of the Reformation, the Catholic poetry gradually disappeared in Germany, and in its place we see the long expired Greek poetry revive. It was, indeed, but a factitious spring, a work of the gardener and not of the sun; and the trees and flowers were stuck in narrow pots, and a glass heaven sheltered them from the chill north wind. In actual history every event is not the immediate consequence of another; all events act and re-act upon one another, and it was not through the Greek scholars, who emigrated to us after the taking of Byzantium, that the love of Greek and the desire of imitating it became universal amongst us; but a contemporary Protestantism at that time was stirring in art equally as in life. Leo the Tenth, the magnificent Medici, was every bit as zealous a Protestant as Luther; and as the one was protesting in Latin prose at Wittemberg, just so did the other protest in stone, colours, and *ottave rime* at Rome. Do not Michael Angelo's marble images of power, the laughing nymph-like faces of Giulio Romano, and the gladness, drunk with life, of Master Ludovic's verses—do not these form a protesting contrast to the old gloomy grief-consumed Catholicism? The glowing flesh on the paintings of Titian—this is all Protestantism. The limbs of his Venus are far more solid theses than those which the German monk fixed on the church door of Wittemberg. It was then as if men felt themselves suddenly freed from an oppression of a thousand years; the artists, above all, breathed freely again, as the Alp of Catholicism seemed rolled from the breast; they plunged enthusiastically into the sea of Greek gladness, out of whose foam the Goddess of Beauty again emerged for them; the painters painted again the ambrosial joy of Olympus; the sculptors chiselled again, with the same pleasure as of old, the ancient heroes out of the marble block; the poets celebrated again the house of Atreus and Laius; the period of the new classical poetry arose.

'As in France under Lewis the Fourteenth modern life was cultivated to the highest pitch, just so did that new classical poetry here (in France) likewise obtain a cultivated completion, nay, in some sense, an independent originality. Through the political influence of the great monarch, this new classical poetry was diffused through the rest of Europe; in Italy, where it had already domesticated itself, it received a French colouring; with the Anjous went also the heroes of French tragedy to Spain; they went to England with Madame Henriette; and we Germans, it is hardly necessary to say, we erected a clumsy temple of our own to the powdered Olympus of Versailles.'

Lessing is described as the literary Arminius by whom this freshly imported faith was overthrown. The change effected by him was effected not less by his own original productions than by his criticisms; * and he has been aptly enough compared to those

* Lessing's best dramatic pieces are *Emilia Galotti*, (a modern Virginia) *Miss von Barnhelm*, and *Nathan the Wise*. His best critical work is *Laocoon*, an Essay on the boundaries of Painting and Poetry.

pious Jews, who, being often disturbed during the second building of the Temple by invasion, fought with one hand against the enemy, and with the other continued their work. Lessing and Herder are great favourites with Heine, who thus most *Germanicé* apologizes for introducing them :—

‘The history of literature is the great *Morgue* where every one seeks out his dead, those whom he loves or is related to. When I see there, amongst so many insignificant bodies, Lessing or Herder, it sets my heart a beating. How could I proceed, without gently kissing your pale lips as I passed !’

This tribute paid, he passes on to catalogue their more distinguished contemporaries. Goethe, according to this dashing judge, was a name in literature, but not by any means a *supereminent one*. His *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *Werther* had attracted great attention, but more on account of their subject-matter, than of their merits as productions of consummate art, which few at that period discerned in them. Lafontaine wrote oftener, and was therefore more celebrated than Goethe. Wieland was the great poet of the day ; at least Rammler alone could have disputed the palm with him ; the theatre was subjected to Iffland, with his lacrymose dramas, and to Kotzebue with his trifling, though witty farces. These are Heine’s opinions, not ours. Some of Iffland’s comedies have great merit ; and Kotzebue cannot justly be set down as a mere writer of witty farces. Mr. W. Taylor, of Norwich, calls him ‘the greatest dramatic genius that Europe has evolved since Shakspeare,’ and, understood with peculiar reference to stage-effect, this praise is not so much exaggerated as may be thought. His life and conduct will long prevent full justice being rendered to him in Germany.

The remarks on these writers are prefatory to a more minute account of the growth of the Romantic school, with the two Schlegels, Augustus William and Frederick, for its chiefs. Their then place of residence, Jena, was its seat ; at Jena also resided the celebrated metaphysician Schelling, by some supposed to have afforded a philosophic ground-work to the Romantic school, which Heine denies. ‘Schelling, however,’ he adds, ‘exercised undoubtedly great personal influence on the Romantic school ; he is also, what is not known in France, a bit of a poet, and it is reported that he is still in doubt whether he shall not publish his collective philosophical doctrines in a poetical, nay metrical, dress. This doubt characterizes the man.’

But although the school was founded neither on Schelling’s, nor on any other philosopher’s philosophy, the founders amply compensated the defect, by setting up the best works of former times as models and making them accessible to their disciples.

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With this view A. W. de Schlegel is said to have undertaken his admirable translation of Shakspeare, lately completed and illustrated by Tieck. A version by the same hand of some of the best plays of Calderon was another fruit of the theory, of which Germany has good reason to be glad.

The overweening passion of this school for *simplicity* is illustrated amusingly enough;—

“ ‘Our poetry,’ said the Messieurs Schlegel, ‘is antiquated; our muse is an old woman with a distaff; our hero no fair boy, but a shrivelled dwarf with grey hair; our feelings are withered, our fancy is dried up; we must refresh ourselves, we must seek again the neglected fountains of the *naïve* simple poetry of the middle ages; there the draught of renovation bubbles up for us.’ [!] The dry parched people did not wait to be told so twice; those thirsty souls, in particular, who were sitting up to their necks in sand, longed to be as the blooming and youthful, and they plunged in search of those wondrous springs, and gulped and sipped and swallowed with extraordinary zest. But it chanced to them as to the old chambermaid, of whom it is related as follows: She had remarked that her mistress possessed a wonderful elixir, which restored youth. In the absence of the lady, she took the phial containing the elixir from her toilet-table, but instead of drinking a few drops, she took so great and long a draught, that, through the highly concentrated magic power of the renovating drink, she not only became young again, but was changed into a little child. Truly it chanced somewhat similarly to M. Tieck, the best poet of the school; he had drunk so deep of the popular books and poems of the middle ages, that he also became a child again, which result Madame de Staël found such difficulty in admiring. She is obliged to own that it struck her as curious, to find a modern drama opening with, *I am the bold Boniface, and I come to tell you, &c.*’

Tieck also sought to revive the same taste for simplicity in the sister arts, and Frederick Schlegel and Görres are described as ‘rummaging’ all the old towns upon the Rhine for remains of the old German school of painting and sculpture, which, like holy relics, were superstitiously adored. But our author forgets to commemorate the beneficial influence of this rummaging upon art; though had F. Schlegel and Görres done no more than bring Albert Durer into fashion, they would have done enough to justify their enthusiasm; an observation which any one may verify by simply analysing the effect of an intense study of Albert Durer upon Retzsch. The following parallel, apropos of the enthusiasm in question, is curious:—

‘I have just now compared the German Parnassus of those days with Charenton (the Bedlam of France). But I am inclined to think I have said far too little. A French madness is not near so mad as a German madness; for in the latter, as Polonius says, there is

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method. With a pedantry quite *sui generis*, with a terrible conscientiousness, with a grim earnestness of which your superficial French lunatic cannot so much as form a notion, was that German madness carried on.'

No less curious, and perhaps not more fantastical, is the parallel drawn between the patriotism of the two countries. The period taken is that immediately preceding the first effective rising of Germany against Napoleon:—

'Patriotism was the word, and we became patriots; for we do every thing which our princes bid us. But the same feeling must not be understood by this patriotism as bears the name in France. The patriotism of the Frenchman consists in this—that his heart warms, is stretched and grows wider by this warmth, so that it no longer embraces merely its nearest relations, but all France, the whole civilized earth, with its love. The patriotism of the German, on the contrary, consists in this—that his heart grows narrower; that it contracts, like leather in the cold; that he detests what is foreign; that he wishes to be no longer a citizen of the world, no longer a European, but merely a narrow German. There was now to be seen the ideal churlishness, which Mr. Jahn reduced to a system,—the paltry, dirty, unwashed opposition began against the most glorious and sacred feeling that ever originated in Germany, namely, against that humanity, against that universal spirit of fraternisation, against that cosmopolitanism to which all our great spirits, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul, to which all the cultivated minds in Germany have ever done homage. What soon after came to pass in Germany, is too well known to all of you. When God, the snow, and the Cossacks had destroyed the best energies of Napoleon, we Germans received the most gracious command to free ourselves from the yoke of the foreigner, and we flamed up in manly indignation against the all too long endured subjection, and we encouraged ourselves by the good melodies and bad verses of Körner's songs, and we reconquered our freedom; for we do every thing which our princes bid us.'

It may here be as well to remind Mr. Heine and his friends, that patriotism, as well as glory, is like a circle in the water, which by too much spreading may disperse itself to nothing. We much fear that *his* has already undergone this process, and that he has got simply a maudlin sort of French philanthropy, a feeling between vanity and egotism, in the place of it. As regards literature, we ourselves are cosmopolites, in the widest sense of the term, but the very notion of cosmopolitan patriotism is a baneful absurdity.

'At the period (he continues) when this battle was preparing, a school which was hostile to all things French, and trumpeted forth the praises of all that was characteristically German, necessarily met with the most flattering prosperity. The Romantic school marched hand in hand with the exertions of the governments and

and the secret societies, and Mr. A. W. Schlegel conspired against Racine at the same time that the minister Stein conspired against Napoleon. The school swam with the times, namely, with the stream which streamed backwards towards its source. When, in the end, German patriotism and German nationality had obtained a complete victory, the national Germanic Christian Romantic school, the new German religious patriotic Art, definitively triumphed too. Napoleon, the great classic, as much a classic as Alexander and Cæsar, was hurled to the ground, and Messrs. Augustus William and Frederick Schlegel, the little romanticists, about as romantic as Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots, arose as conquerors.'

Heine means these allusions as a sneer, but the Schlegels would probably have adopted them as a compliment; for Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots were, according to their notions, amongst the best and purest early creations of romance, and both, along with Bluebeard and Little Red Riding Hood, have been beautifully dramatised by Tieck in his *Phantasies*.*

Passing over the other exploits of the Romantic school, as the conversion of Frederick Schlegel and some other of its members to actual catholicism, we come to Voss, one of the most dangerous of their rivals and fellest of their foes. The following comparison is spiritedly drawn, though Schlegel, as usual, is unduly depreciated:—

'To Frederick Schlegel, the intoxicated singer of the wantonly romantic (or romantically wanton) Lucinda,† how fatal must he have been,—this sober Voss, with his chaste Louise and his old respectable Vicar of Grünau! Mr. A. W. Schlegel, who never meant so honestly by wantonness and catholicism as his brother, could harmonize much better with old Voss, and there arose between these two only a translating rivalry, which moreover was of the greatest advantage to the German language. Voss had already, before the birth of the new school, translated Homer; he now translated with unwearied exertion the remaining heathen poets of antiquity; whilst A. W. Schlegel translated the Christian poets of the romantic catholic age. The choice of works was in either case determined by the private polemical object. Voss wished to advance the classical poetry and mode of thinking by his translations; whilst A. W. Schlegel sought to make the Christian romantic poets accessible in good versions to the public, for them to imitate and form themselves by. Nay, their antagonism showed itself in their very forms of speech: whilst Schlegel was ever polishing his words more and more sweetly and trippingly, Voss was growing

* 'Who could have supposed that a tragedy, no mock heroic, but a real tragedy, calculated to affect and excite us, could have been erected on the ground-work of a nursery tale? Yet let any one read *Blaubart* in the *Phantasies*, and say whether this is not accomplished.'—(*Carlyle's Specimens of German Romance*, vol. ii. p. 14.) The peculiar satirical object of these pieces does not appear to have struck Mr. Carlyle.

† F. Schlegel wrote a poem so called, not remarkable for delicacy.

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harsher and coarser in his translations; the later, on account of the roughnesses filed into them, are almost unpronounceable; so that, if one was likely to trip on the smooth polished slippery mahogany floor of Schlegel's verses, one was no less likely to stumble over the clumsy marble blocks of old Voss.* At length, out of rivalry, Voss determined on translating Shakspeare, which Schlegel, in his first period, had so excellently done into German; but this turned out very ill for old Voss, and still worse for his publisher; the production was a total failure. Where Schlegel possibly translated too effeminately, where his verses are not unfrequently like whipt cream, with regard to which one hardly knows, when carried to the mouth, whether it is to be eaten or drunk; in all these places, Voss is as hard as stone, and a man runs the risk of breaking a jaw-bone in pronouncing his lines.'

It was Goethe, however, who gave the finishing blow to the romantic school; and exceedingly ungrateful of him it was, for they worshipped him as the first of moderns, and held him up as a model for posterity.

'They had him, too' (says Heine, with his wonted malice), 'so immediately at hand. From Jena to Weimar the road lay through an avenue of pretty trees—on which grow plums, very pleasant to the taste, when one is thirsty from the heat; and the Schlegels travelled this road very frequently; and at Weimar they had many a colloquy with Privy Counsellor Goethe, who was always a great diplomatist, and quietly listened to the Schlegels, smiled assentingly, often gave them a dinner, did them now and then a favour, and so forth.'

They are also accused of making court to Schiller, who, if they did so, certainly rejected their advances, and applied to them, as appears from his correspondence, terms expressive of no very qualified contempt. One of the principal causes of A. W. Schlegel's present unpopularity in Germany (which seems to have escaped Heine) is an attempt made by him to revenge himself on Goethe and Schiller by epigrams, not certainly in the best possible taste, though the provocation was great.

The plums, which were so attractive to the Schlegels, appear to have made a strong impression on Heine himself, for they play a prominent part in his first interview with Goethe; the account of which, as well as the personal description preceding it, are are amusing enough:—

'The accordance of personal appearance with genius, such as is required in extraordinary men, was conspicuous in Goethe. One might study Grecian art in him, as in an antique. His eyes were tranquil as those of a god. Time had been powerful enough to cover

* This may remind the reader of Johnson's celebrated parallel between Dryden and Pope.

his head with snow, but not to bend it; he carried it ever proud and high: and when he spoke, he seemed to grow bigger; and when he stretched out his hand, it was as if he could prescribe, with his finger, to the stars in heaven the way they were to go. When I visited him in Weimar, and stood face to face with him, I looked involuntarily around in search of the eagle with the thunderbolts in his beak. I was on the very point of addressing him in Greek; but, so soon as I observed that he understood German, I related to him, in my own mother tongue, that the plums upon the road between Jena and Weimar tasted very nice. So many long winter nights had I thought it over—how many deep and sublime things I would say to Goethe when I saw him: and when, at length, I did see him, I said to him—that Saxon plums tasted very nice! And Goethe smiled—he smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danaë, Semele, and so many other princesses and ordinary nymphs besides.

All this is thoroughly German—but no one who ever saw Goethe can deny that he was in reality a most sublime specimen of the human race.

Were we to linger over all the piquant passages in this book, we might be lured on to extract at least a third of it; but we have only room for one extract more, and after duly deliberating, we have resolved on giving the preference to the following observations on the relative merits of Goethe and Schiller, the two great candidates for the literary throne of Germany; where a republic of letters (for the present confusion of ranks and absence of rulers rather resembles an anarchy) has been hitherto unknown. Like a steady, prudent, thinking people as they are, they have always insisted on a king, and have never shown themselves very anxious to impose limitations on his authority.* Our readers will not fail to compare the passage we are about to extract with a paragraph on Goethe and Schiller from Mr. Coleridge's 'Table-Talk,' which we have printed in a preceding article. We cannot but suspect that Coleridge, in assigning a higher rank to Schiller than to Goethe, was unconsciously influenced by the recollections of his own early intercourse with the former, and more especially of his splendid exertions in the English 'Wallenstein.' Heine says—

* Although at one time I was myself an adversary of Goethe, I did

* 'Tieck (said Goethe) was emperor, too, for a time; but it did not last long, he was soon deposed. They said there was something too Tituslike in his temper: he was too mild and good-natured. In the present state of things the empire requires a rigorous sway, and what may be called a sort of barbaric grandeur. Next came the reign of the Schlegels. Things now went on better. August Wilhelm Schlegel, the first, and Frederick, the second of the name, both ruled with becoming severity; not a day passed in which some one was not sent into exile, or in which a few executions did not take place. Perfectly right! Such rulers have, from time immemorial, been immense favourites with the people.'—*Characteristics of Goethe, by Mrs. Austin.*

not approve the coarseness with which Menzel criticised him, and I lamented this want of feeling. I observed—Goethe is at all events the king of our literature; when we apply the critical knife to such a one, we must never permit the least diminution of the courtesy due to his rank; like that executioner who had to behead Charles I., and before he discharged his duty, kneeled down before the king, and prayed his most gracious pardon.

Entre nous, Goethe's enemies formed a very mixed assemblage. What came before the world I have sufficiently indicated;—it is more difficult to guess the particular motive of each in publishing his anti-Goethean convictions. There is only one person whose precise motive I know; and as I myself am that person, I will honestly confess it was—envy. To my praise be it spoken, however, that in Goethe I never attacked the poet, but only the man. I have never censured his works; I have never been able to discover faults in them, like those critics who, with their finely-ground glasses, have observed specks even in the moon. The sharp-sighted folks! what they regard as specks are blooming groves, silver streams, lofty mountains, laughing vales. Nothing is sillier than the depreciation of Goethe in favour of Schiller, by whom they never meant honestly, and who has always been exalted for the mere purpose of degrading Goethe. Or were people really ignorant that those high-renowned, high-ideal forms, those altar-pieces of youth and morality, which Schiller set up, were far easier to produce than those sinful, polluted creatures of the little world, of which Goethe gives us glances in his works? Can they, then, be ignorant that mediocre painters for the most part paint the figures of saints as large as life, but that many a great master makes it his study to paint, with natural truth and artist-like propriety, possibly a Spanish beggar-boy lousing himself, a low-country boor vomiting or having a tooth drawn, and ugly old women, as we see in small Dutch cabinet-pictures? The great and fearful is much more easily represented in art than the little and complete. . . . Rail as you will against the vulgarities in *Faust*, against the scenes on the Brocken, in Auerbach's Cellar!—rail against the irregularities in *Wilhelm Meister*!—all that, however, is precisely what you cannot imitate. But you are not desirous of imitating it; and I hear you exclaiming with disgust—We are no conjurers! we are good Christians! That you are no conjurers, I admit!

Goethe's greatest merit is the completeness of everything he produces; there are no points which are strong whilst others are weak; there is no part fully painted whilst the other is only sketched. Every character in his romances and dramas is treated, where it occurs, as if it was the principal character: it is so with Homer—so with Shakspeare. In the works of all the great poets there are, properly speaking, no inferior characters at all: every figure is a principal character in its place. When, once upon a time, a French ambassador mentioned to Paul of Russia that a man of consequence in St. Petersburg

burgh was interesting himself in some matter or other, the Czar vehemently interrupted him with these remarkable words—"There is no *man of consequence* in this empire but him with whom I am actually speaking, and so long only as I am speaking to him is he of consequence." The absolute poet, who has likewise received his power from heaven, considers in the same style those members of his intellectual empire as of the most consequence, whom he is at the moment causing to speak, who have just grown under his pen; and out of this true despotism of art springs that wonderful completeness of the smallest figures in the works of Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe."

The last paragraph of this extract is excellent; though we should be inclined to qualify that portion of it which makes the merit depend wholly on the execution, and little, if at all, on the choice of objects of art. It was Pasta, we believe, who said of a rival, that she was the first in her line, but that her line was not the first; and the remark suggests a distinction which the reader will find no difficulty in applying for himself. We, on the whole, consider Wallenstein as a grander and a finer *drama* than any of Goethe's—but shall never be able to believe that Schiller was as great a *poet* as Goethe—as original in his creations—as wide in his scope of feeling—or as exquisitely felicitous in his management of their common language.

Heine has candidly confessed the motive of his hostility to Goethe. It were to be wished that he had been equally candid with regard to Schlegel, whom he keeps on plying with every species of ill-natured allusion which the wanton wickedness of wit can suggest. In addition to the sarcasms already mentioned, the dress and personal appearance of this distinguished writer, his mode of lecturing, the furniture of his lecture-room, the circumstances of his marriage, &c. &c., are all deemed fit subjects for quizzing. We are told (what cannot be true) that, unable to live without the pomp and circumstance of reception, to which he had been accustomed as the companion of Madame de Staël, he offered, after her death, to attend Catalani in her progresses; and in reply to Schlegel's assertion, that he saw neither poetry nor poets during his last visit to Paris, Heine says that this is easy of explanation, as Schlegel did nothing the whole time but admire himself in a pocket looking-glass. He even dares to question the great critic's age: 'Mr. A. W. Schlegel is therefore now (1833) sixty-four years old. Mr. Alexander von Humboldt and other *naturalists* maintain, however, that he is older. Champollion also was of the same opinion,' Schlegel, however, may well afford to laugh at such pleasantries as this.

The rest of the book deals chiefly in individual portraiture. He adds

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adds to his list of the chief adversaries, a similar catalogue of the chief supporters, of Goethe—amongst whom Varnhagen von Ense is characterized as ‘a man who carries in his heart thoughts which are as great as the world, and expresses them in words which are as precious and polished as gems.’ Varnhagen von Ense is really an admirable critic, who deserves to be better known in this country than he is. Sketches are given of Steffens, Görres, Hoffman, Novalis, Brentano, Von Arnim, &c.; and slight notices of the leading modern metaphysicians—Fichte, Schelling, Böhme, and Hegel—are interwoven, where it becomes necessary to explain their influence upon literature.

A continuation is promised; and on its appearance we shall probably return to this lively and entertaining work. We have, in our translations, studied to be *liberal*—not at all to be elegant—for we wished to give our English readers some notion of what the modern German style of expression is. We are sorry to add that, though Heine’s vein in this book is far less irreverent than in his *Reisebilder*, we have been obliged to mutilate some of the passages which seemed to us deserving of quotation.

ART. IX.—*England, France, Russia, and Turkey.* Third Edition. London. 1835.

TO preserve the independence of Turkey has long been a primary object of the foreign policy of France and England, especially of the latter—for we have an Asiatic as well as a European interest at stake; and whatever course her fear of the ‘spread of liberal opinions’ may have induced Austria to pursue, since the ‘three glorious days’ in France, and the reform in England, have appeared to unite these two powers in support of such changes as she most dreads, there can be no doubt that the possession of Constantinople by Russia would be regarded at Vienna as an evil second only to the propagation of revolutionary principles in Germany. But, notwithstanding these opposing interests, Russia, from the day on which Catherine II. gave to her grandson the name of Constantine, has avowed her ambition to have a third capital on the Bosphorus; and had she not avowed it, her policy has been so unequivocally, perseveringly, and successfully directed to the subjugation of Turkey, that the most careless observation of passing events, or the most cursory perusal of the history of their relations and collisions, could leave no doubt

doubt on the subject, so it seems to us, in the mind of any sane man.

Why did Russia covet the Crimea and Bessarabia?—was her own territory too circumscribed? Why was Ismael to be purchased at any price of blood or treasure? Why was the intelligence of its fall so grateful to the soul of Catherine? Why has Russia at all times taken care to preserve to herself a right of interference in the internal affairs of Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia; which was an ever-available cause of quarrel, and a never ending source of discussion, with Turkey? How has it happened that she has never permitted a favourable opportunity of attacking Turkey to pass unimproved; and that her frontier has never ceased to creep gradually onward to the south and west? With what view has she preserved, at an immense cost of men and money, a position south of the Caucasus, which can avail her only for *some* aggression? What adequate motive could she have for incorporating with her own dominions, in a manner that would not have been creditable to a more barbarous power, and at a large annual pecuniary sacrifice, the little Christian principality of Georgia, which sought her protection, and confided in her good faith?—was it not that she found in it the means of planting a thorn in the side of Turkey—of paralyzing the resources of the Porte in Asia—of more effectually folding her arms round her destined victim? When Turkey, moved by the instances of England, and taking counsel of her own prudence rather than her ambition, concluded, in 1812, the treaty of Bucharest, and put an end to a war of aggression on the part of Russia, at a moment when that power was struggling for its very existence, why did the Emperor evade the surrender of the fortresses on the Black Sea, which he had bound himself by treaty to restore? How comes it that the name of Russia has been connected with every rebellion in Greece—with every revolt in the north-eastern provinces? Why has she permitted herself, in violation of the existing treaties, to make her territory a place of refuge for rebels? What could have been her inducement to tender her services to the Porte, to put down the revolt in Greece—which revolt she was believed to have excited?—Was it not a desire to obtain the same rights of protection, interference, and control in Greece, that she had already acquired in the other Christian provinces? When the Porte had declined the friendly aid thus freely offered, and declared that it would rather forego the advantages of the proffered co-operation than sanction the principle of foreign intervention between itself and its subjects, why did Russia suddenly become the avowed advocate and protectress of Greece, threatening to take up arms in her cause as she was not permitted to employ them

against

against her? Was it not because she was determined to interfere at all hazards; and having discovered that the sympathies of Europe were awakened in behalf of the revolted Greeks, she conceived the hope of detaching, on this ground, her allies from Turkey, and of being permitted to stand forth, as she actually did at a subsequent period, the champion of what she told Turkey was a European cause? Does any one who is acquainted with the discussions of 1821, and the proceedings of Baron Stroganoff, —with the terms of the ultimatum he presented—with the rude manner in which he rejected the answer of the Porte—and his subsequent departure from Constantinople, as the Porte truly said, 'without a cause'—can any one, who has any knowledge of this whole transaction, doubt for one moment, that it was the intention of the Russian ambassador to produce a rupture—or that he would have succeeded, had the ambassadors of France and England been prepared to leave Constantinople as they afterwards did in 1827? Was not the war between Persia and Turkey, which broke out at that very time, undertaken at the instigation of the Russian *chargé d'affaires* at Tabreez, and justified by him in a long note addressed to an officer of the Shah's household? Could it be that so remarkable an apparent coincidence between the views of the Russian representatives at these distant courts was the result of no previous concert?

But the violence of the Russian ambassador was unavailing. The firmness and address of the British government, and the temperate conduct of the Porte, postponed the catastrophe; and it was not until the shackles we had forged for ourselves in the treaty of London, had chained us to the side of Russia, and the evil effects of so ill-omened a connexion in such a cause had already prostrated Turkey, that we not only lost the power of preventing a rupture, but found ourselves contributing to the aggrandisement of our rival, and hastening the subjugation of our ally.

Turkey, on grounds incontrovertible, denied the right of any foreign power to interfere between her and her own subjects, whether Christian or Mahomedan. International law acknowledges no religious affinities or antipathies, countenances no classical associations, no schoolboy predilections; and—however generous or disinterested might have been the sympathies of European nations with their Christian brethren in Greece—however honourable the sentiments which led men imbued with classical recollections to seek the means of repaying to a degenerate posterity the debt of gratitude they acknowledged to some of the noblest examples of human wisdom and glory—the stern questions of right and law remained untouched by these indulgences of the imagination;—

imagination ;—and the claim of Turkey to the allegiance of her Greek subjects was as perfect as that of any other power to the obedience of a conquered people. This was acknowledged at the Congress of Verona ; and that decision of assembled Europe was made known to the Porte by the British ambassador. Could any tribunal be more competent—any pledge more solemn ?

But Russia was still seeking a cause of quarrel with Turkey. True to the policy of Catherine, she longed to have her frontier advanced to the Danube. The name of Greece was continually in her mouth, and the contest in that country seemed likely to furnish the pretext for a rupture with the Porte. The sympathy of all the admirers of democracy in Europe, and of many of our scholars, with the overmatched Greeks, had been loudly pronounced. The successes of Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea threatened to replace Turkey in undisputed possession of that province, and to leave no pretext for interference. The party professing what are called 'liberal opinions' in this country put itself prominently forward to demand the intervention of England in support of the revolt. The distinguished statesman then at the head of the British cabinet had begun to connect himself with this party, and his own early predilections for literature, his reputation as a scholar, and probably a true love for ancient Greece, prepared him to regard the association of England and France with Russia in the enterprise of liberation, as the best mode of regulating the movements of the latter, and preventing her becoming sole arbitress of the destinies of so large a part of Turkey, and so interesting a portion of the globe. At the same time the unbridled licence of the lawless Greeks had made their cruisers a terror to the trading ships of all nations, and the interests of commerce required that this system of legalised piracy should be suppressed. It was not pretended that Turkey had perpetrated or countenanced these violations of the laws and the practice of all civilized nations, but it was thought necessary that she should pay the penalty of the transgression. The Emperor Nicholas, solicited to join the alliance, graciously acquiesced, and became a party to a treaty which had for its avowed object to arrest the arms of Turkey in their rapid advance towards the suppression of the rebellion in Greece—and to punish the piracies of the Greeks by the virtual dismemberment of Turkey ;—a treaty, which not only separated his allies from the sultan, and placed them on the side of his enemy ; but which bound these allies themselves to accomplish that which, in any event, could not fail to benefit Russia. The result is well known.*

Russia,

* We are not aware that any connected account of the negotiations and proceedings of

Russia, too weak to hazard a war while Turkey might find an ally in England or in France, no sooner saw her separated from these powers than she prepared to attack her. The war in Persia was first to be concluded—for even this was a sufficient impediment to alarm Russia—and the coffers of the Shah made to furnish the means of putting the Muscovite troops in motion. But the Russian general at Tabreez permitted the intentions of his government to transpire, before Turkey had even put forth that letter to the pashas, which furnished the emperor with the pretext for his declaration of war; and, therefore, before the existence of the grounds on which Russia afterwards attempted to justify it. The predetermination of Russia to go to war, should an occasion be offered her, was thus put beyond a doubt. It was what every man who had attended to her previous proceedings in the East, and who knew the feelings of the Porte, must have anticipated, from the moment he became acquainted with the treaty of the 6th July—must have known to be inevitable after the battle of Navarino.*

‘It is ten years of continuous disasters,’ says the writer of the able and eloquent pamphlet before us, ‘occasioned or exasperated by the hostility, open or disguised, of Russia, and the errors of France and England, that have reduced the existence of Turkey to a diplomatic decision between the courts of Europe.’

‘The independence of Turkey has been undermined by her, under the mask of common objects, common measures, and formal alliance with the two cabinets most interested, and now on the point of recurring to the last resort in its support; by an unparalleled combination of successful delusions, she not only has veiled from them her motives and her acts, but has called in the aid of their armies and fleets, and the whole weight of their moral support, for the furtherance of her designs.’—pp. 6, 7.

But before her release from the contest with Persia, and the growing hostility of feeling between the Porte and its ancient allies, had matured the occasion which the Cabinet of St. Petersburg awaited to accomplish its purpose, it was necessary to provide for the possibility of an accession, on the part of Turkey, to the demands of the three powers, and to draw, in the meantime, such advantages as might be derived from the commanding position in which this treble alliance had placed Russia. The ‘reforms’ of the sultan had already been commenced, and the destruction of the Janissaries had deprived him of the only military force which could have availed him in a contest with a European nation. His condition,

of the allies, for the accomplishment of the objects of the treaty of London, have ever appeared, except that contained in a previous Number. See *Quarterly Review*, vol. xliii. p. 495.

* For the circumstances which led to this battle, see *Quarterly Review*, vol. xliii. therefore,

therefore, was one of extreme debility, and though he still resisted all interference in the affairs of Greece, he agreed to renew the negotiations with the court of St. Petersburg for the adjustment of all causes of dispute, *distinct from the Greek question*, which existed between them. The plenipotentiaries met at Akermann, and the demands of Russia were so unreasonable, that at first they were peremptorily rejected.

After several meetings, the Russian plenipotentiaries presented, contrary to the convention, a separate document, under the name of *ultimatum*, demanding that it should be approved and accepted, without alteration.

In vain did the plenipotentiaries of the Sublime Porte represent how much such a proposition was contrary to all diplomatic forms, and to the basis of the conference. "*Notre mission*," answered the Russians, "*a pour unique objet de faire absolument accepter cette pièce.*" The Turks finally gave way, in consequence of the official declaration of the Russian plenipotentiaries, in the name of their court, that Russia would in no way interfere with the Greek question. This declaration, consigned in the protocols on both sides, appeared a pledge of peace and friendship between the two empires, for the present and the future. The close of the conference was implicitly motivated on the said declaration, and the treaty was concluded, *de bonne grâce*, without looking too closely at each of the articles."—p. 15.

In April, Russia signed the protocol by which she engaged to interfere in the affairs of Greece. In September, she procured the acceptance of the Convention of Akermann, by engaging not to interfere in these affairs. In July, she signed the Treaty of London, renewing the engagements of April, with the addition of a determination to use force if necessary; and in October, her admiral, acting on the *nautical* interpretation of that document, took part in the battle of Navarino, where the Ottoman fleet was annihilated, in the midst of profound peace, by the three powers who had so lately concluded a treaty of 'peace, mediation, and conservation.' Yet a mental reservation, of which the Porte accused itself in a letter to its own subjects, was the only intelligible cause of complaint on which Russia could found a pretext for detaching herself from her allies, and declaring war *upon separate grounds*. The letter of Count Nesselrode to the Reis Effendi, which was written in answer to a conciliatory address from that functionary, and which was transmitted to the Turkish government along with the declaration of war, clearly restricts the causes of quarrel to acts subsequent to the departure of the ambassadors from Constantinople; *for it declares the friendly intentions and feelings of Russia up to that time*. But subsequent to the departure of the ambassadors, the proceedings of the Turkish government towards Russia and her subjects had been

been in no one respect different from those adopted towards the other powers and their subjects. Russia had, therefore, no separate ground of complaint, except the declaration of the Porte, contained in a letter to the Pashas of the Empire, that it had concluded the Treaty of Akerman for the purpose of gaining time*—a declaration which the Turkish government evinced a distinct inclination to retract; and which, if even it had been unexplained, was not more inexcusable than the conduct of Russia in contracting engagements never intended to be fulfilled, and already violated.

Had England and France been untrammelled by the treaty of the 6th July—uncompromised by the 'untoward event' of Navarino, which was the offspring, legitimate or spurious, of that treaty—and unpledged to a conditional co-operation with Russia against the Porte,—they could not, they would not, have exposed Turkey, naked and alone, to the tender mercies of her enemy; they never would have consented to entrust all the interests they had at stake in her independence to the keeping of a power that had never ceased to desire and labour for her subjugation.

After an attempt to obtain the consent of the allies to 'the occupation of Wallachia and Moldavia in the name of the three powers,' and even to the march of her armies into Turkey, for the purpose of 'dictating peace under the walls of the Seraglio,'—after having failed in an endeavour to engage England and France in active hostilities against the Porte, subsequent to the departure of the ambassadors—and having declared, and been forced to retract the declaration, that 'in the manner of executing that act,' (the Treaty of London,) 'she will be able to consult only her own interests and convenience,'—Russia at length declared war.

'A war with Turkey,' she said, 'involved no complication of the relations of Russia and her allies. No compact of guaranteeship—no political obligations connected the destinies of the Ottoman empire with the reparatory stipulations of 1814 and 1815, under the shadow of which civilised and Christian Europe reposed from its long discords, and saw its governments united by the memory of a common glory, and by a happy identity of principles and intentions.† . . . Russia,

* After the battle of Navarino and the departure of the Ambassadors from Constantinople, the Porte did not doubt that it was at war with the three powers, and it therefore appealed to the patriotism of the Turks, and called upon them to arm themselves in defence of their country and their religion. At the same time it informed them, not that it had been deceived by Russia, which was the truth, but, that it had deceived Russia, and had signed the Convention of Akermann for the purpose of gaining time. As soon, however, as the Porte had reason to suppose that a war could yet be avoided, it addressed the Russian Cabinet through the Reis Effendi, and expressed a desire to renew friendly relations with the Czar.

† What are the reparatory stipulations of 1814 and 1815—what the 'compact of guaranteeship' here alluded to; can it refer to Poland?

by

by her state of hostility with the Porte, from motives independent of the treaty of July, adheres, and will adhere, to the stipulations of that act. The duties it imposes on her, the principles on which it is founded, will be—the first, fulfilled with the most scrupulous fidelity—the second, observed without deviation. Her allies will always find her ready to concert her march with them in the execution of the treaty of London; and ever anxious to aid in a work which her religion, and all the sentiments honourable to humanity, recommend to her active solicitude; always disposed to profit by her actual position, only for the purpose of accelerating the accomplishment of the clauses of the 6th of July: not to change their nature or effects.’

‘Russia creates the Greek insurrection, denounces it to the Porte, and offers to assist in quelling it; then menaces war in consequence of the severe measures taken by the Porte—spreads the revolt by these menaces, publicly notified by the departure of her ambassador,—brings about the hostility between Turkey and Christendom, which she deplures—makes herself be entreated by England to enter the alliance settled by the treaty of July—obtains the important advantages of the convention of Akermann, by renouncing, in favour of Turkey, all further interference in the affairs of Greece; is then permitted by her allies to seize that inestimable moment, when Turkey was apparently at the last gasp for making war, so that she might bring about the settlement of the affairs of Greece. When she has brought about enmity and hostility between Turkey and Europe, she discovers that Turkey is no longer necessary to the balance of European power. Generosity induces her not to destroy it. She engages herself, not to “profit by the position” in which her allies have placed her, to deviate in no way from the stipulations (stipulations of mediation, of peace, and conservation) of the 6th July. Mediator in Greece, she is belligerent only in Roumelia and Anatoly; but she captures vessels in the Archipelago, and blockades the Dardanelles; and she subsidises Greece at the same moment to maintain 20,000 troops on her frontiers, to paralyse the operations of the Turks. Was it for this that Canning desired that memorable treaty? Was it thus that the “influence of Russia in Greece was to be nullified, and her interference in Turkey prevented?”’

We are inclined to believe that, but for the death of Mr. Canning, the results might have been very different. The magician was gone, and there remained among his friends no one that could wield his wand. Our author thus sums up the passage—

‘The war is at length concluded, Russia’s material means being at the last ebb, and the Porte’s moral means totally exhausted; still Russia wears a menacing aspect after the passage of the Balkan, till she extorts a threat from England of capturing her fleet at Tenedos. She, consequently, leaves the impression of the Turkish empire having been within her grasp; and to England, the pride and confidence of reflecting that a menace of hers sufficed, at any hour, to arrest the progress of Russia.’—pp. 15-20.

To

To connect the proceedings of this period with subsequent events, to preserve unbroken the chain of Russian policy respecting Turkey, and to put beyond all doubt, if any doubt yet remains, her views of aggrandisement—the audacity with which she pursues them, and the success of her measures—we must examine the Treaty of Adrianople a little in detail; and the analysis of that remarkable document contained in the pamphlet, from which we have already quoted largely, is so able, that we must be excused for extracting it:—

‘The first article that deserves attention is the third. The Delta, at the mouth of the Danube, is annexed to Russia, and therefore that river, the highway of Bulgaria, of *the Provinces**, and now, by the introduction of steam-navigation, of central Europe, is placed at her disposal, and the opposite bank is to be left uninhabited for the distance, inland, of six miles; so that it is entirely out of the power of the Porte to retain any balancing control over it.

‘Art. IV. consigns to Russia, without ever mentioning it, Anapa, the key of Circassia, both military and commercial, obtained by treachery at the commencement of the war. This acquisition cuts off the commerce of three or four millions of an independent and warlike population, deprives them of some necessities of life, and of ammunition; it intercepts their communications with Turkey, and prevents all obtrusion on Europe of their claims on her sympathies or interest. To this cession is added nearly two hundred miles of coast, and three military positions; moreover, two fortresses, one the chief place of a Pashalick, beyond Georgia; and this Russia takes without any views of aggrandisement; and, secure in the ignorance of Europe, without condescending to mention names, or specify particulars.

‘The separate act, annexed to Article V., stipulates the following arrangements for the provinces—the nomination of the Hospodars for life; the abolition of the imposts in kind, which formed the principal source of revenue from the provinces; the expulsion from them of all Mussulmans; the demolition of the Turkish fortress, Giurgova; and the establishment of a quarantine, separating them from the Porte, and uniting them to Russia. This is a species of interference too strange to mean any thing less than actual possession. To establish, in the provinces of an empire treated as independent, a military cordon of this description, would, of course, never for a moment be tolerated from any other government save Russia. This insulated the provinces from Turkey, and gave Russia the control of every individual, every vessel, every bale of goods, every letter. The idea is monstrous, of a quarantine directed by a foreign power; and that it should be so directed is provided for. The sanitary establishment is

* *The Provinces* is a diplomatic phrase, by which Wallachia, Servia, and Moldavia are designated.

placed under the direction of the Russian consul: nor does it rest here; the troops raised in the provinces are appropriated to this service, controlled by the Russian consul, who thus officially directs the sanitary administration, and the civil and military force.

'Art. VI. confirms the stipulations of Akermann relative to Servia. To the article itself there is no objection to be made, perhaps; for the same reason Russia did her best to prevent its execution. An aide-de-camp of the Emperor's succeeded so completely in embroiling the question of the limits, that grounds of interminable discussion would have remained open, for future griefs and renewed appeals, had not Prince Milosch thought it best to settle the matter in his own way, and eject the Turks.

'On the subject of Belgrade, the Emperor was referred to; and his decision was such as to make the prince vow never to set foot in that city again, and to transfer the capital to Semendria. Finally, the settlement between Servia and the Porte was arranged *à l'amiable*. The Sultan granted more than had been originally demanded, and added to the favour by the manner in which it was conferred, to the astonishment and exasperation of the Russian ambassador.*

'Art. VII. regulates the privileges of Russian merchants. They are to pay only the tariff of external commerce; and, having paid that, they are to be "molested in no case, and under no pretext, by any prohibition, or any restriction whatever; nor in consequence of any measure or regulation, whether of administration or of internal legislation." But independently of the three per cent. on exportation, reduced for Russians to less than one per cent., by the depreciation of the currency, and the antiquity of Russia's tariff, which she has never permitted to be renewed, there are local taxes on production, against which this article was levelled. The consequence was, the disturbance of the whole internal administration of the country—the governors, and farmers of revenue, defrauded of rights and profits they had purchased, were exasperated against the Russian *protégés*;—acts of violence followed, summarily taken up by Russia, and a ferment produced, that cannot well be conceived as the result of a stipulation in a treaty with a foreign power. And in favour of whom was this monstrous privilege introduced? In favour, it will be supposed, of a large and powerful body of mercantile men. Nothing of the kind. There is not a single native Russian merchant in Turkey! Russia's first object was to multiply her *protégés*. Presently, one half of the exports of Turkey figured as Russian property; previously, Russian protection relieved the privileged class from all civil and financial obligations; now, new inducements were added in such unheard-of commercial prerogatives. But a far more important

* 'Prince Milosch's assembling the knèges, or village chiefs of Servia, to submit to their rejection or confirmation the firman appointing him hereditary prince. The Russian ambassador, on learning this, allowed himself to be betrayed into the most indecent violence. "Does Prince Milosch think himself a Bolivar?"'

object was concealed behind this affection: strange to say, the least in Russia for ultra freedom of commerce. The Turkish administration had evinced a disposition of imitating Mehmet Ali's monopolies. In its new difficulties, the idea recurred, or the suggestion was made by some of the agents of all sorts that have occupied every avenue that approach every ear of men in office. Essays were made: they were evidently infractions of those rights which Russia defended with so much acrimony.

'The Russian *protégés*, thus exposed to a new vexation, far more oppressive than the slight duties from which Russia had emancipated them, claimed loudly for redress from their ambassador. They were told not to meddle with matters that did not concern them: Russia's object was attained; the "monopolies," however inapplicable the term, were created; a new abuse, if not very oppressive, very vexatious, established; a noxious spirit of fiscality introduced into the administration; every Frank, from one end of the empire to the other, exclaimed, "Turkey is lost!" and every *employé* of Russia added, "What a country would not this be, if in the hands of a civilised government!"

'Art. VIII. stipulates the amount of the commercial claims. There is nothing else of importance save Art. IX., which determines a compensation for the war expenses—which is "to be settled, by common consent," between the two courts.

'Here, in this little sentence, lies the pith of the whole transaction; this it is, which has mortgaged Turkey to her enemy; this has led to the treaty of the 8th of July, to the convention of St. Petersburg, and to the actual peril of the empire.

'It is a memorable record of the hurry with which so important a treaty was formed—of the apathy of the other embassies, and of the facilities possessed by Russia of over-reaching her enemy—that the Turkish plenipotentiaries conceived, or were led to conceive, for the transaction took place through the intervention of dragomans, that a million meant one hundred thousand!* The treaty was signed by them, and carried back, after the ratification, to Constantinople, under the impression that the sum due was four hundred thousand pounds, not four millions.

'Considering the deplorable state of the Russian troops—their utter destitution—the ravages of a pestilential disease†—and the revolution that had taken place in the disposition of the inhabitants, and of the Albanian army, with difficulty restrained by the Porte from falling on the Russians, the discovery, a little sooner, of this error of a cypher, might have prevented the necessity of the inquiry in which we are engaged; but regrets are vain, except in as far as they may rouse us from the inaction that has so seriously and so

* 'The sum is not specified in the treaty first communicated to the ambassadors; but in the annexed act, although the commercial claims are minutely as the epochs of payment stipulated in the treaty.'

† 'When the treaty was signed, not more than eight thousand were in a state to march, though, in certain Perot circles, they were believed fifty thousand strong.'

uselessly compromised our interests—and, what is more, blinded us to them.

‘If such are the circumstances, what becomes of the right of Russia to pecuniary compensation? And had she every right in the world to that compensation, if it affects the existence of Turkey, is it not as imperative on us to nullify this stipulation, as to prevent the formal extinction of the Turkish government? But some excuse might be found for our indifference, if Russia exercised the right devolving on her, by the admission of her claim, in such a manner as to allow Turkey the means of discharging it. In the position of the one empire with respect to the other—a position which has admitted a stipulation such as this in the treaty of Adrianople—“If any one of these stipulations come to be infringed, without the Minister of Russia obtaining prompt and full satisfaction, the Sublime Porte recognises the right of the Imperial Court of Russia to consider such infraction as an act of hostility, and immediately to have recourse to reprisals against the Sublime Porte.” In such a position, with every obligation weighing upon one party, was it necessary to possess further guarantees than those conferred by the treaty—by the acknowledgment of the debt, and the means of exacting payment? Was it necessary to imprison the body of the debtor, and to place him in the impossibility of defraying the debt? In the interest even of the debt, he ought to be allowed to arrange his own affairs; but it is evidently not the sum that the creditor requires: it is the body of his debtor. While the antagonist, feeling as yet his physical strength unequal to the subjugation of his enemy, seeks to restrain and divide his powers by fictitious bonds; and by the semblance of right to insulate him from the common sympathies—the common interests of humanity.

‘The provinces and Silistria are mortgaged for the debt! Silistria is the most important fortress in European Turkey. It gives Russia a place of arms in the midst of the Ottoman states, which solves by a menace (tacit, if not avowed) every difference of opinion between Russia and Turkey on questions of foreign policy and internal administration.

‘Such are the general stipulations of the treaty of Adrianople—such the thorns which England, and the fruits which Russia, has reaped from the treaty of the 6th of July.’—pp. 24-31.

Yet the Emperor Nicholas, in a manifesto put forth after the conclusion of the peace, ventures to affirm that Russia ‘has remained constantly a stranger to every desire of conquest—to every view of aggrandisement.’

* “England had the air of being the soul of an alliance, contracted between her, France, and Russia. However, the only inheritance which a minister, who had been able to conciliate the interests of his country with those of humanity, left to his successor, was a treaty of 6th July. His premature death opened a field to other views; and the great event of Navarin did not lead to those consequences which Europe expected! Let others inquire if we owe this grand catastrophe to mere hazard, or to the warlike humour of a brave sailor.”—*Valentini, Guerre contre les Turcs.*

'But it may, perhaps, be supposed,' says the writer of this pamphlet, 'that the extension of the Russian dominion, like our own in India, has been brought about by circumstances, and is contrary to the principles it has laid down for its own conduct. But any one who knew no more of Russia than is to be learnt from this very declaration of war, must be aware, after perusing it, that the possession of the Dardanelles ought to be, if it is not, the chief object of the policy of Russia. "The Bosphorus is closed," says Nicholas, in his manifesto, 26th of April, 1828; "our commerce is annihilated." The declaration of war continues—"The ruin of the Russian towns, that owe their existence to this commerce, becomes imminent, and the meridional provinces of the states of the Emperor lose the only outlet for their produce—the only maritime communication which can, in facilitating exchange, cause labour to fructify, and bear industry and riches."

'This is a large avowal to make: it no doubt was inadvertently made. How can the external resources of Russia be developed without the greatest danger to the state—whilst the outlet and inlet of their products are at the disposal of a power rendered innately hostile by a long series of encroachments, embittered by the disgust which has been engendered by the mode and the humiliations which have been added to injury? If the possibility of any hostile movement did not exist—if there were no such nations as France or England in the world—if the rich provinces of Turkey were not worth the acquisition—if Russia had no interest in forming a marine—if it were not necessary for her to prevent the existence of good government in Turkey, either for the prevention of an agricultural development, fatal to her own, or to take all hopes from the various populations wrested from Turkey, and who continue subjects of Russia only while misgovernment in Turkey continues—if, for none of these reasons, the possession of the Dardanelles were desirable, still would it be necessary for the security of the actual commerce of Russia, and must be possessed, before the government can permit the extensive development of industry which might, at any moment, convulse the empire and overthrow the government, in consequence of a verbal order of the *Reis Effendi* to the port-captain of Constantinople. "The Dardanelles is for you," said Count Nesselrode, "an important question; it is for us a vital one." "It is the key of my house," said Alexander.'—pp. 22-24.

In reflecting on the details of these transactions, and observing their immense results, one is struck with the comparative insignificance of the means by which Russia has been able to effect, in the face of Europe, a series of aggressions and encroachments which the leading cabinets of Europe had at all times professed a desire to oppose; and we must admit that there is perceptible in our own diplomacy, and in that of France, a weakness and vacillation, as well as an ignorance of the Turks and of Turkey, sufficient

cient to account for our failures and our errors—while consummate vigour and audacity, and an undeviating unity of purpose, are conspicuous in the whole eastern policy of Russia. We have seen her adhering steadily during the better part of a century to one great design, which half the power of Europe has been endeavouring to counteract; and we have seen her, whether as an ally or an enemy—in the field or in the cabinet, uniformly advancing towards its consummation. We have seen her whom we regard as still barbarous, handling the more enlightened cabinets of Europe as if they were the tools with which she worked, and converting what one of our most distinguished statesmen considered a master-stroke of policy—what all his adherents, and the whole liberal press of Europe, applauded as such—into an instrument for her own aggrandizement, more effectual than all the means that her unaided resources could have supplied.

The cause of all this is sufficiently obvious. Russia brought to bear on this question knowledge superior to that of all the other cabinets. She knew Turkey and the Turks—we knew them not, and sought not to know them. There was no intercourse between them and us, because we have never had any means of communication. We have been content to repose in a profound ignorance of the language, the institutions, the habits, and the feelings of the Ottoman people. We were never able to appreciate the value of what they lost, or what Russia gained. We were incapable of profiting by their strength, or guarding against their weakness. Though we have acknowledged a community of interest, we have made no attempt to establish a concert of design. We have been walking in the dark, and we need not wonder that we have lost our way.

But great as have been the errors, and miserable as the results have been which make our unguarded interference in the affairs of Greece a subject of bitter regret—leaving us only a consciousness of the purity of our motives to compensate for the follies into which they betrayed us—even these are intelligible and venial, compared with those which we have now to deplore.

Turkey was reduced by the last war with Russia to the verge of destruction—her finances exhausted—her infant army annihilated—the executive paralyzed. The authority of the Sultan, hardly preserved in the capital, was nearly extinguished in the extremities of the empire. To the reforms which he had pushed with too much haste, were attributed the disasters which had overtaken the nation. The pride of the Turks taught them to impute to his errors rather than their own weakness the success of an enemy whom they hated. All those who felt that the innovations of the Sultan struck at the root of their own power, their importance, or their emoluments,

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found in them a cause sufficient to account for the evils that had befallen their country. The whole force of ancient prejudices in the people, of personal interest in the nobles, and of religious fanaticism in the priesthood, was arrayed against the attachment of the nation to its sovereign—to sap and to destroy the loyalty of the Turks. The clamour became general, and ambitious men in the more distant provinces, or in those most loosely attached to the empire, thought the time was come when they might with impunity renounce their allegiance—revolt succeeded revolt, and the Ottoman power seemed ready to fall in pieces from the violence of the shock it had sustained, and the apparent relaxation or rupture of the internal bonds of connexion.

But beneath this feeling of discontent, unextinguished by the perception of his errors and the evils which were imputed to them, there lay deep in every man's heart an indestructible attachment to the national chief and the head of their faith—an ineradicable feeling of mingled feudal and religious allegiance that connected the honour, the national existence of the whole Ottoman people, and the stability of their religion, with the supremacy of this representative of the family that had reigned over them for thirty generations—a feeling which, so long as he preserved in their eyes his own nationality, overcame all the causes of complaint or disaffection that prompted them to condemn and to abandon him. The revolts were successively put down, or the demands of the insurgents adjusted; peace was restored, and the promise of repose and renovated strength. The army was recruited, clothed, armed, and paid with regularity: the navy was re-fitted. The civil administration of the country was about to be revised, and some important ameliorations had already been effected.* Military schools were established; extensive means of instruction were provided; a new impulse

* We quote what follows from the journal of a recent resident in Turkey:—During the reign of Mahmood have been abolished the state and etiquette which were formerly the occupations of the court. All the useless charges of the seraglio have been swept away. An economy and simplicity have been introduced into several departments of the state which is really surprising. The expenditure has been reduced to one-fifth of the former charges. The power of life and death has been withdrawn from the pashas. The Christians have been relieved from those burdens and prohibitions which galled them before. The revenue, notwithstanding the deficiencies caused by the loss of the contributions of Greece, Albania, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia—for many years of Egypt, Syria, Candia, Bagdad, Akhaltzik, and lately of Kars and Erzeroom, that is, of nearly one-half of the empire—is yet in a state to meet the increased demands of the new organization. Political culprits and rebels have not only been pardoned, but trusted according to their political capacity. The prisons of Constantinople are empty. There are no heads on the seraglio gates. Numerous academies have been built and endowed by the Sultan, and there are now seven thousand young men receiving in these establishments an education which, without pretending to embrace the higher branches of science, is exceedingly well calculated to make them useful and respectable

impulse was given to all the sources of civilization ; and out of what appeared to have been but the ruins of a barbarous kingdom, there sprung up—too hastily, it is true, and with all the weakness of a too rapid growth—but still there did spring up, more especially in the capital, new sentiments, new views, new institutions, which were, and still are, rapidly obliterating the broad lines of separation that had hitherto excluded Turkey from the community of European nations, and placed her people beyond the reach of our sympathies and our attachments.

One baneful influence blighted all these prospects. The results of the war had placed the Sultan in a degrading dependence upon Russia, and she used unsparingly the means she possessed to make that obnoxious dependence everywhere apparent. The most faithful of the Mussulmans—finding that neither the dignity of their rank, nor the extent of their services, nor the fidelity of their attachment, could protect them from a like dependence on the agents of a government which every feeling of honest pride and patriotism taught them to consider as the bitter enemy of their race—began to regard the Sultan as lost to his people, as a prince whose nationality was compromised. The unreserved confidence which had hitherto subsisted between him and his trustiest officers was shaken. Favourites crept into the monarch's councils, and Russia stepping in to give the whole weight of her influence to the personal *attachés* of the Sultan, succeeded in establishing a faction near the throne, which found in the support of its late enemies and recent friends the surest prop to their own power. Mahmood, piqued by the distrust which the nation had betrayed of his reforms and innovations, and flattered by the compliment to his understanding which was implied in the desire to communicate with himself personally on matters of high importance, yielded to the impulse which led him away from his best counsellors, and taught him to place too much reliance on his own imperfect judgment and the advice of those whose interest it was to confirm rather than correct his opinions.

At the same time, the commercial privileges and immunities granted to Russia for her Greek *protégés* had become exceedingly oppressive ; the farmer of the revenue was defrauded, and the whole civil administration was deranged. Disputes and commotions followed, and the power of Russia enabled her in all cases summarily to decide in favour of her own parties. The Turks

members of society, and efficient servants of the government. In some of the regiments, the whole of the men have been taught handicrafts, in the exercise of which they are made to occupy their spare time; the profits of their labour are applied to the improvement of their own condition. These are facts which do not cease to be so because they are not known in Europe—because Europeans will not take the trouble to know them.

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could get no redress, and were more and more disgusted with a Sultan who was unable or unwilling to protect them. The influence of Russia was everywhere felt, and everywhere injuriously, by the nation, but the odium of her measures fell on Mahmood, who was regarded by the people as the instrument of her oppressions. The destruction of the Janissaries had removed the only national check on the sovereign, and his foreign connexion seemed to be formed with a view to place himself in a position of perfect independence of his subjects. To them, therefore, he ceased to be chief of their race; he had become a pageant in the hands of their enemies.

Meanwhile, a storm had been preparing in another quarter.

Mahommed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, the most powerful of the subjects of the Porte—a man possessed of great energy and talent, and equal ambition—had early appreciated the value of the military discipline that made the armies of Europe irresistible in the East. Ruling a country which furnished him with large resources, and which possessed no native elements of resistance to his government—removed from the dangers of foreign war, and uncontrolled in the exercise of his authority or the appropriation of a revenue of five millions sterling—he had been engaged, through twenty years of uninterrupted internal tranquillity, in maturing a military and naval force which, though inferior in its materials, was superior in its organization, to that of the sovereign he still professed to obey. Having recruited his army from a people who had long been conquered and oppressed, he found them without the pride or the prejudices that deprived the Turkish army of the inestimable advantage of being commanded by European officers of skill and experience; and he surrounded himself with military adventurers of some reputation, whom the revolutions of Europe had driven from their homes.

Having tried his troops in Africa, in Arabia, and in Greece, and found them not wanting in efficiency, he looked with anxiety to the progress of events at Constantinople, and cautiously calculated the chances of success in an attempt to aggrandize himself at the cost of his sovereign. Twelve months before he declared his intention to march into Syria, his inquiries and observations left no doubt on the mind of, at least, one European who approached him, of his intention to measure his strength with the Sultan. He even then proposed to extort by force of arms the performance of a promise, which he said he had received, to reward his services in the Morea with the government of Syria.

There were circumstances in Mahommed Ali's situation which made the extension of his dominions a condition of the duration of his power. His system of administration had sapped the foundations

dations of the prosperity of Egypt. Catching imperfect glimpses of the value of European institutions, and struck with the immense resources of European commerce and manufactures, he became desirous to effect at once, by an exercise of power, what no mere exercise of power can immediately accomplish. In his desire to extend the commerce of Egypt, he induced European merchants to settle in the country; but, yielding to the impulses of an engrossing selfishness, he became ambitious of sharing the profits of traffic, and, not content with the revenues of the sovereign, thirsted also for the gains of the merchant. The Pacha became the greatest trader in his government, and, under the show of protecting commercial enterprise, became a partner in every speculation. Too impatient to await the sure and steady increase of commerce in respectable hands, he engaged with numerous adventurers who flocked to the banks of the Nile; and to men who had neither capital nor knowledge advanced, but always at an usurious interest, the money that was necessary to put their schemes in operation, while they—having nothing to lose, and sure of a subsistence in the mean time—embarked in the wildest adventures, and when the day of settlement arrived, had often nothing to show but the details of their losses. This, however, was but a trifling evil. The revenues of Egypt might enable its possessor to indulge even a costly humour, and there was something imposing in the distribution of his partners or agents over so many countries.

He had heard of the prosperity which was derived from manufactures—of the wealth of England, and the power of her machinery: Manufactories were immediately established—adults and children were alike pressed into the service without regard to their wishes or their interests, and sent to live in the manufactories on the miserable pittance of food that was assigned them, without pay, and, after a little time, without any other beneficial occupation than to exhibit the wonders of the machinery to the admiring courtiers who occasionally accompanied the Pacha to see the show. No benefit to the country could arise from such attempts. Corn had from ancient days been the staple commodity of Egypt, but the soil of that fertile country and its climate were capable of producing more valuable results, and cotton and indigo are now numbered amongst its exports. This, at least, one would say must have benefited the producers. No such thing. It was another cause of oppression and of forced labour, for the exclusive benefit of the Pacha. But these innovations—an army of sixty thousand disciplined Arabs—a fleet of thirty men-of-war—naval and military arsenals—a printing-press—a library and some attempts at the introduction of European instruction—attested the power and the enlightened policy of the Pacha. The Euro-

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peasants of many nations, who profited, whether by his follies, or by his more useful innovations, made Europe ring from side to side with the praises of their patron; and men who derived their opinions only from the journals of France and England, or the reports of travellers who saw nothing but the results we have been enumerating, conceived that in Mahommed Ali they had found the regenerator of Egypt—the civilizer of Africa and of Asia—the enlightened Mahomedan reformer, who was to prepare the Arabs and the Turks for a place amongst civilized nations.

But of all the evils with which the various forms of despotism afflict a people, there are none so hopelessly degrading, so surely destructive of the comforts which make life worth having, as those which attend the steps of a trading tyrant. The transition is so easy from the purchase of the produce to the plunder of the peasant—in a mind sordid enough to originate the system, the temptation is so strong to become a monopolist and to increase the profits by diminishing the first cost, that it will never be resisted by a despotic ruler; and where the means of coercion exist, the result will necessarily be the unreserved appropriation of the whole surplus produce of the kingdom, leaving to the peasant a meagre subsistence. A disinclination to labour, when no advantage can be derived from exertion, is the unavoidable consequence; but the tyrant will not be *defrauded* of his revenues, nor the merchant of his gains; then comes forced labour for the sole benefit of the taskmaster; in short, unmitigated slavery in its worst form—and such at this day is the condition of Egypt.

We have lately perused the journal of a very intelligent gentleman, whose opinions were formed on the spot under circumstances which afforded him an excellent opportunity of arriving at just conclusions, and whose statements are the more valuable because—while they are those of a man of sound judgment, and whose observations have not been confined to one country in the East—they were intended merely as private records, preserved for his own individual satisfaction. His sentiments so directly corroborate the estimate we had been disposed to form, on information derived from other sources, of the value of Mahommed Ali's 'enlightened policy,' that we make no apology for extracting a few passages, of which the writer has permitted us to make use.

After giving some particulars regarding the establishment of the college which is superintended by young men whom Mahommed Ali had sent to Europe to be educated, and who appear to have done ample justice to his selection, the Journal proceeds—

'A certain number of scholars now attend, but they are paid by the Pacha a small sum of money to encourage their attendance. We were

were told there was a good deal of difficulty in getting pupils. The library attached was not very select; it contained, however, a great number of books embracing most of the arts and sciences, and many miscellaneous works. Among the number we were not a little surprised to find one entitled "Crimes of the Turkish Emperors." There were very few English books—not above two or three. Malcolm's "History of Persia" was among the number, the Pacha being curious about the politics of that country. The printing-press, lithographic establishment, and type-foundry, are under the management of an Arab from Mount Lebanon, (one of the pupils he had sent into Europe,) a very shrewd, intelligent young man, who conducted us over the whole manufactory—cast types before us, set them up, and threw off some sheets of printing in a clear beautiful character. At the cotton manufactory we beheld the whole process, from expelling the seeds from the cotton to its transformation into the finest fabrics—plain, wrought, and printed. The machinery was all made in Egypt from the latest improved European models. In some of these manufactories, also, both the superintendents and workmen are Turks and Arabs; the moving power of the machinery is horses. At the iron-foundry they seemed to be forging anchors; the mighty hammer was raised by a simple machine moved by horses. We did not see the cannon-foundry, but we heard that a newly-invented engine for boring two cannon at once was in use there; neither could we enter the arsenal, but one day when we went to the castle, which overlooks it, we saw a vast number of tumbrils and gun-carriages of the European pattern, all painted green, and seemingly very well finished. We understood the arsenal was very well supplied.

It is hard to fathom the reason of Mahommed Ali's introduction of all these European arts, and sciences, and knowledge, into his country. If it were to better the condition of his people, one might give him some credit, but he has no intention of this kind. He is only striving for his own personal profit. Mahommed Ali is the only merchant in his dominions; he is the only exporter and importer, manufacturer and vender, and yet it is for these works that the vagabond Franks cry him up as a wonder. But the cry of his people is lifted up against him; it is they who suffer. The land of Egypt is the Pacha's; the corn in the fields is his; the people, with their wives, and children, and cattle, are all his. No man can say, "This is my own." The country would be abandoned on account of his tyranny, but it is begirt with deserts, and there is no escape. They must cultivate the ground, or die for want of food. Should the Pasha require labourers for his works, an order is sent to so many villages to forward a certain number of men. These we saw with our own eyes, in crowds, bound to each other by cords, and forced to work at half the usual rate of wages, and sometimes without any wages at all.

In digging the canal at Alexandria, the people were pressed and sent to work without any pay whatever; and I have it from authority that twenty thousand men perished from hunger and thirst, and hard

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work, in constructing this passage for the transit of the Pacha's goods, and eighteen thousand more in cleaning out the canal of Yoosof; and yet, at Shubra, this man, in his holy zeal, took the trouble to remove the bones of a reputed saint and build a new tomb over them, because the former tenement was in danger of being carried away by the Nile. He imports dollars, and coins them into base piastres, which he obliges the people to take at an arbitrary value; and this, too, is continually changing at his pleasure. One day he will issue a proclamation that twelve and a half piastres shall be the value of the dollar, to be disobeyed on pain of death; the next there will be another, under a like penalty, that no more than twelve is to be given; while at the same time the intrinsic value of the dollar is twenty of this adulterated coinage, if not more. He rules Egypt with a rod of iron; but, after all, he is fit for the people, and the people for him. It is difficult to pronounce which is the worst. He seems a scourge in the hands of God, to lash them for their iniquities. They are a most abandoned set.'—*MS. Journal*.

Such, we fear, is the 'enlightened policy' which Europe has consented to applaud—such the system which the popular governments of France and England have contributed to extend from the shores of the Nile to the banks of the Euphrates—such the foundation of the power which is to compensate us for the subjugation of Turkey.

But extortion, even where there is no power of resistance, is limited by the power of production; and before it has reached that limit, frustrates its own purpose by extinguishing in the heart of man the only sure incentives to active exertion. As Mahommed Ali has sown, so has he reaped: he has converted the peasant of Egypt into a mere slave, who has no personal interest in the result of his exertions, and he receives in return the amount of a slave's labour; he has dried up the source of prosperity, and he wonders to find that his revenues decline. The resources of Egypt failed him. His wars in Assuan and Sennar, in Arabia and in Greece, had drained his treasury and exhausted the population of the country, which was no longer competent to maintain the huge military establishment his ambition had led him to organize. He was driven to the alternative of reducing his army and navy, or augmenting his revenue by new acquisitions. Long before the occasion arose by which he at length profited, he had acknowledged this necessity; but to reduce his army—was to proclaim his weakness and to abandon the ambitious views which his army alone could enable him to realize. He decided on adopting the other alternative, and marched to the conquest of Syria. A quarrel with the Pacha of Acre furnished a pretext for entering the province, without at once obliging him to declare his hostility to the Sultan—who, after a vain attempt to reclaim his revolted

revolted vassal, denounced him as a rebel, and marched troops to oppose him.

Independent of the general feeling of discontent generated by the anti-national position of the Sultan, which has already been explained, and fostered by the oppressive amount of the exactions to which so many years of foreign and domestic war had subjected the people—there were in Syria some especial grounds of disaffection, arising from the misconduct of the local government, which had driven the people to rebellion, and led to the massacre of the Pacha of Damascus and the plunder of the provisions there collected for the use of the pilgrims to Mecca. The Porte endeavoured to re-establish its authority, and by measures of severity to repress the turbulence of the populace. At this moment, the appearance of Ibrahim Pacha on the stage promised to afford them a refuge from the vengeance of the Porte. In this temper, smarting with the memory of their recent wrongs, and encouraged by the petty chiefs and rulers, who had begun to suffer from the reforms of the Sultan—which, however, had not yet afforded any relief to the lower classes—they hailed Ibrahim as their deliverer. The army of the Sultan was beaten—and a wider field was opened to the ambition of the Egyptian leader. The example of Syria was followed by other provinces: wherever Ibrahim appeared, he was received, if not with enthusiasm, at least without opposition. The same causes of discontent, to a greater or less degree, existed everywhere; the subordinate governments were everywhere vicious and oppressive; the reforms of the Sultan, intended to ameliorate the condition of the peasant, were necessarily directed against the vices of their immediate superiors; and the more influential classes, from their greater intelligence, saw themselves compromised, while the mass of the population had not yet become aware of the benefits intended for them. But the root from which sprung the more widely diffused and deeper feelings of disaffection, now everywhere manifested, was the resentment excited by the thralldom of the Sultan, and his devotion to European manners, which brought even his religious opinions into question.

Mahommed Ali was not slow to take advantage of these sentiments. He proclaimed, as he advanced, that he had taken up arms to rescue his master from the trammels of Russian influence, and to place about him more worthy counsellors; but he disavowed, and perhaps truly, any intention to overturn the throne.

The Turkish nation, borne down by the weight of a pressure from without, which it felt itself unable to repel, acknowledged the necessity of endeavouring to counteract this by external means; and losing, in its hatred to Russia, that too acute perception of national

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and religious distinctions which had hitherto made the exclusion of foreign interference a part of its political creed, looked with anxiety and hope to England and France, who, it was believed, had an interest common with the Turks in opposing Russia, and re-establishing the independence of the Sultan.

The Pacha of Egypt here found another element of strength, and boldly asserted that these two powers were his abettors. The assertion, bold as it may seem, was never contradicted; and, judging merely from their proceedings, it would be difficult even now to show that it was not true.

However this may be, it is important to observe that Mahommed Ali, when holding to the Ottomans the language he thought most likely to attract to him adherents, never once suggested the idea of dethroning the Sultan, or changing the line of succession;—he had marched, he said, *to the aid of his master*. This therefore must, in his opinion, have been the most acceptable character in which he could present himself to the nation, even at the moment of its strongest excitement against the reigning sovereign. From this we may gather the depth of the feelings that protect the loyalty of a Turk, and convince ourselves of the satisfaction with which the nation would receive back to their hearts the monarch of their race, could he only be restored to them free from the influence they abhor.

The successes of Ibrahim Pacha in Syria alarmed the Porte; and it determined to apply for foreign assistance. The influence of Russia was necessarily great at the court of Mahmood—Wallachia and Moldavia were still occupied by her troops—a large amount of the indemnity for the expenses of the war was still due to her. Russia offered her assistance without reserve and without stipulation. To reject it might give her umbrage; and to seek the aid of any other power might induce her to throw the weight of her moral influence into the opposite scale. Yet the Porte, true to its principles even in this extremity, declined her interference; and, with a noble confidence, sought the support, the protection of England—but sought it in vain. May we ask—why?

The dependence of the Sultan upon Russia had been a principal cause of disaffection in Turkey, and therefore of his and her weakness. This weakness, and the jealousy with which the nation viewed his connexion with Russia, in their turn became the causes of his more hopeless dependence;—this again produced distrust in the only governments that could extricate the Sultan and his people from their difficulties. The Turks themselves were not more jealous of the influence of Russia with the Porte than England and France had become. The loyal men who approached the throne of Mahmood perceived the entanglement, and hoped

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to draw from the very difficulties which surrounded them the means of extricating their prince and their nation from the net in which they were inclosed. They knew that to release Mahmood from dependence on Russia was to restore him to the nation, and the nation to him. To secure the accomplishment of an object so important to Turkey, to Europe, and especially to England, required but that England should speak the word—that she should say, ‘let it be done;’ yet she remained silent.

Knowing as we knew, or ought to have known, that nothing but a deep conviction of its own inability to surmount, without assistance, the crisis that was fast approaching, could have induced the Porte to ask for assistance at all; it must have been obvious that when it lost all hope of assistance from England, and from France—for they were then acting in intimate union—there was every reason to fear that it would have recourse to the dangerous aid of Russia, rather than allow itself to be overwhelmed. We had no right to expect from it even the firmness it displayed in resisting the friendly proposals of the Emperor. We knew that Russia had many privileges to protect, and a large sum of money to receive, and that this to her would be a sufficient pretext for interfering; but we knew, also, that Russia had never interfered in the affairs of Turkey without seeking and achieving her own aggrandizement. We knew that she had never ceased to desire the possession of Constantinople—the command of the Dardanelles; we knew that the weakness of Turkey was our loss, and the strength of Turkey our gain—precisely because it was our interest to exclude Russia from the possession of these straits, and to have them in the hands of a power whose interests were distinct from those of Russia, and which was strong enough, with our assistance, to defend them. We had, therefore, lamented the prostration of Turkey, and the ascendancy of Russia in her councils, and we knew that to refuse her aid was to aggravate the prostration and augment the ascendancy. Or can it in truth be, that we were ignorant of all these things? Of which shall we accuse ourselves—the knowledge or the ignorance?

When we left Turkey to fall under the attacks of Mahommed Ali, or to stand under the protection of Russia, what did we propose to ourselves? It may be presumed that we had some views—some objects: if we had none, of course there is an end of the matter; but if we had any, it is important to ascertain what they may have been. This, however, is difficult, for the positive indications of our motives or intentions are too slight to be traced, and it is from what was not done, rather than from what was done, that we must deduce our inferences.

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not restrain Mahommed Ali, (till Russia interfered,)—that we had not a ship of the line in the Mediterranean, and that we had not an ambassador at Constantinople—it may be inferred that the success of the Egyptians was not disagreeable to us : had it been otherwise, we should have supported the Sultan—we should have told Mahommed Ali, that to weaken Turkey was to injure England ; that the peace of Europe required that Turkey should be preserved, and that we could not permit him, or even a greater than him, to destroy it*. We should have reinforced our fleet in the Mediterranean, and put it in a position to give weight and effect to our remonstrance ; and we should have hastened the arrival of the accomplished nobleman to whom the care of our interests in Turkey was to be intrusted ; we should have done, before Russia interfered, what we were forced to do after that ; we should have done, in short, as an act of friendship to Turkey, what we were at length obliged to do from fear of Russia, and the clamour which that fear produced. But as the English cabinet did nothing, the unavoidable inference is, that it looked with complacency on the progress of events—that it saw nothing in the success of Mahommed Ali, or the subversion of the Turkish government, to excite its alarm, or induce any suspicion that the interests of *England* were about to be compromised—that the king's ministers hoped, in short, to find in the establishment of an Egyptian empire under Mahommed Ali a sufficient compensation for the destruction of Turkey.

That this was the opinion on which the Government acted, or declined to act, is the more probable, because it certainly was that of the French ministry with which our measures were concerted.† But if this was the calculation on which England and France proceeded—(and it is difficult to reconcile the measures of the *two* governments with any other)—then it is obvious—as they made no attempt or preparation to prevent the interference of Russia—that they must either have expected her not to interfere at all, or prepared to abandon Turkey to her *protection* if she did, and to seek for compensation elsewhere.

How could they expect Russia not to interfere ? Was it imaginable that the Sultan, abandoned by them, would suffer

* The power of the Pacha of Egypt is at all times under the control of any nation superior to him at sea. To blockade the Nile is to extinguish the power of Mahommed Ali ; and this is the more easily done because he cannot bring his ships out of the river in a state fit for sea—they must be taken out first and fitted afterwards—they could not therefore attack a blockading squadron or force their way out.

† Mahommed Ali had long been a favourite of the French government, and more especially a favourite of the French admiral. He was surrounded by French officers, and his troops were commanded in great part by Frenchmen. Egypt seemed to be a land reserved for the enterprise of the French. To extend the government of the Pacha of Egypt was to extend the sphere of that enterprise.

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himself to be overpowered rather than accept the assistance of the Emperor? They were aware that he was reluctant to accept it—that he considered the measure dangerous. The existence of these fears was a sufficient reason why they should have left him under no necessity to incur the hazard; but it surely afforded no security that the hazard might not be incurred. On the other hand, how could they possibly imagine that Russia would sit quietly looking on, while the destinies of Turkey—the possession of the Dardanelles—the sovereignty of the north-eastern provinces—the whole of the rights and privileges she had acquired in Turkey—her claims to indemnity—her treaties, and the whole results of many wars and many sacrifices of every kind—were at stake? They surely could find nothing in the previous policy of the Court of St. Petersburg (with which our readers are already acquainted) to induce them to believe that it would be so supine—so wanting in energy and ambition—so little alive to its own interests. It would be doing injustice to any man, or any body of men, to suspect that they had ever harboured such hopes. But what is the alternative? That England and France calmly contemplated the prospect of resigning Turkey to the *protection* of Russia, and seeking their compensation in the increased power of Mahommed Ali. If this was their object, they have accomplished it. The only question then to be decided is, whether in so doing they have done wisely?

The interest which Great Britain and France both had in the preservation of Turkey was chiefly involved in the possession of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. It is the command of these passages that for the last century, at least, has given Turkey her influence in Europe;—it is the command of these passages that has made the subjugation of Turkey an object of ambition to Russia. Russia, once in possession of these, will have gained all the advantage that the conquest of Turkey could afford her; and England and France will have lost all of which the subjugation of Turkey by Russia could deprive them.

We have already shown that Russia, notwithstanding the opposition of more than one state—each of which was equal or superior to herself in resources—has steadily and successfully pressed upon Turkey with a view to her subjugation, and the ultimate possession of Constantinople—that is, of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. But these two powers still stood opposed to each other; and so long as they stood so opposed, every step towards the subjugation of the weaker was necessarily an act of violence. Continual aggressions can only be made at a great sacrifice of character; and as they attract attention, they afford to other nations an occasion to interfere. There is a point, however, in the progress

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of subjugation, at which resistance ceases, and *protection* begins—a point beyond which force and violence are no longer necessary, and the absence of collision presents no occasion to interfere. To a power which has to dread opposition in its career of conquest, the step which enables it to pass this point is the most important in the whole series; and this was the step which we invited Russia to take when we abandoned Turkey to her protection. There were two ways in which Russia might acquire permanent possession of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus: the one, by force of arms—which we should always have had it in our power to oppose, because Turkey would then have been with us; the other, a more insidious, but not less effectual mode of subjugation, which, by placing the Porte under the protection of Russia, would leave all its resources at her command, and exclude all possibility of interference, because there could be no collision. This was the result we had to expect from the position in which we placed Turkey—a result which the treaty of the 8th July announced to the world.* But this implies the immediate acquisition of a virtual command, and ultimately of an actual command, of the Dardanelles by Russia.† What then did we prepare to sacrifice, when we consented to this arrangement?

The possession of the Dardanelles would give to Russia the means of creating and organizing an almost unlimited marine. It would enable her to prepare in the Black Sea an armament of any extent, without its being possible for any power in Europe to interrupt her proceedings, or even to watch or discover her designs. Our naval officers of the highest authority have declared that an effective blockade of the Dardanelles cannot be maintained throughout the year. Even supposing, therefore, that we could maintain permanently in those seas a fleet capable of encountering that of Russia, which in a few months will be about sixty sail in the Black Sea alone,‡ it is obvious that in the event of a war it would be in the power of Russia to throw the whole weight of her disposable forces on any point in the Mediterranean, without any probability of our being able to prevent it; and that the power of thus issuing forth with an overwhelming force at any moment, would enable her to command the Mediterranean Sea for a limited time, whenever it might please her so to

* Those who may desire to know the details of the proceedings which led to this result, will find them in the Pamphlet, the title of which is prefixed to these observations; and they will find, moreover, that a perusal of the whole work will amply repay them for the time they may bestow upon it.

† We do not take into account the possibility of rescuing Turkey by a war with Russia. This is no doubt still practicable, but it will not be long practicable; and as such a measure is beyond all calculation improbable, we do not speculate upon it.

‡ Is this great fleet to remain for ever in the Black Sea? if it is not, Russia must consider her command of the Dardanelles as already secure.

do. Where then would be our supremacy at sea?—where the commerce of the Mediterranean? But it must be observed, that she would not only acquire the power of doing all this, but her own frontier would be much more perfectly protected, then, without the presence of the fleet, than it now is with it: her whole southern empire would be defended by a single impregnable fortress.

She would thus acquire an influence in the south of Europe as great and permanent as that which she exerts in the north. The influence which the power of destroying her commerce has hitherto enabled England to exercise over Russia, and the security which this power and this influence have given to Europe by curbing the ambition of the Czars, would be counterbalanced by the means which Russia would then possess of limiting our commerce, and extending and protecting her own. Her southern frontier (hitherto by far the most vulnerable) having been placed beyond the possibility of insult, the large military force now employed along the shores of the Black Sea would be at her free disposal. The possession of Constantinople would at once establish her supremacy in Central Asia, by the moral influence it would exercise over the whole Mahomedan world. All disaffection in the Crimea, the Caucasus, Circassia, and Georgia, would be subdued for ever, because all hope of successful resistance, all possibility of obtaining succour from without, would at once be extinguished. Persia, for the same reason, would cease to be an independent kingdom. Greece, with its islands, would be but a province of Russia. The road to India would then be open to her with all Asia at her back. The finest materials in the world for an army destined to serve in the East would be at her disposal—our power to overawe her in Europe would be gone—and by even a demonstration against India she could augment our national expenditure by many millions annually, and render the government of that country difficult beyond all calculation.

* Suffice it for the present to say, that the countries consuming to the yearly value of thirty millions of our exports would be placed under the immediate control of the coalition, and of course under the regulations of the Russian tariff; not as it is to-day, but such as it would be when the mask is wholly dropped. What would the effect on the internal state of England be, if a considerable diminution of exportation occurred? But it is not only the direct effect of the tariffs of the coalition that is to be apprehended—would it not command the tariffs of northern and southern America? Are the opening prospects of commerce, not to speak of that actually existing in Turkey alone, of no importance? Is it nothing to see projects maturing for direct communication with India through the Turkish territory, while the Danube is rendered navigable, while canals are about to connect that stream with the other rivers of Austria, and with those of Russia, Prussia,

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Prussia, and Bavaria, so as to establish a direct communication between the manufacturing districts of Germany with the marts of Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Arabia, and even India itself? Is it for England to allow freedom of commerce to be extinguished in the only portion of Europe where it exists? Is it for England to allow an empire, a principle of whose existence is freedom of commerce, to be swallowed up by the most restrictive power on the face of the earth? Is it for England to allow the first commercial position in the world to be occupied by such a power? These motives could not have been appreciated by Lord Chatham; they did not then exist, because the fiscal policy of Russia had not been developed, when he said, with all the concentration of deep conviction, "with the man who cannot appreciate the interests of England in the preservation of the Ottoman empire, *I will not argue.*"

'While the three powers (Russia, Prussia, and Austria) coalesce, first for the partition of Turkey, that they may march, as the St. Petersburg Gazette has even already ventured to threaten, "by Constantinople to Paris," they look with not less confidence to the partition of the commercial prosperity of Great Britain. On the occupation of the Dardanelles, disappears the importance of our possessions in the Levant. They were only valuable because the Turks held these straits. When Russia is there, they are valueless, and will soon be untenable; although the expenses of harassing observation may greatly increase our internal embarrassments.'—pp. 89-91.

But if such are the consequences which England has to apprehend, what were the interests of France in the preservation of Turkey?

'What must the consequence be of the accession of all the resources of the Turkish empire to the northern alliance? From that hour Russia is invulnerable—a few thousand men suffice to guard her southern and eastern frontiers—her attention is all concentrated on the west. A very few years will double or triple her revenue. The commerce of Europe will be in her hands—in her control will be placed all the materials at present used in the arsenals of France. A formidable fleet will be launched in the Mediterranean; in three or four years, she may easily possess a navy superior to France. The influence and commerce of France are immediately arrested in the sea hitherto her own; and at any hour Russia may transport her Cossacks to the shores of Italy or of Spain, to support the factions, and the principles which, even at present, cause her so much inquietude. These circumstances will re-act on Belgium, on Germany, on internal faction. The very hour that Russia is entrenched at the Dardanelles, these consequences will be evident.

'England, to-day the ally of France, will she be so then? Can she send fleets or armies to her support? Clearly impossible. Whatever may be her sympathy, England cannot again engage in a continental war—and this struggle will be confined to the dry land.

'If

'If such consequences flow from the occupation of Turkey, is not that question one of existence for France? Supposing it possible for these consequences to be delayed, is it less so? A nation's life does not run out with the few sand-glasses that mark the period of individual existence. The life of a nation, is its system;—that life in France is already seriously compromised—and a few steps further gained by Russia, its fate becomes irrevocable.'—pp. 86-88.

Such, then, were the sacrifices which England and France consented to make, and for which they hoped to find an adequate compensation in the aggrandisement of Mohammed Ali. But one of the most certain and immediate consequences of the possession of the Dardanelles by Russia would be the total destruction of that very power in which we have sought our compensation. No man knows better, or acknowledges more freely, than Mohammed Ali, the impossibility of maintaining his power in Syria, or even perhaps in Egypt, if Russia were in actual possession of the Dardanelles. We therefore made the sacrifice, without obtaining any compensation, or the shadow of a compensation.

But perhaps it may be imagined that the aggrandisement of Mohammed Ali was calculated to prevent the final consummation of the catastrophe, the evils of which we have briefly and imperfectly indicated. Quite the reverse; it must necessarily hasten it, and render it more inevitable. If the weakness of the Sultan forced him into dependence on Russia—if the attacks of Mohammed Ali, and the unhappy determination of England and France to abandon him, left him no alternative but to seek the protection of Russia—it is obvious that to perpetuate the causes of his dependence, and the necessity of that protection, is to perpetuate the dependence and the protection that these causes produced.

No man who knows Turkey, or who has even a general knowledge of the feelings of Asiatics, will ever dream of reconciling Mohammed Ali and the Sultan. They are placed in a position of unappeasable hostility: the sovereign, goaded by the remembrance of his own degradation, and firm in the unchangeable conviction that his right is still entire, though his power to enforce it may be wanting, will never—can never—abandon the hope or relinquish the desire of retrieving, in a more fortunate hour, the losses he has sustained. Mohammed Ali, feeling that such must be the unchangeable sentiments of the prince whom he has shorn of half his kingdom, and all his glory, and panting for acknowledged as well as actual independence, cannot be made to believe that he is safe from aggression, open or concealed. Disappointed in the hopes he had entertained of improving his finances by extending his territory—harassed by the revolts which are the necessary consequence

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quence of the iniquity of his system—and embarrassed by the want of means which disables him from ameliorating his administration, even should he desire to do so, and leaves him no choice but to persevere in his course of coercion, which implies an augmentation of his army—he has no alternative but to attempt a further extension of his territory, in the expectation that he may thereby improve his condition; and he will be driven by this necessity to commence another series of conquests at the expense of the Sultan. At this moment both parties are preparing for the war, which both feel to be inevitable, and each is seeking a pretext to accuse the other of the first aggression.

Mohammed Ali already accuses the Porte of exciting the revolt in Syria. Pretending to believe that the Sultan was instigated to this course by Russia, he calls on England, France, and Austria to aid him in rescuing the Ottoman monarch from the thralldom in which he is held by that power; and finds in the intrigues of which he accuses the Porte a sufficient reason why he should declare himself independent. The Porte demands in vain the restitution of the Pashalic of Orfa. This the Pasha of Egypt holds, without even a pretext, because it opens the way to Bagdad, which he has already announced, to at least one foreign power, his intention to occupy. With like ill success the Sultan requires the liquidation of an arrear of tribute, and finds in the rejection or evasion of these demands sufficient grounds for going to war.*

The kingdom is divided against itself, and cannot stand unless by foreign aid. So long, therefore, as the power of Mohammed Ali exists, so long must the Sultan be content to receive protection. The treaty of the 8th July has constituted Russia sole protectress of Turkey, not in fact only, but in right. 'She is now legitimate protector of the Sultan, and the contingency again arising, an appeal to any other power becomes an infraction of stipulations.' It has given her the virtual command of the Dardanelles, on the precise ground of her having charged herself with that protection: it has enabled her to pass the point beyond which opposition ceases and collision can no longer take place. It is not by aggression, therefore, but by means of this very protection which was the offspring of our own errors, that we must now expect to see the subjugation of Turkey consummated. The aggrandisement of Mohammed Ali, then, directly and powerfully contributes to that subjugation—and at the

* The European powers interested in the question have declared that an attack on Mohammed Ali might compromise the peace of Europe. By what a slender tenure, then, does Europe hold that blessing, which may at any time be compromised by the caprice or folly of a Turkish subaltern; and how unfortunate has been the policy which has generated elements of discord so little capable of being controlled, and yet sufficient to convulse the whole civilized world!

same time prepares its own destruction ;—for by Mohammed Ali's express acknowledgment, the possession of the Dardanelles by Russia would annihilate his power in Asia. But were it otherwise—were it not certain that that power is ephemeral—were he not even under the necessity of drawing from exhausted Egypt the means of maintaining the conquests which were undertaken at a vast expense, in the hope of ultimately relieving it from its unendurable burdens—had not experience proved that the iniquitous fiscal system of Egypt cannot be endured by the people of Syria—had we not seen that his iron rule has produced revolt in every district capable of resistance to which it has been extended—were we ignorant that the tide of popular feeling in Turkey is now setting strongly against him ;—were we, on the contrary, satisfied (which no man, not ignorant of the facts, and of the feelings of the people, and of the history of Turkey, can be) that the power of Mohammed Ali is built on a solid and enduring foundation ;—still—as the whole interest of the Turkish question to France, as well as to England, is involved in the possession of the Dardanelles by Russia—and as the possession of power by Mohammed Ali tends directly to hasten the arrival of the time when the virtual command, already secured by Russia, shall be converted, by the slow but sure process of continued protection, into an actual command of the Dardanelles—the existence of his power is to Europe an evil, and to Russia an advantage, of incalculable magnitude.

Such is the value of the compensation which England and France have preferred to the independence of Turkey ! Such is the Gordian knot we are now called upon to unravel.

But *everything* is not yet lost. The spirit of independence is still alive in Turkey ; and the Syrian people, now awakened to a perception of their true interests, and of the error they have committed in preferring the servant to the master, long to retrieve it. The nation feels that it is divided against itself, and longs to be re-united. The Porte, true to itself, desires the freedom of its chief, and longs for the re-establishment of its external relations on their ancient footing, so far as that may still be practicable. It is to England that Turkey looks for help—to England who has so often compromised her. But she knows that our errors were of ignorance, not of design : her own eyes have been opened. She has been learning a bitter lesson, and she hopes that England too has drawn knowledge from the past—that the delusion is at an end—that we shall no more permit ourselves to believe that we can strengthen Turkey by dividing it into two hostile kingdoms—that we shall no longer permit ourselves to be misled with the belief that the ephemeral power of the Pasha of Egypt, or even the independence

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dependence of Syria and Egypt, if that could by any possibility be preserved, would compensate to us for the loss of the Dardanelles—that we shall not hereafter, as heretofore, become instruments in the hands of her enemies to hasten the subjugation of Turkey—that we shall not, and this is the whole matter, slumber on in ignorance of what Turkey was, or is, or is to be.

Of all the questions of foreign policy with which England has at this moment to deal, this is the most important and the most difficult; it is complicated by the embarrassments which our past errors have accumulated. The path that lies before us is shrouded in the mist of imperfect knowledge, and narrowed by the dangers of war on the one hand, and worse evils on the other; but we are not without hope. We have confidence in him who is to guide us; and it is no small advantage, at a time when the future state of Europe is to be decided in the East, that the foreign policy of this empire has been, at last, entrusted to one to whom oriental affairs have long been familiar.

ART. X.—*Sir Robert Peel's Address to the Electors of the Borough of Tamworth.* Pickering. London, 1834.

IT is common, we suppose, to all men, who find themselves involved in some unexpected and—as they think—undeserved difficulty or danger, to exhale the first impulses of vexation in reproaches against those, whose folly or wickedness have led to their embarrassment. But after this *natural* burst of indignation, no man of sense, courage, or prudence will waste his time or his strength in retrospective reproaches or repinings. He will consider his perilous position as a *fact* which cannot be undone, and he will turn his hopes and his energies towards the means which may be still left of delaying or diminishing the danger, and of seeking and improving the opportunities and chances of extrication and safety. Such should be, and such we are happy to think is, the spirit which now animates the Government and its supporters throughout the country. The Lords and Commons may regret the destruction of those venerable and convenient edifices in which for centuries they had held their sittings; but they must be satisfied (for a time, at least) with the new accommodation which is prepared for them; and they will endeavour to adapt, as well as they can, their ancient forms and parliamentary traditions to the new localities in which the business of the nation *must*—of necessity—be done. This is, as it appears to us, an *apposite* illustration of the duties of Sir Robert Peel and his administration. He must accept as a *FACT*—the change which the Reform Bill has made

made in the practice of the constitution, and endeavour, with anxious sincerity, to avail himself of all the good of which its friends consider it susceptible, and to palliate all the mischiefs to which its adversaries may have thought it liable. There is no other *common-sense* mode of dealing with any of the fluctuating affairs of mankind, whether they concern individuals or societies; the mercantile speculations of a war are forced to seek new modes of employment when peace is restored. When the abdication of the house of Stuart became, *in fact*, irrevocable, the old loyalists transferred their allegiance to the house of Brunswick, and became the steadiest adherents of the Hanoverian dynasty. No event was ever so disliked, deprecated, and dreaded by the Sovereign, and the people of England, as the independence of the United States of America; but when the *fact* was accomplished, George III. gave his ministers and his people an example, which they followed, of the most generous and cordial acceptance of the new circumstances of that most difficult and even mortifying case. When Sir Robert Peel entered the first reformed parliament, he undertook *then* the same engagement—*neither more nor less*—that he has since renewed by taking office—of doing the duties of a public station in the terms and spirit of a new constitution; and it has been admitted even by his political adversaries, that every speech he made, and every vote he gave, during the two sessions of that parliament, were marked by a fair admission of the new principles which had been introduced into the management of affairs. So far from endeavouring—as he might easily and effectually have done—to embarrass the reform ministry, and derange, and thus depreciate and damage the new system, it is notorious that it was mainly by the support of him and his friends in both houses, that the *three successive* ministries which composed the Government during the last session, were enabled to maintain their *semblance* of authority over parliament and the country.

All this was not only fully admitted by the Whig ministries and their followers, but gratefully applauded as a high example of constitutional principle and practical prudence,—as long as it tended to maintain them in place; but when they see that the self-same line of conduct has enabled Sir Robert Peel to form, and will enable him to maintain an administration—to their exclusion,—their eyes are suddenly opened to two very different and contradictory views of the case. They at first discovered that his adhesion to the new system must have been a mere insidious pretence, to cloak the most opposite designs: and now, when they see that the evidence of facts is about to disprove that calumny, they become suddenly *interested* in Sir Robert's reputation, and grievously lament that so eminent a statesman should be ready to tarnish his political character

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acter by supporting measures, which—in their candour and kindness they pre-suppose—must be in contravention of all the principles of his earlier life; and thus they fancy they have established an inevitable dilemma—either Sir Robert Peel must set himself against public opinion, and be *unable*—or he must yield to it, and become *unworthy*—to maintain his position as first minister of the Crown. To both of these alternative objections the Address to his constituents is an annihilating answer. As to the *past*, Sir Robert Peel justly says that the whole of his public life evinces a sincere, though not blind, deference to *public opinion*; and as to the *future*, he professes that the measures he may propose will be influenced, not merely by what any particular set of men may endeavour to set up as public opinion, but also by the paramount consideration of what may be really and permanently beneficial to the *public interests*. Public opinion is, after all, but a variable wind; and that pilot will never conduct his vessel to a port of safety who sets out with a determination to run before it, blow how it may. Sir Robert Peel has undertaken a navigation which can be successfully accomplished as little by invariably yielding to public opinion, as by habitually disregarding it. He must know that it is—as the wind to the ship—his *primum mobile*, and that his course must be obedient to its *impulses*, though not always to its *direction*.

And it has been always so. No minister ever stood, or could stand, against *public opinion*. In that *principle*, the Reform Bill has made no change—but it has made a great and, we fear, most injurious change in the manner in which the principle *operates*. Formerly, the action, as well as the growth, of Public Opinion was gradual; and during the time that it was slowly acting on parliament, and through parliament on the government, it was also examining, correcting, and improving *itself*. The first burst from the popular spring is naturally somewhat turbid, and requires to be filtered before it becomes fit for use. By the various salutary impediments of the old system, the stream, at once moderated in its velocity and purified in its quality, was rendered, not eventually less powerful, but more regular in its supply, and more wholesome in its effect. The Reform Bill has destroyed the ancient conduits and strainers, and brings Public Opinion to act upon the government with the rapid, turbulent, and uncertain violence of a flood! It behoves, then, the *Public* to recollect that, as the checks which used to mitigate their first impulses are gone, it becomes *their duty* to be more slow in forming, more moderate in expressing, and more cautious in applying, that irresponsible and irresistible Opinion whose action is now so sudden, and whose errors may be so irretrievable and so fatal. If those who possess

so tremendous an instrument do not learn to handle it with proportionable care, temper, and discretion, they will find that they have been made powerful only to their own destruction.

But this *sudden* action of Public Opinion has another effect, which has not been sufficiently considered—it obliges public men and parties to accommodate themselves to it at once more directly and more readily than the former habits of public life would have justified—another great evil, but an inevitable consequence of the former. It never was objected to either Whigs or Tories as a disgraceful tergiversation, that towards the end of the reign of George III. they had absolutely changed sides on the Roman Catholic question—that the Whigs were zealous for repealing the acts which their Whig ancestors had passed, while the Tories were equally anxious to maintain what their Tory predecessors had opposed. The change had been so gradual under the gradual and *fluctuating* progress of public opinion, that it was almost imperceptible, and never gave rise on either side to any reproaches of personal inconsistency. Henceforward, the changes in public opinion will be more rapid, and so, to a certain degree, must be its consequences. We saw in the very first session of the first reformed parliament many instances—the malt question was the most important, but not the most flagrant—in which individual members and the House itself were obliged, within eight-and-forty hours, to veer about like the wind. This is one of the first and most dangerous effects of the Reform Bill; and it is one which can only be mitigated by scrupulous caution and circumspection on the part of the representative body, and by great talents, moderation, and conciliatory firmness on the part of a ministry.

The extraordinary anxiety, therefore, for the *consistency* of Sir Robert Peel now expressed by his political antagonists would be, in any circumstances, quite at variance with their own principles and practice, and with the essence of that *Reform* which they are so proud of having introduced into our political system: but in this particular instance it is really surprising. It once before happened to Sir Robert Peel to be obliged to make an important concession to public opinion, backed as it was by a majority in the House of Commons;—we mean in the case of Catholic emancipation. Was there *then*, on the part of the Whigs, such a morbid anxiety for the Right Honourable Gentleman's consistency? On the contrary, did we not hear the concession then made of his former opinions applauded by every *liberal* in the country as one of the most generous sacrifices ever made by a public man? Were we not told that time and circumstances had so changed, that *adherence to opinions* which had, by such change, become *obsolete*, would have been the real *inconsistency*; and that a statesman, to be, in the true spirit of the

the word, *consistent*, must adapt his judgment to the fluctuation of events in which he is destined to live? If we thought it worth while to press the argument *ad hominem* home to individuals, we could show that the very same men who then *went out of their way* to eulogise Sir Robert Peel's conduct on those grounds, are the very persons who have lately deprecated the possibility of any change in his opinions or conduct in consequence of the change of circumstances, in terms of the utmost virulence, and we will add—indecenty. But with such persons discussion would be fruitless; and it is needless; their own idol, Public Opinion, has already done justice upon them; their idol, which, like those of the savages, they worship as long as it seems favourable to them, but are ready enough to revile, and even chastise, whenever they find its aspect to be inauspicious. We therefore satisfy ourselves with indicating the inconsistency of the argument, without descending to notice more particularly the worse than inconsistency of its advocates.

But, after all, the premises on which this prophetic imputation was raised turn out to be absolutely groundless. Sir Robert Peel means, he tells us—in *perfect consistency* with the whole tenor of his public life—to conduct his government in a spirit which ought to satisfy all those who really desire 'the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances,' without creating any additional alarm to those who are anxious for the maintenance of established rights, and the conservation of the great principles of the constitution in Church and State. We say *additional alarm*;—for it would be uncandid not to confess, that—notwithstanding our entire confidence in Sir Robert Peel's integrity and talents, and our deliberate conviction that he will do all that can be done to direct the power which the Reform Bill has created to proper objects and to limit it within constitutional bounds—our own apprehensions for the *ultimate* safety of the monarchy are little less serious than they were in the earlier stages of the great political experiment in which we are involved. But this opinion—which we could not in candour nor in honour suppress, and which, indeed, is only a corollary to the view we have just taken of the new operation of Public Opinion—refers only to ulterior events, and casts no shade of doubt as to the present duty of every man to act under the conviction, that as in one event all will be certainly and suddenly lost, so in the other, all may be, for a time at least, as certainly saved.

Sir Robert Peel's Address is—in *itself* and independently of its topics—a proof that he accepts, and will—unfettered by old customs and traditions of government—endeavour to meet the exigencies of the times. When before did a Prime Minister think it expedient to announce to the *People*, not only his acceptance of office,

office, but the principles and even the details of the measures which he intended to produce; and to solicit—not from parliament, but from the people—‘that they would so far maintain the prerogative of the King as to give the ministers of his choice not, indeed, an implicit confidence, but a fair trial?’ In former times such a proceeding would have been thought derogatory and impugned as unconstitutional, and would have been both; but the new circumstances in which the Reform Bill has placed the Crown, by making its choice of ministers immediately and absolutely dependent on the choice of the several constituencies, and, in the first instance, quite independent of the concurrence of the assembled parliament, have rendered such a course not merely expedient, but inevitable. The day of the meeting of parliament might have arrived—the King and a majority of both houses might, as they certainly will, have the utmost confidence in Sir Robert Peel, and the firmest determination to support his administration—*yet the Prime Minister himself might not be in parliament*—some local or personal circumstances might have indisposed the particular constituency to which he had addressed himself—and where would have been the remedy? It had actually occurred to the late ministry to lose one of their Cabinet and their Attorney-General out of parliament,—one of their Secretaries of State, selected for that office (not more for his personal fitness than the expectation that he was sure of his re-election), had a narrow escape: and Lord Althorp himself, the favourite leader of the reformed house, would, we have reason to believe, have found his re-election exceedingly difficult, if in any new cabinet arrangement he had been driven to the necessity of appealing to his former constituents. Sir Robert Peel's Address does not complain of this new state of things, but, on the contrary, submits to it with equal dignity and candour, and is in itself, as we have already stated, a pledge that he adopts with frankness the new difficulties of his situation, and by frankness will endeavour to surmount them. He gives the system which he is called upon to administer, what he asks for himself and his colleagues, a *fair trial*. If the constituencies in general had unfortunately refused (as some have done) to ratify his Majesty's choice, it might have been attributed to the neglect of the minister in not having laid before them the means and materials for a due exercise of their judgment. These considerations ought, we think, to satisfy, on the one hand, any who may have been at first startled by so unusual a ministerial profession of faith; and on the other hand, those who might suspect Sir Robert Peel of a bigoted attachment to ancient forms, and of an ignorance of, or indifference to, the conditions under which any minister must now be contented to enter and conduct the public service.

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It must also be observed, that there were peculiar circumstances attending this case, which seemed to require such an exposition. If Sir Robert Peel had (as it was, we believe, often in his power to have done) *put out* the preceding ministry by some parliamentary question, he could not have done so without stating in the face of the country his motives and intentions. But here the preceding ministry had been dissolved during the recess—in his own absence abroad—and without his knowledge, concurrence, or most distant expectation. Called home suddenly to deal with a crisis—in producing which neither he nor his political friends had had any share—he found the country in a state of agitation and anxiety as to the principles of its future government, which demanded and required some authoritative declaration: but for such a declaration he had no parliamentary or official opportunity. Explanations of a similar nature had been often given on moving the writs for new ministers. Sir Robert Peel adopted an analogous course, and, in announcing to his constituents that he had vacated his seat, he stated to them the grounds on which he solicited a continuance of their confidence and that of the country at large.

But although the fact and form of his Address be a tribute to the exigencies of the times and of his own personal position, Sir Robert Peel asserts that he abandons none of the great principles of his political faith,—he avows his determination to preserve unimpaired in essentials, the constitution in Church and State; and insists with great force and irresistible proof, that in the readiness he professes to correct acknowledged abuses, and to promote the redress of any real grievance, he is acting in perfect consistence with the whole course of his official life.

‘Now, I say at once that I will not accept power on the condition of declaring myself an apostate from the principles on which I have heretofore acted; at the same time, I never will admit that I have been, either before or after the Reform Bill, the defender of abuses, or the enemy of judicious reforms. I appeal with confidence in denial of the charge to the active part I took in the great question of the currency—in the consolidation and amendment of the criminal law—in the revival of the whole system of trial by jury—to the opinions I have professed and uniformly acted on with regard to other branches of the jurisprudence of the country—I appeal to this as a proof that I have not been disposed to acquiesce in acknowledged evils, either from the mere superstitious reverence for ancient usages, or from the dread of labour or responsibility in the application of a remedy.’—pp. 7, 8.

As the immediate influence of the Reform Bill on the expected elections must necessarily have been most powerful, we are not surprised that the Opposition in the absence of any other merit, should have made that their stalking-horse, and endeavoured to
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represent the present contest as being still for the Reform Bill and its consequences. Sir Robert Peel answers this sophism with equal truth and dignity:—

‘ But the Reform Bill, it is said, constitutes a new era, and it is the duty of a minister to declare explicitly—first, whether he will maintain the Bill itself; and, secondly, whether he will act upon the spirit in which it was conceived. With respect to the Reform Bill itself, I will repeat now the declaration which I made when I entered the House of Commons as a member of the Reformed Parliament—that I consider the Reform Bill a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question, a settlement which no friend to the peace and welfare of this country would attempt to disturb either by direct or by insidious means. Then, as to the spirit of the Reform Bill, and the willingness to adopt and enforce it as a rule of government—if by adopting the spirit of the Reform Bill it be meant that we are to live in a *perpetual vortex of agitation, that public men can only support themselves in public estimation by adopting every popular impression of the day, by promising the instant redress of anything which any body may call an abuse, by abandoning altogether that great aid of Government, more powerful than either law or reason—the respect for ancient rights, and the deference to prescriptive authority*;—if this be the spirit of the Reform Bill, I will not undertake to adopt it: but if the spirit of the Reform Bill implies merely a careful review of institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, undertaken in a friendly temper, combining, with the firm maintenance of established rights, the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances—in that case, I can, for myself and colleagues, undertake to act in such a spirit and with such intentions.’—p. 8.

This, if his adversaries were sincere in their objections, would leave them nothing to desire; nor could it, on the other hand, create any alarm in the friends of the constitution. But the truth is, that his adversaries are in no fear about the Reform Bill, nor have they any apprehension that it will not produce, in Sir Robert Peel's hands, its *legitimate* consequences; their objects are of a quite different nature—the friends of the late ministry are anxious only for their return to place and power; and the Radicals are undisguisedly intent on the utter overthrow of the church establishment, and the immediate limitation, and eventual abrogation, of the aristocratical and monarchical branches of the constitution. The Reform Bill is valuable in their eyes no *further* than as it may conduce to those distinct objects. The Radicals see very clearly, that *their* object will be best forwarded by the return to place of that portion of the Whigs which is in connexion with them. Being conscious that things are not *yet* ripe for an administration *avowedly radical*, they very naturally have consented to solder up their recent differences, and have given, and are ready for the present

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to give, their most energetic assistance to the Whigs. But that any real Whig should be so blind—so forgetful of the old principles of that party—as to accept such aid from such persons and for such ulterior purposes, does exceedingly surprise us; and is, we fear, to be attributed even more to party rancour than to greediness of place, for the experience of the last session must have convinced them that they are incapable of maintaining themselves in office, except by the meanest concessions to their Radical—*allies*, in name—masters, in reality. We are aware that there are a great many gentlemen ranked among the Whigs who see the danger of the coalition with the Radicals as strongly as we do—some few of them have silently withdrawn themselves from the connexion—but the majority, influenced by the old traditions of party, find it difficult to break their trammels; and they suffer themselves, with a sullen reluctance, to be dragged, by men they despise, into an alliance with men they detest. We have always professed great respect for fidelity to party connexions. We are in that—as in everything else—disciples of Mr. Burke. *Party* was in our old system one of the safeguards of the constitution; but even under the old system, there were occasions in which honor and patriotism not only allowed but required the sacrifice of party feelings—witness the cases of the Duke of Portland, Lords Fitzwilliam and Spencer, Mr. Windham, and of Mr. Burke himself, in an exigency infinitely less alarming than the present. But the Reform Bill has, amongst other mischiefs, extinguished the constitutional utility of party—it cannot exist, for its old and legitimate purpose, in a body where every individual holds his public life at the mercy of a particular set of constituents, and who must therefore fashion his proceedings not by the principles of a party, and on the model of a Mr. Pitt or a Mr. Fox, but according to the public opinion—not even of the day, but of the particular place for which he sits. To affect, now-a-days and after such a change of circumstances, to be bound by the *old* ties of Whig and Tories, is like that worthy gentleman who, surviving for many years a beloved wife, kept vacant at the head of his table the chair of the defunct, and treated the empty place with all the little etiquette and attentions which had used to be paid to the living occupant.

But there are considerations which must have their influence even with men who still profess adherence to party, if they also maintain any regard to common sense and the practical welfare of the country. If the present ministers are to be displaced, by whom can they be succeeded? Does any Whig of the *old school* imagine that there remain of *that* party either leaders to compose an administration, or numbers to support one? Four years ago, Lord Grey himself found it impossible—witness Lords
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Goderich and Palmerston, Mr. Grant, and the Duke of Richmond—not to mention Lord Melbourne himself—all recent from an alliance with the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. Above one-third of that Cabinet was composed of Tories, whose importance was acknowledged by their being placed in the *most efficient* offices of the administration. We need not insist on this point—we believe no man, who knows anything of the state of politics, can consider the composition of a *Whig* ministry as anything but an idle dream.

What then would be the next prospect?—*that fortuitous course of atoms* which was called—and it sounds like derision—Lord Melbourne's Government, with Lord John Russell for its leader, and Mr. Littleton its Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of that *short-lived*—we should rather say of that *dead-born*—cabinet, it is necessary to say a few words—not that, even in such an ephemeral work as ours, it would be *for itself* deserving one line of notice but—because it sets up a claim to be considered as the heir and successor of Lord Grey's, and because it has been made, for want—we were going to say, of a *better*, but the truth is, for want of *any* other, for there could be no *worse*—it has been, we say, made, *at the late elections*, the joint rallying point of the Whigs and Radicals. It was, indeed, Lord Grey's cabinet, just as Sir John Cutler called his celebrated stockings *silk*, long after they had become, by successive darnings, *worsted*. Lord Grey's cabinet consisted of fifteen members—*thirteen* peers or sons of peers, *one* baronet, and *one untitled commoner*! Of this Cabinet—the most *exclusively aristocratical* in its composition that our annals record—we have repeatedly said that, though its measures tended to Revolution, we could not believe that it could have deliberately designed the overthrow of that rank and property of which it happened to have so large a share. In that Cabinet were my Lord Grey, the Duke of Richmond, Lords Carlisle, Ripon, Durham, and Althorp, Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham. We need hardly observe, that these *eight names* constituted not merely a numerical majority, but *absorbed*, we may almost say, an immeasurable proportion of the property, the experience, the talents, and, above all, the influence of the Cabinet. These eight names had vanished,—and in their stead were successively substituted Lords Mulgrave, Duncannon, and Auckland, Sir John Hobhouse, Messrs. Spring Rice, Abercrombie, Edward Ellice, and Littleton, gentlemen possessing (with the exception, in some degree, of Mr. Rice) neither sufficient experience in business, nor commanding parliamentary talents, nor distinguished personal consideration, nor extended influence in the country. These gentlemen, then, with the *refuse* minority of the former ministry, constituted that Cabinet

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which, in addition to its other great qualities, had the modesty to claim to represent the old firm of Grey and Co., nay, indeed, they trumpeted themselves as the *real original Simon Pures*, while the Radical mobs at halls and hustings were ready to swear to their identity. It is impossible to be serious in noticing so absurd an imposture.

Between the two *cabinets* there was but *one* important element in common—but one man, who, by his station in the government and the space he filled in the public eye, could have afforded any guarantee that even the general policy of the two administrations was likely to be the same; but, unfortunately, the personal deportment of that eminent but oblique-visioned man was in such violent contrast with the character of his office, as to afford a guarantee for nothing but uncertainty and embarrassment. The restless imbecility of some of that Cabinet—which, *like a palsied hand*, could not refrain from touching everything, and shook whatever it touched—was a little steadied by the supine and timid mediocrity of others, and so presented a less instant and immediate danger; but the explosive vigour and erratic activity of Lord Brougham had become to the sovereign and the country—even to those who had been his greatest partizans—a source of more urgent apprehensions; and to none, we really believe, more than to his own colleagues. If Lord Althorp had not been called up—if Lord John Russell had consented to postpone the question of the Irish church—if Mr. Ellice had retracted his resignation—nay, if the Cabinet could have agreed on the king's speech—its doom was nevertheless already sealed; and the only speculation, either amongst themselves or the public, was, on what fine day or what odd occasion their '*wildfire* chancellor' (as one of his former friends called him) might happen '*to blow them up*.' And although the death of Lord Spencer anticipated *that* catastrophe, and seemed to terminate the administration without the immediate intervention of Lord Brougham, yet no one can doubt that his extravagant proceedings had prepared both the king and the people to take the first opportunity of ridding themselves of a Lord Chancellor whose talents—precisely of the nature least suitable to the gravity and importance of his station—threw his colleagues into contempt, and his country into alarm.

It is, however, no more than justice to express our belief, that the irregularity of Lord Brougham's course was not solely, nor perhaps even chiefly, occasioned by either personal eccentricity or a spirit of intrigue—much is, we think, fairly attributable to his political position, which had become so—what the French call *faux*, as to be untenable; and the efforts which he was obliged
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to make to balance himself on the unsteady pinnacle where he stood, looked to the vulgar below like the contortions of a posture-master. Lord Brougham is a person of great, but in a peculiar degree restless and discursive, ability; and he had, in the heat of his zeal and the vanity of his supposed influence, mingled himself in so many projects, and allied himself with so many persons, which and whom he found, on experience, to be wild and dangerous, that he was driven at last to an alternative between his consistency and his duty—between what he owed to his own indiscreet pledges on one hand, and to the safety of the constitution on the other. If Lord Brougham could have ‘screwed his courage to a sticking place’ he would not have been reduced to his present anomalous, and, for the moment, almost ridiculous isolation; if he had sacrificed his conscience to his popularity he would have still obtained the applauses of the numerous and noisy party which he had so long flattered; or if he had repudiated that hollow popularity to devote his conscientious, and (therefore more than ever) powerful exertions to the maintenance of the constitution, he would have won the confidence of the still more numerous and infinitely more respectable party, to which experience and reason had, it seems, begun to incline him. This we believe to be a not inaccurate view of Lord Brougham’s position; and we are not wholly without hope that the interval which has been allowed him for thought and reflection may have tended to confirm him in his later and better dispositions.

Of the more immediate causes of the actual dissolution of Lord Melbourne’s Cabinet, we gave our opinion in the Postscript to the concluding article of our last Number. We stated, and we repeat, that it was obvious that it must have happened whenever they should have attempted to prepare the king’s speech, and arrange the other measures of the approaching session; and that the death of Lord Spencer only accelerated by a few weeks what was, from other causes, inevitable. When by this event they were obliged to proceed to the selection of a new Chancellor of the Exchequer and a new leader of the House of Commons, it became indispensable to arrange also the future conduct and policy of the government, but it was evident that no such line could be unanimously agreed upon! We intimated, that, although Lord Melbourne produced to the king a series of arrangements and alterations for filling up the vacant places, and for, what his lordship might call, carrying on the government, he, at the same time, could not conceal from His Majesty that there was, at least, one great and vital question—that of the church—on which there must exist irreconcilable differences between two sections of the ministry; and it followed, that, whenever *that* question should be

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brought into discussion, the dissolution of the Cabinet must ensue. The king, therefore, saw that the proposal made to him could only have the effect of patching up a provisional expedient, and postponing the dissolution of the Cabinet to, in His Majesty's judgment, a less convenient season. He, therefore, thought it better to do at that moment what he saw he must inevitably be called upon to do within a few months, perhaps a few weeks; and he therefore, from no other immediate motive than his communications with Lord Melbourne, came to the resolution of changing his ministers.

This statement on our part was met in some of the Whig newspapers by a positive contradiction. We re-assert our belief of its general accuracy, and all that we have heard reported from every quarter makes us wonder at the temerity which thus denied its truth. We did not mean to state, that the members of the Cabinet were, at the moment of its dissolution, at *actual variance* with each other: though the *lingering resignation of Mr. Ellice*—a symptom which has not been sufficiently noticed—might have justified such a suspicion. But the variance, to which we then alluded, was *prospective*—we stated, not that it had occurred, but that it was inevitable—not that the Cabinet had discussed the Church question and divided on it, but that the sentiments of its members had been so far declared, that Lord Melbourne saw that whenever the question should be discussed, there would be found irreconcilable differences between opposite parties; and that it was in the prospect of such future, but inevitable differences, that the King did in November what he must eventually have done when parliament should have met. This is, we had reason to suppose and we still believe, a true statement of the case; every thing that has since transpired tends to confirm our confidence in its substantial accuracy, and we have seen, in some of the best-informed journals, certain details which corroborate our opinions; for instance, it has been stated—and never, that we have seen, contradicted—that Lord John Russell—the proposed leader of the House of Commons—was *pledged* to a measure of *Church Reform*, to which Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Secretary Rice had declared themselves *hostile*; and as Mr. Rice and Lord Lansdowne were certainly two of the ablest and most respectable members of the Cabinet, their secession on a question so vital, and on which their sentiments approached most nearly to those of the King himself, *must* have occasioned its dissolution. When parliament meets, we perhaps may have some further details on this subject, but we are satisfied that they cannot *substantially* differ from our general statement; and—however willing it may appear that individuals were, by any compromise or sacrifice, to cling

cling to their offices—the common sense of mankind will confirm his Majesty's judgment, that the early and spontaneous dissolution of that Cabinet was inevitable; and we really believe that no political annuity office—except perhaps the *Globe Assurance*—would have underwritten them for three months.

But in our present circumstances these discussions are idle, except so far as they may tend to prove that a Cabinet which died of a complication of disorders in November, cannot be restored to life and health in February. The administration of Lord Melbourne can be no more revived than that of Lord Grey—'*Forward*—'*Forward*!'—is the cry of the only party in the nation which even affects to regret the Melbourne bubble; and that party has pledged itself for a deeper game and bolder players. We do not deny that some members of the deceased Cabinet might take a part in a new combination, even of ultra-radicals. No doubt they might, and would—and with no personal inconsistency; and, as we have said before, such is the incurable blindness of party, that many who *call*, and some who *think* themselves, Whigs might lend their votes to the erection of a power in the state which not only intends, but *professes* to intend, to destroy that Constitution, in the establishment of which it has been the peculiar boast of the Whigs of former times to have had the chief share. We shall say a word or two more on this point presently.

But the great question which now hangs in the balance of debate is no longer one of Whig and Tory—of this *party* or that—of individual *men*—or even of particular *measures*—the question is, shall we maintain the *British Constitution*—YES or NO? The very word *Constitution* implies stability. The Conservatives need no more expressive watchword—no safer rallying-point—it is itself our whole object and argument. On the other side, the cry is 'Change, change!' and the word *constitution* is, in their mouths, a solecism in language, a contradiction in principle, and a fraud in practice. In the wide variety of rights and interests which are mingled and combined in what we call the Constitution, can our opponents designate even one item, one single item, which is not menaced with change?—*The Crown*? The earliest feature of the present crisis was an insolent denial of the first of its prerogatives; and though the leaders of the opposition have not yet thrown off their allegiance to the monarchy, their followers and partisans profess the most audacious democracy!—*The Church*? We need not say what is intended for *her*; her property is to be the first battle-field, and her temples the first objects of assault!—*The Laws*, civil, criminal, ecclesiastical? All are themselves arraigned and served with notice of trial for *illegality*, cruelty, and injustice!—*Land*?—*Manufactures*? Menaced with a deluge of foreign produce,

duce, by a pretended free trade, and a system of fraudulent reciprocity which is to be all on one side!—*Colonies?* Already in the crucible!—*Public Credit?* Questioned in its principle, and in practice placed in nightly jeopardy!—The rights and properties of *Municipal Corporations?* To be seized, abolished, and confiscated!—*The Universities?* If permitted to survive at all, to be forcibly diverted from their proper objects, and compelled to violate the institutions of their founders and the consciences of their members!—*The House of Lords?* Bullied, denounced, and devoted to immediate mutilation and ultimate annihilation!—*The House of Commons?*—yea, the reformed House itself, and even the idolized Reform Bill,—threatened with a radical subversion by means of annual elections, vote by ballot, and (by a large and consistent class of reformers) universal suffrage!—Nay, the very *integrity of the Empire* is at stake; and a majority, we are told, of the Irish representatives are pledged to attempt the repeal of the Union!—and finally, and most fearfully of all, the Protestant religion itself is to be stripped of its established rights—its connexion with the state, coeval with the state itself, is to be forcibly dissolved—it is to become merely a tolerated sect, and its evangelical truth and divine doctrine are to be placed by *law* on the same level with popery, unitarianism, Judaism, and all the nameless varieties of dissent and infidelity! These are the prospects of the *Movement* system. They are no idle fears—no visions of a timid fancy. Every one of these various inroads on the constitution, and several others too tedious and too odious to enumerate, have been openly stated, avowed, and advocated by one class or other of that *now united and unanimous body*, which has arrayed itself against Sir Robert Peel's administration. Most of them have been authenticated by pledges entered on the *notice books* of the two last sessions. No individual, perhaps, contemplates, or would *à priori* approve, the simultaneous success of *all* these propositions; but every faction will pursue its own object, and by a compromise with the exigences of each other, the whole will be driven to concur in the universal change. All who take a share in the battle will claim a share of the spoil. The enemies of the Throne—and of the Church—and of the Protestant Establishments—and of the Colonial system—and of Protecting Duties—and of the House of Lords—and of the Reform Bill—and of the Irish Union—and of *ALL* our other institutions, will, by what the mathematicians call the *amotion of each part*, arrive at the destruction of the whole. It will be an enlarged copy of the proscriptions of the Roman Triumvirate.

'*Antony*.—These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Octavius.—Your brother, too, must die: consent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep.—I do consent.

Oct.—Prick him down, Antony.—

Lep.—Upon condition, Publius do not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant.—He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him —'

And so *they* proceeded, till, by their mutual exigences and concessions, all that was great or noble was destroyed, and the State, from a bloody anarchy, passed through all the degrees of the vilest despotism. It requires no great stretch of vision in us to foresee a similar scene under a new ministry, with only the difference of the complexity of the claims of a *centumvirate* of dictators.

Lord Duncannon and Lord John Russell might propose the establishment of popery in Ireland—to that Mr. Baines and Mr. Wilkes would by no means consent, unless the University of Oxford were appropriated to the Independents and Unitarians. Mr. Hume would not accede to the repeal of the Irish Union, but 'upon condition'—that Mr. O'Connell would, on his part, concur in the independence of Canada and Ceylon. Mr. Cobbett* would never submit to a paper currency—unless Mr. Attwood would, in return, agree to sponge off the national debt, and so on, between '*I do consent*,' and '*prick him down, Antony*'—till all differences should be arranged by the destruction of every thing on which a difference could arise. This is no extravagant fancy. Similar scenes actually took place in the beginning of the French Revolution—and particularly on that celebrated night when princes abjured their blood, and nobles sacrificed their coronets, and bishops their mitres, and judges their ermine, and soldiers their decorations, and priests their tithes, and corporations their privileges, and *all* their rights, their common sense, and, as it turned out in the sequel, their properties and their lives!

If any reader imagines that this picture of our danger is overdrawn or exaggerated, we entreat him to look round in his own circle and see what is the character of the individuals within it who are most prominent in the present opposition. Are they persons respectable in their private lives and natural spheres, for industry, property, intelligence, moral conduct, or social consideration? Is it not, on the contrary, notorious, that—although several worthy and respectable people (particularly among the Dissenters) are what they fondly call Reformers, yet—the majority of those who distinguish themselves by the violence of their language and the extremities of their designs, are men whose private characters would

* We doubt whether Mr. Cobbett's strong sense and English feeling would permit him to take an actual part in this *living dissection*; but our readers will easily suppose something analogous from the hands of Mr. Warburton or Mr. Wakley, or some such professor of political anatomy.

give them no influence in society. They are either the votaries and dupes of their own personal vanity, surprised and rejoiced to find an occasion of notoriety—or the disappointed and soured objects of some degree or species of public disapprobation. Look at some of the men returned even to Parliament by the most numerous, and what are therefore called the most respectable, constituencies—are they men in any respect entitled to have a voice in the government of the country? Would they be admitted into a club which was nice in its selection? Might we not rather ask, as we happen to know an elector in one of the metropolitan boroughs did in speaking with a brother tradesman, ‘How can any men of common sense confide the care of their lives and properties to persons whom in their individual capacities they would not trust with ten pounds’ worth of their goods?’ One or two names might justify the indignant exclamation of Cicero—‘O tempora! O mores!—*Senatus hæc intelligit; consul vidit—hic tamen vivit—Vivit?—immò verò etiam in senatum venit—fit publici concilii particeps!*’

And what definite object, what limit is to be assigned to this feverish state of agitation, this delirious desire of change? Does not increase of appetite grow in all such matters by what it feeds on? Does any one believe that the House of Commons of 1831 would have read the Reform Bill a second time, by a majority of *one*, if it could have entered their imaginations that, within two or three years, that enormous, that overwhelming concession, at which the boldest Whig

‘Held his breath—

For a time,’

—should turn out to be not a *sop*, but a *whet* to the many-headed Cerberus of democracy; and that every privilege, every right, every establishment, every institution of the country, were to be assailed—and the assault defended and applauded—as the *natural consequence* of a measure which, they were told, was to be a *final* and *satisfactory* adjustment of the constitutional balance? Would that some one would write the history of *Concession!* We can only indicate its genealogy—which is like a Welch pedigree, in which Owen Griffith begets Griffith Owen, and Griffith Owen begets another Owen Griffith, and so on alternately to the end of the chapter. Agitation begets concession, and then concession produces agitation, and the new agitation is followed by another concession, and it by a fresh agitation—and so on, till there shall be nothing left to *concede*, and all is blind and indiscriminate Innovation, roaming in vain for something else to devour, in a desert which it has denuded and depopulated. Can a nation exist in such a state of excitement, feud, worry, uncertainty, terror, and confusion, as England has undergone

undergone for the last four years; and as it is the object of the present coalition of Ultra-Whigs and Radicals to maintain, exasperate, and extend?

But the mischief is not only direct and immediate, it is prospective and growing; it disturbs the present—it blights the future; it renders fearful every beneficent effort towards reform—it renders suspicious the sacred influences of liberty, when we see their names assumed by ignorance and anarchy, and prostituted to purposes which must in the end defeat all useful improvements, and endanger all rational freedom. It was the intolerable tyranny of the Commonwealth which—to the common misfortune of king and people—hurried the nation to restore Charles II. without adjusting the difficulties which had created the Grand Rebellion, and which, afterwards reviving, produced the Revolution. In the same way, if these insane paroxysms of agitation were to be protracted much longer, the spirit of the country would flag under the habitual exhaustion—the most necessary reforms would become unpopular—the very name would be irksome and alarming—till the nation would feel like the poet—

‘ That when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own—
When I behold a *factionous band* agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve and swell my bursting heart,
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.’

The accession of Sir Robert Peel to the Government has already done much towards dispelling these delusions of faction, and gives us hopes that, amongst other ‘acknowledged abuses,’ the ‘abuse’ of the word ‘reform’ is about to be corrected. For the last four years it has been synonymous with subversion and revolution; we have now a prospect that it may return to its more proper sense—of remedy and reparation. His Letter to his Constituents, and his subsequent speeches on public occasions, show that he places his administration on the basis laid by the wisest of statesmen—‘*a disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve.*’ That wisest of statesmen, the patriarch of rational reform, has left us in a few clear and beautiful words the safe rule of conduct—the authentic canon of reformation:—

‘We shall find,’ says Mr. Burke, ‘employment enough for a truly patriotic, free, and independent spirit, in guarding what we possess from violation. I would not exclude alteration neither—but even when I *changed*, it should be to *preserve*. I should be led to my remedy by a great grievance. In what I did, I should follow the example

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example of our ancestors. *I would make the reparation as nearly as possible in the style of the building.* A politic caution, a guarded circumspection, a moral rather than a constitutional timidity, were the ruling principles of our forefathers even in their most decided conduct.—*Reflexions*, p. 437.

The first great question now about to be decided is, whether the House of Commons is actuated by a like spirit of moderation, discretion, and justice; or is it resolved to *strike without hearing*, and to rush at once into the chaos of general innovation?—which, in short, does it intend—REFORM or—REVOLUTION?

We cannot—even after all the mischief which we predicted and have witnessed from the Reform Bill—we cannot bring ourselves to doubt that there still remain too much good sense, too much traditional attachment and too much rational respect for the principles of the constitution, to render possible the latter alternative. The day of such suicidal insanity may come—but we trust and believe that it is not yet arrived. We are aware that a considerable number of Members have, either in accordance with their own sentiments, or in the hope of propitiating certain classes of constituents, pledged themselves on the hustings to various extremities of reform, and—as a natural consequence—to an uncompromising hostility to the present administration. No doubt these gentlemen, with such of the Whigs as have made common cause with them, will form a very numerous and—as long as the question is only opposition to Sir Robert Peel—compact and unanimous body; but we hesitate not to predict, without making or meaning any individual allusions, that they will be found more deficient in ability, character, and social consideration, than any party, of anything like equal numbers, that ever marshalled itself in the House of Commons. On the other hand, there is a body, we believe, much more numerous, and certainly more distinguished for property, intelligence, respectability, parliamentary talent, and political experience, which professes its entire confidence in his Majesty's ministers, and we are equally satisfied that the people in the country at large—taking the term *people* in its ancient and legitimate sense*—are in a still greater proportion disposed to Conservative politics.

But there is a *third* division—we cannot call it a *party*—in the House of Commons, which must be of great importance, and to whose conduct we look, not without anxiety indeed, but with a strong predominance of hope. We mean those who have not as yet indicated, or at least professed, a decided bias either towards the ministry or its opponents. The *number* of these gentlemen,

* See Mr. Burke's definition of a *People* as distinguished from 'a multitude told by the head' in his '*Appeal from the new Whigs to the old*,'—an essay whose reasonings, as well as its *title*, are wonderfully apposite to our present condition.

we—who are certainly not in the secret of parliamentary parties—cannot venture to calculate; but their intermediate position and their present independence invest them in this crisis with great consideration. Of them it may be generally said, that their principles and opinions tend rather to those of the ministry, while their personal attachments and predilections incline towards the Whigs. Indeed, in ordinary times and circumstances, we should not have hesitated to designate about two-thirds of them as *moderate Whigs*, and to have divided them in that proportion between the Government and the Opposition: but these are no ordinary times and circumstances—blind and deaf must they be who can believe that it is the success of a *party* which is at stake. Would to God that we could persuade ourselves it were so!—We should then look on the conflict—not without interest, certainly—but without that painful, that absorbing anxiety which we now feel from the conviction, that the ensuing session—perhaps the next few weeks—will decide the fate of our monarchical Constitution, and of all the various interests which are, as we believe, inseparably connected and identified with it.

But even this intensity of feeling affords us some consolation. We cannot think that what appears so clear to us should be obscure to the intelligent and influential persons who compose this third section of the House of Commons, and who represent, not a large, but a respectable portion of public opinion. Their experience is too great, their minds are too acute, to be deceived by a popular abuse of words, into believing that Sir Robert Peel's present effort is for *place* or *party*, and in particular for the *Tory* party. The very preliminaries of the formation of his government contradict any such supposition. Above—as his high mission required, and as his personal character disposed, him to be—above all personal jealousy and all political prejudice, he endeavoured to associate in his councils those eminent Whigs whose late secession from a *Destructive* ministry seemed to afford a rational hope that they might see no inconsistency in joining a *Conservative* one; this proposition was made to gentlemen who had always been opposed to him in *party*, because he thought he saw indications of a community of *principle*. The delicacy of these gentlemen—highly honourable, but over sensitive, as we think—prevented a union which would have been on so many grounds desirable; but the proposition indisputably proves that Sir Robert Peel did not undertake his great office for the promotion of mere *Toryism*—and—which completes the demonstration—there are, in fact, in his Cabinet several distinguished men who had enjoyed for a long series of years a degree of consideration and confidence amongst the Whigs, equally, at least, with any of those who are now arrayed in opposition against them. And let it not be imputed

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imputed that either he who proposed, or those who were invited, or those who have accepted, would have had to make, or have made, any sacrifice of principle by the association. The circumstances of the times are such that Whigs of the school of Walpole, Pelham, Burke, Windham, or even Grattan and Fox, ought, in the fair construction and application of the principles of those great men, to be now *Conservatives*.

Indeed, nothing can be more certain than that, if men were guided by the *principles* rather than by the *nicknames* of parties, the Whigs ought to be the most zealous supporters of the new administration. This is so well and so decisively put by Lord Mahon in a History of the Reign of George I., of which—though not yet published—we have been favoured with the perusal, that we cannot refrain from extracting the following interesting passage:—

‘The two great contending parties were distinguished, as at present, by the nicknames of Whig and Tory. But it is very remarkable, that in Queen Anne’s reign the relative meaning of these terms was not only different but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory, indeed, the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness; the leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may thence, perhaps, be deduced, that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or to the Tory party, according as there seemed to be the greater danger, at that particular period, from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712, would be a Tory in 1830. For, on examination, it will be found that in nearly all particulars, a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne’s reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne’s reign a modern Whig.

‘First, as to the Tories. The Tories in Queen Anne’s reign pursued a most unceasing opposition to a just and glorious war. They treated the great general of the age as their peculiar enemy. They wished for a close connexion and unreserved intercourse with France. They had an indifference or even an aversion to our old allies the Dutch. They had a political leaning towards the Roman Catholics at home. They were supported by the Roman Catholics in their elections. They had a love of triennial parliaments in preference to septennial. They attempted to abolish the protecting duties and restrictions of commerce. They wished to favour our trade with France at the expense of our trade with Portugal. To serve a temporary purpose in the House of Lords, they had recourse (for the first time in our annals) to a large and overwhelming creation of peers. Like the Whigs in May, 1831, they chose the moment of the highest popular passion and excitement to dissolve the House of Commons, hoping to avail themselves of a temporary cry for the purpose of permanent delusion.

‘The Whigs of Queen Anne’s time, on the other hand, supported that splendid war which led to such victories as Ramillies and Blenheim.

heim. They had for a leader the great man who gained these victories. They advocated the old principles of trade. They prolonged the duration of parliaments. They raised the cry of "No Popery." They loudly inveighed against the intimate connexion with France—the desertion of our old allies—the outrage wrought upon the peers—the deceptions practised upon the sovereign—and the other measures of the Tory administration.

'Such were the Tories, and such were the Whigs, of Queen Anne. Can it be doubted that, at the accession of William the Fourth, Harley and St. John would have been called Whigs—Somers and Stanhope Tories? Would not the *October Club* have loudly cheered the measures of Lord Grey, and the *Kit-cat* find itself renewed in the Carlton?

'It is therefore a certain and a very curious fact, that the representative at this time of any great Whig family—as, for example, the Duke of Devonshire—who probably imagines that he is treading in the footsteps of his forefathers—in reality, while adhering to their party name, is acting against almost every one of their party principles!'

It would be idle to repeat the arguments by which we, and others more powerful than we, have so often and so unanswerably shown what the march of innovation must inevitably be. That the appetite for change is insatiable is an undisputed fact, which every political writer admits, and all history corroborates; our own day teems with pregnant examples; and the very innovators themselves avow and proclaim views and intentions of radical changes in our social and political system—boundless in their scope, and infinite in their operation. Our humble support of Sir Robert Peel's government—our anxious wishes—our prayers for his success, are prompted distinctly, we had almost said exclusively, by our conviction that it is the only possible barrier against such a deluge. If we could see in any other combination of political elements any better guarantee against revolution, we should eagerly embrace it; and we have so much confidence in Sir Robert Peel's prudence and patriotism as to believe that he himself would most gladly devolve into any more effective and powerful hands—if they could be produced—a task which imposes such '*heavy personal sacrifices*' (to use his own emphatic expression) as nothing but the most urgent and irresistible sense of honour and duty could induce any man in his position to make. But the truth is, there is but one or other of two principles on which an administration in this country can now be formed, those which are com-

* We hope to be excused for adding another little coincidence of our own. The Treaty of Utrecht was the great feat of the Tory diplomacy of Queen Anne's time: that treaty has been vigorously attacked and denounced by a Tory historian of our own time, Lord Mahon; and very ably and ingeniously defended by his lordship's Whig critic, in the *Edinburgh Review*, generally supposed to be Mr. Macaulay.

monly designated as *Conservative* and *Destructive*—any intermediate shade would be, we are convinced, an utter delusion. In Lord Grey's Cabinet the Destructive principle was already so strong as to eject himself—having previously ejected Lord Stanley and his friends. Of Lord Melbourne's Cabinet it became the majority, and would, by this time, have ejected Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Rice; and we have little doubt that Lord Melbourne himself would soon have followed. In short, it is quite natural, and even laudable in any party which is sincere in its opinions, and which possesses the power, to insist on supplying to the government both *its men* and *its measures*. That the Radical party are now ready to attempt.

We therefore do not blame the principle, though we may question the prudence and propriety of the design which has been avowed, of endeavouring to place a radical Speaker in the chair to the exclusion of Sir Charles Manners Sutton, who has filled that difficult station for *eight* parliaments, and *eighteen* years, with, as we have always understood, the unanimous approbation of all parties—unanimous in that alone. The pretence under which this bold stroke of the Radicals for immediate ascendancy offers itself, is Sir Charles's supposed preference of Conservative politics, evinced by his attending His Majesty's Privy Council during the late interregnum. Let us say two words on this strange accusation, and the stranger arguments and consequences to which it leads. 'We suspect,' say the Destructives, 'Sir Charles Sutton of party predilection;—let us replace him, therefore, by the most determined party man among us. Sir Charles Sutton attended a routine *Privy Council* of Conservatives; let us put into the impartial chair an active member of the *late Cabinet*. No man who has once belonged to a party can quit it with honour—Sir Charles was a Tory eighteen years ago, and because he now seems to be a Conservative he is unworthy of re-election.' Sir Charles is now, no doubt, as he has been during his long and distinguished public life, a Conservative; but he is no more so than he always has been, when eight times elected, re-elected, and led to the chair by Lord Morpeth and Sir Francis Burdett, amidst the cheers of the Whigs, full as zealous in his praise as the Tories. 'But the attendance at the Privy Council!' The blunder—the absurd inanity of this complaint—is really most extraordinary. It is notorious to every man, who even knows as much of public business as the *Court Circular* supplies to the newspapers, that at those kind of Councils there is no deliberation on questions of confidential policy—nothing is or can be done but *formal* and ministerial acts, which the law requires to be passed by the King in Council—and that it is necessary to have a certain *quorum* to compose such Councils.

Councils. At the season when these events took place there were very few Privy Councillors in town, and Sir Charles Manners Sutton would also have been absent, but the burning of the House of Commons having accidentally brought him up and kept him in London, he was summoned—as any other Councillor who had happened to be in town would have been—to attend to compose a quorum to do the routine business of the country.

It may at first sight seem strange that the Opposition should resolve to try its strength on a personal question against so deservedly popular a Speaker, and on such ridiculous and groundless pretences. But there is another circumstance which would render the success of this attempt as inconvenient and injurious to the public service as it would be personally inconsistent and unjust. Not to insist on the general advantage of having a person of Sir Charles Sutton's qualifications in the chair, it is peculiarly desirable at this moment, when the change of the place of meeting will require all that learning and experience in parliamentary practice, principles, and precedents, can supply, to facilitate the adaptation of the old forms and traditional regulations and habits of the House of Commons to the new locality. This may appear a secondary consideration, but to those who understand parliamentary business it will appear one of such importance, that we really believe that, if Sir Charles Sutton had himself personally wished to be relieved from the duties of the chair, the government, and every member who felt interested, not merely for the convenient dispatch of business, but for the privileges and customs of the House of Commons, would have thought themselves justified in requiring from the Right Honourable Gentleman's patriotism that he should consent to resume his station for at least one session.

The course, therefore, taken by the Opposition is in every way absurd, inconvenient, and unjust; and seems at first sight to be prompted by the blind exasperation of disappointed men; but the course is perhaps not quite so rash and thoughtless as it looks. They have reason to suspect that his *Majesty's Speech* will contain so full, and so frank, and so satisfactory an announcement of the intentions of his government, as to render direct opposition to it very difficult; and they imagine, that if they could affront and defeat the Government by the choice of an adverse Speaker, they would *strangle* the King's Speech in its birth, and prevent the measures of his ministers from being even communicated to Parliament and the country. This would be not merely to *strike without hearing*, it would be to *strike in order that they might not hear*. We know not whether our conjecture is just, but it is really the only one that we have been

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been able to imagine for a proceeding that, on all other suppositions, seems so unaccountable. Not that this motive would be, *in fact*, less absurd than the other, but it is not so offensively palpable; and it seems to us to be a device of about the kind of petty manœuvre and small ingenuity which might be expected from Lord John Russell—who, on this occasion, by soliciting Mr. Abercrombie, in the name of the party, to give into this project, seems to announce himself as the new leader of the Opposition: by whom elected into 'that station which has been heretofore filled by Fox, Grey, Tierney, and Brougham, we have not heard—nay, it has been called even by Whigs as gross a case of *self-election* as any close corporation in the kingdom can show; and it is even said that one of the motives of the measure itself may be the opportunity which its announcement gives Lord John, of jumping into a situation to which he never would have been invited. However that may be, and whether the object and intention be a personal injustice or a political juggle, we are equally satisfied that it will be signally defeated; and that it will tend most potently to increase the distrust with which all moderate men already view the *radical coalition*, and to stimulate the anxiety of the public that the King's servants should have a calm hearing and a fair trial. Under all these circumstances we think we may venture to assert, from this now avowed union between the late Ministers and the Radicals and their violent resolution to attack the Speaker on such ridiculous grounds, that the Government, if it be not *Conservative*, must of necessity be *Radical* in the fullest extent of the term. The choice is thus narrowed to *Destructive* or *Conservative*, and between these two broad principles the House of Commons is now called upon to make its election.

But it may be said, could there be no other *Conservative* government than that of Sir Robert Peel—might not, for instance, Lord Stanley be placed at the head of a combination more congenial to the Whigs and less formidable to the Radicals? The theory of such a combination is absurd *ex hypothesi*, which rests on the basis of conservation—and it would be found, we are confident, utterly impracticable when brought to the test. Where, in such a case, would Lord Stanley have to look for colleagues—to the Cabinet which he had so recently quitted, or to that which he had just declined to join? This difficulty (not to mention fifty others) seems to us insuperable. Lord Stanley might, if his principles would allow, join the *Movement*—or he may, if his delicacy will permit, join the Government; and in either event his co-operation would be powerful for evil or for good—but we cannot imagine any permanent intermediate space. If Sir Robert Peel ful-

files his professions—as no one doubts that he will—by correcting all acknowledged abuses, and operating all salutary reforms, he will leave no man any resting-place between him and Mr. O'Connell; and after such repeated proofs as Lord Stanley has given of his resolution to maintain the Constitution in Church and State, we cannot bring ourselves to entertain any doubt whatsoever of the side on which his influence and his talents will be eventually employed. We can fully appreciate the feelings which induced him to decline Sir Robert Peel's proposition; and although, on the whole, we wish that he had accepted it, (which we certainly should not do if we thought it any way derogatory to his character, which, for public objects, we prize as much as any of his fondest friends,) we must confess, that if he erred, he erred on the safe side of disinterestedness and delicacy, and that his support of the Constitution may be, for a time, the more powerful and effective for being given with the cordiality of private conviction, uninfluenced by any bias of official obligation. But Lord Stanley must be aware that he is too considerable a person to 'hang-loose on political society.' A statesman may, for a season, content himself with giving a parliamentary support to a particular line of measures; but candour, and honour, and indeed the *necessities* of political life, will soon force him to take an official responsibility in the councils which he thus approves. Events may hasten or retard Lord Stanley's decision, but it must be made—and we confess that we look forward with considerable confidence and satisfaction to his taking, at no distant period, the only course consistent, as we think, with his honour and character. If we are not mistaken in our estimate of his Lordship's principles and of the nature of the questions that must arise, every night of the session must show more strongly his concurrence with the administration and his divergence from their opponents; and, as we expect to find a general accordance between Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel, we shall hail with great satisfaction their union in official responsibility as an additional protection to those sacred interests which they are almost equally pledged to defend.

But however that may be, and limiting ourselves to the *immediate* prospect before us, we must urge, with the deepest sincerity and anxiety, upon any one who may be disposed to give any weight to our opinions—humble, no doubt, in authority, but as disinterested and as honest as those of Lord Stanley or any other man can be—that this is really the *CRISIS of the fate of the monarchy*—never, indeed, was that medical metaphor more strictly applicable—for we are now at the very point which is to decide for *life or death*. If Sir Robert Peel—by his personal character—by his public services—by his readiness to redress all real grievances, to correct all

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abuses, and to concede to public opinion all that can be conceded with safety and without dishonour—by the strict economy of which he and the most illustrious of his colleagues gave such practical pledges in their former administration—if, we say, his talents, his integrity, his conciliation, his liberality, his firmness, and the congenial spirit which pervades his Cabinet, cannot recommend—even for a fair trial—the Sovereign's choice to the sanction of parliament, then shall we arrive at the final and fatal confirmation of all our fears. It will be no longer doubtful that *government*, according to the old practice and principles of the Constitution, has become impracticable, and that the monarchy is in imminent danger of subversion, and the nation itself of anarchy. Let those by whose votes these momentous questions are to be determined duly appreciate the awful responsibility of their decision, and recollect that they will have to render an account—not only to this or that *weathercock* body of constituents, but—to their consciences, their families, and their *country*—for a vote which—however the formal question may be shaped—must involve the security of their and our properties, liberties, and lives.

NOTE on p. 492 of No. CIV.

WE are concerned to find that the newspapers had misled us on a point not indifferent to the personal feelings of Mr. Robert Montgomery, Author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c. Mr. Montgomery has taken the most effectual means of satisfying us on this head: he has forwarded to us a copy of the Baptismal Register of Weston, 8th Nov. 1807, which proves that the story of his having *assumed* the name by which he has become known is utterly false and unfounded. How it originated we need not inquire—but we sincerely hope never to see it revived again.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Marie, ou l'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis, Tableau de Mœurs Américaines, par Gustave de Beaumont, l'un des Auteurs de l'ouvrage intitulé Du Système Pénitentiaire aux Etats-Unis.* Paris. 2 tomes. 8vo. 1835.
2. *The Stranger in America.* By F. Lieber, Editor of the *Encyclopædia Americana*. 2 vols., 12mo. London, 1835.
3. *New England and her Institutions, by One of her Sons.* London. 12mo. 1835.

THE French book now before us is the most interesting one that has ever yet been published on the subject of American society and manners by a native of the European continent. Indeed, we are of opinion that it is in some respects more curious than any work on the same topics that has lately issued from the British press. M. de Beaumont is fairly entitled to be placed, as regards intellectual powers and accomplishments, on as high a level as any English traveller of our time; and if he has fallen into some trivial blunders and mistakes to which no Englishman could have been liable, he seems, on the other hand, to have resided much longer in America than any one of our authors of the better order whose observations have as yet been made public; and, what is of even more importance, *he must* be universally allowed to have studied the social circumstances and peculiarities of the United States, not only uninfluenced by the slightest feeling of hostility or jealousy, but with the strongest predisposition to see in them every thing to admire and applaud. M. de Beaumont was in heart a republican when he arrived in the New World, and he has returned as good a republican as ever. He announces himself as on principle the enemy of aristocracy and of all aristocratical institutions; and he avows his belief that the democratic system of government, as now established in America, is the best machinery that ever was invented for developing the political independence and happiness of mankind. But here he stops. Admitting—as what sane traveller ever denied?—that in the United States of America there are to be found many gentlemen whose personal qualities would, in every respect, fit them for the most refined of European circles, he tells us, over and over again, that these are remarkable exceptions to the rule—that the merely utilitarian

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animus, all but universally prevalent, is incompatible not only with the graces and elegancies of social intercourse, but with some of the real solid virtues of the individual character. He affirms, *passim*, that all the defects on which our travellers have expatiated are of trivial importance, when considered along with the political excellencies and advantages which have been the nobler fruits of the same soil; but, with regard to those defects themselves, he frankly and decidedly confirms by his own testimony almost every statement that had been denounced as false and absurd, or at all events grossly exaggerated and distorted, by the American censors of our Halls and Hamiltons.

M. de Beaumont has chosen to give his main *tableau* in the form of a novel; but he says in his preface, that, though his personages are fictitious, every trait of character has been sketched from the life, and that almost every incident in his tale may be depended on as a fact which had fallen under his own observation. The reader, after this statement, will be prepared to find the incidents few, and the commentaries copious; but, nevertheless, the tale is one of considerable interest, and displays in parts a larger share of the true genius of romance than we have recently met with in any production of its class. The composition is now and then deformed with some of those extravagancies which the example of the affected novel-wrights now flourishing in Germany—the drivelling caricaturists of her dead classics—has of late made popular at Paris; but it is, on the whole, characterized by merits of a distinguished order. In the portraiture both of natural scenery and of human passion the writer has occasionally attained high excellence; and his general strain of thought and feeling must be allowed, even by those who, on isolated points, differ from him the most widely, to be that of a scholar and a gentleman.

'The Stranger in America' is the work of another foreigner—a German, who has, however, lived nearly twenty years in the United States, and writes English almost like an Englishman. His book is a nondescript farrago of shrewd observations, piquant anecdotes, and melancholy sentimentalities; but it is particularly deserving of our attention as proceeding from a professed admirer, not only of the institutions—but of the manners of the Americans. Mr. Lieber had, indeed, shown on a previous occasion his lively sympathy with the people among whom he has domesticated himself; for, if we recollect rightly, in the modification of the *Conversation-Lexicon*, edited by him at New York, while Julius Cæsar occupies a column, and Napoleon Buonaparte a couple of pages, nearly a sheet is filled with the achievements of Andrew Jackson. On the present occasion we may probably be obliged to this liberal exile for a few extracts in corroboration or illustration of M. de Beaumont.

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The outline of *Marie* may be given in few words. A young Frenchman—disgusted with the degraded condition of his own country, under the *disappointment* of the Three Glorious Days—determines to seek for himself an establishment in the great sanctuary of liberty, equality, and philosophy beyond the Atlantic. He arrives at Baltimore, and is hospitably received by Mr. Daniel Nelson, a leading citizen of that town, president of its Bible Society, its Temperance Society, and its Colonization Society, who, after realizing a fair fortune in commerce, and aspiring to the first political stations of the Republic, had, towards the decline of life, assumed the office of minister in a Presbyterian congregation there, and who is throughout represented as a pure and dignified specimen of the genuine descendants of the Puritan Pilgrims. Mr. Nelson's family consists of a son and a daughter, a high-spirited youth and a most enchanting girl, the former of whom becomes the chosen friend of the French stranger, while the latter is, of course, the heroine of his heart and of this novel. The progress of the love-story is energetically sketched; and in due time M. Ludovic solicits the worthy Nelson's consent to his marriage with the charming *Marie*. The father, after much hesitation, avows that this connexion would be in every respect agreeable to himself, but that, in justice to Ludovic, he must forbid it. In a word, Mr. Nelson had married, while engaged in commerce at New Orleans, a lady, one of whose ancestors a century back was a Mulatto: no one at Baltimore knew this circumstance—no trace of African descent could be detected in the noble features and radiant complexions of the young Nelsons—but still the fact might some day or other transpire, and in that case the French lover must be assured that, though a marriage between him and *Marie* would be perfectly valid according to the laws of the country, the *usages* of the country, more powerful than any law, would denounce it as an abomination—his wife, his children, to the remotest generation, must be excluded from the society of the *American* people as outcasts and Parias.

The bankrupt of Massachusetts finds honour and fortune in Louisiana, where no one inquires of what miseries he has been the cause in another place. The inhabitant of New York, on whom the fetters of a first wedlock press disagreeably, leaves his wife on the left bank of the Hudson, takes a new one on the right bank, and lives a tranquil bigamist in New Jersey. The thief and the forger, branded by the severe code of Rhode Island, discover, without difficulty, both employment and consideration in Connecticut. There is but one crime of which the culprit carries everywhere with him the punishment and the infamy: it is that of belonging to a family reputed to be of colour. The colour washed out, the disgrace remains; it seems as

if they could divine it long after it has ceased to be visible ; there is no asylum so sacred, no retreat so obscure, as to afford it shelter or shade.'—*Marie*, vol. i. p. 177.

The youthful enthusiast at first thinks the venerable Presbyterian is jesting with him—but by degrees his eyes are opened to a full perception of the tyrannical injustice with which all, in whose veins there is one drop of black blood, are systematically treated by the nation whose first maxim is the equality of all mankind in the sight of God and man. Ludovic, of course, disdains to be thwarted by a prejudice which he considers as alike absurd and cruel—and would either run all risks with his Mary in America, or abandon his own original plans and carry her to France. On the latter of these alternatives Daniel Nelson sets at once his determined *velo*. His ancestors had been driven from Europe by religious persecution—he nor no child of his, with his consent, shall ever set foot on the shores of the old world. As to the former scheme, he demands that Ludovic should spend six months in travelling through the different states of the Union, and observe for himself, in city, town, and hamlet, the manners of the people, and most especially the actual treatment of the coloured race, before the negotiation goes farther. Ludovic sets out on his travels accordingly, being accompanied or soon joined by his future brother-in-law, George Nelson. In consequence of the malevolence of a dark half-Spanish scoundrel, whose path in life and love had been many years ago crossed by Mr. Daniel Nelson, the unhappy taint in George's blood is betrayed to the audience of a theatre in Philadelphia, where he and Ludovic are seated together in the pit. The *man of colour* is immediately kicked out of the play-house with every wantonness of contumely ;* and his friend discovers that no court, either of law or of honour, can be expected to afford any redress whatever for such an injury. George parts from his friend—and is mixed up in an insurrection of slaves in South Carolina, which is for a season successful. Meanwhile, Ludovic continues his travels until, the term of his probation being at length expired, he rejoins the elder Nelson, who is now at New York, and, unchanged in his resolves by all the miseries he had witnessed, claims the hand of his affianced beauty. Nelson no longer refuses his consent. The bridal party repair to the Catholic church, where the nuptial ceremony is, in the first instance, to be performed, according to the religion of the bridegroom—the Presbyterian formula to succeed in the course of the morning. But scarcely has the benediction of the Romish priest been pronounced, when the famous *émeute* of August, 1834, attains its height. The

* M. de Beaumont witnessed such an occurrence.

white population are risen in arms to massacre the people of colour. The rumour that a white man is in the act of espousing a girl of mixed descent somehow reaches the fanatical insurgents, and a general rush is made on the Popish chapel.* The heroine's life is only saved by the desperate valour of Ludovic, and of her brother George, who appears, *deus ex machinâ*, at the moment of utmost peril. Daniel Nelson, having escorted Ludovic and Mary into the forest, bids them fly to the shores of Lake Ontario, where, as soon as he can arrange his worldly affairs, he will join them, never again to revisit the guilty haunts of mankind—but cautions the young couple that, in the meantime, the knot has been only half tied, and they must not consider themselves as spouses, until the Presbyterian ceremony also shall have been performed *jure solenni*.

We shall not spoil the interest of the fictitious part of this work by any details of its *denouement*. It must be enough to say, that the stories of the virgin-bride and the rebel-brother end alike unhappily; that Ludovic is left a solitary creature, while yet in the bloom of manhood, to inhabit a wigwam and watch a tomb amidst the darkest wildernesses of the Canadian frontier; and to repeat that, however bald and naked our imperfect outline may seem, the author has in various chapters of his novel, but especially in some of the forest-scenes towards its close, exhibited very noble passion in language worthy of its energy. Our object has been simply to put the reader in possession of some general notion of the form under which (unfortunately as we think) M. de Beaumont has thought fit to shadow out the narrative of his own travels in the United States. The six months' probationary tour of Ludovic is, in short, that part of the work to which we would call special attention on this occasion: and with our extracts from the chapters which it occupies, we shall not hesitate to intermingle some passages from the notes and appendices given by M. de Beaumont in his own proper person. Indeed, the author identifies himself so openly with his imaginary hero, that we need have no scruples on that subject. The tone, remarks, and reflections, in the text and the notes, are so completely the same, that if we did not label our selections, we believe no reader would be able to guess from which department of the book almost any one of them had been taken.

We do not propose at present to enter at length upon the professed primary object of M. de Beaumont,—his exposition of the one great political crime with which he charges the American nation—viz., the cruel tyranny with which the coloured race are univer-

* The details of this scandalous outrage are given in an appendix. The riot, it appears, did begin in consequence of a rumour of a mixed marriage. Several chapels and theatres frequented by the blacks were burnt to the ground, and the clergyman who was to have performed the offensive ceremony had a narrow escape with his life.

sally treated in the United States. We defer this important subject, because we happen to know that, before our next Number sees the light, a very elaborate treatise on it, by a countryman of our own, will be given to the world, and we think it just and proper to wait until we can have the opportunity of confronting the French author with another and a still more recent witness. We may, however, quote a single passage in which M. de Beaumont dwells, with pardonable exultation, on the solitary exception which he could ever discover to the rule of unchristian intolerance.

'In every hospital and in every jail there are distinct wards, in which the sick and the guilty are classed according to their colour: the whites everywhere receiving care and indulgences denied to the poor negroes. In every town there are separate burying-places for the whites and the people of colour. But it surprised me, even beyond this phenomenon of vanity, to find the same separation enforced in the religious edifices. Who would believe it? Ranks and privileges in a Christian church! Sometimes the blacks are placed in a dark corner by themselves; sometimes they are altogether excluded. Conceive what would be the disgust of an elegant company, if they found themselves mixed with rude ill-dressed human beings. The assembling at the place of worship is the only amusement which Sunday allows of. For American society the church is the promenade, the concert, the ball, the play—it is there that the women's dresses are to be exhibited—the Protestant temple is the *salon* where people say their prayers to God. How shocking would be the intrusion of a black face in this brilliant circle!

'The Catholic churches are the only ones which admit neither of privilege nor exclusion: the black population enters there as freely as the white. This tolerance of Catholicism, and this rigorous police of Protestantism, proceed from no accidental cause, but from the nature of the two systems. The minister of the Protestant congregation owes his place to an election, and to keep it he must keep himself in the good graces of the majority of his constituents; his dependence in this way is complete, and he is condemned, on pain of being turned off, to flatter those very prejudices and passions, against which his mission should make him wage immitigable war. On the other hand, the Catholic priest derives his authority solely from his bishop, who again recognises no superior but the Pope. Chief of a congregation on whom he does not at all depend, he little concerns himself whether he shall give offence by rebuking their errors and vices: he directs them according to his faith—not, like the other, according to his interest. Behold the Protestant minister docile and obsequious to those who have given him his *post*; the Catholic priest, the mandatory of God alone, addressing with authority men whose duty it is to obey him. The proud passions of the whites command the Protestant pastor to drive these wretches from the temple, and he excludes them—but the blacks, being still men, enter freely the Catholic church, because the pride of man does not bear sway there, but the priest of Christ. I

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was struck, in contemplating all this, with a melancholy truth. Public Opinion, so beneficent when it protects, is, when it persecutes, the most cruel of all tyrants.

• This Public Opinion, all-powerful in the United States, demands the oppression of a detested race, and there is no check upon its hatred. In general, it belongs to the wisdom of legislators to correct manners by laws, which laws are again corrected by manners. This moderating power has no existence in the United States. The people which hates the negroes makes also the laws: the people names the magistrates, and, to please the people, every functionary must take part in its passions. The popular sovereignty is irresistible in its impulses; its least hints are commands; it does not *mend* its indocile agents, it *breaks* them. It is then the people, with its passions, that governs: the coloured race in America undergoes the government of hatred and contempt: everywhere I was forced to recognize the tyrannies of the popular will.'—vol. i. p. 174.

We are not sufficiently informed concerning the discipline and pecuniary arrangements of the Romish Church in the United States, to be able to offer any satisfactory comment on some of the foregoing statements. It is, however, obvious that the Catholic priest there stands in a relation to his flock very different from what has recently been described as the rule in Ireland by Mr. O'Croly; and we need not point out to our readers that what M. de Beaumont denounces as a vice inherent in the very nature of 'the Protestant system' has nothing whatever to do with Protestantism, but springs solely and exclusively from that 'voluntary system' of ecclesiastical government and finance which, as the cases of Ireland and America show, may be adopted with equal facility, and with equally fatal results, in a community whether of Catholics or of Protestants.

Our reader was probably a little startled by M. de Beaumont's account of Mr. David Nelson's sudden transition from the commerce of Baltimore to the pastoral superintendence of a Presbyterian congregation in that city. Such changes, however, appear to be by no means uncommon among the members of more than one of the religious sects now flourishing in the United States; and, indeed, they always will occur where there is nothing *indelible* in the character of the minister of the Gospel. Instances, and very disgusting ones, might be pointed out even in our own day in the case of one of the most respectable religious communities in our own part of the world—the Established Church of Scotland. But public opinion in Scotland, and all over Europe, sets its face against such things—and their occurrence is, accordingly, so rare as to claim little notice. In America, on the contrary, that seems to be the rule, which with any Protestant body in Europe is the exception. It appears, however, that the change *from the pulpit*

to

to the counter is much more common than that exemplified in the history of Mr. David Nelson of Baltimore; and the fact is explained by M. de Beaumont on principles which he seems to have investigated with ample care, and illustrated with shrewdness and ingenuity.

'The facility of reaching the priesthood among the Americans stamps a very peculiar character on the protestant ministry: every man may, without any preparation or study worth speaking of, become a minister. The priesthood, in short, is a line of business into which one may enter at any time of life, in any rank of life, according to one's notions of convenience. He whom you behold at the head of a respectable congregation began by keeping a store in the next street—he was unfortunate in his store, and took to the new trade of a minister. This gentleman, again, began with the priesthood, but as soon as he had cleared a certain sum, he left the pulpit for the counting-house. Nothing binds him to his congregation, the moment his interest calls him elsewhere. *Nothing is more rare than to see a protestant minister with a hoary head.* The principal object which an American has in view in his sacred office is the worldly fortune of himself, his wife, his children. When he has materially improved his pecuniary condition, his end has been attained, and he then shuts up shop. The reader will of course understand that I do not apply all this to every protestant minister in America: by no means; I met with several whose sincere faith and ardent zeal were only equalled by their charity and contempt of all temporal interests: I give the traits which characterize the great majority.'—vol. ii. p. 187.—*Note.*

We are inclined, after all, to suspect that M. de Beaumont found most of his examples of this kind of *transition* among the Unitarians of America—a sect, if it deserves to be called one, which he seems to have pretty well appreciated; for he says—

'The Unitarians are the *philosophers* of the United States. Public opinion in America demands that every one shall belong to some religious sect or body, and Unitarianism is in general the religion of those who have none. In France, the philosophy of the eighteenth century attacked, without any disguise, both religion and the ministers of religion. In America it labours at the same work, but is obliged to veil its operations under a cloak of religion. Its mantle is the Unitarian doctrine.'—vol. ii. p. 197.—*Note.*

M. de Beaumont, however, has a passage elsewhere on the subject of professions in general, which it may be well to consider in reference to these statements about the facility of assuming and dropping the pastoral gown.

'The professions, of which the diversity is so great, do not create among their various followers any difference of social position. I am not speaking here of Pennsylvania merely, where the influence of the Quakers has taught men to consider the equality of all professions as
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a dogma of religion—but of all the States of the Union. Everywhere professions, employments, trades—commerce, literature, the bar, public office, the ministry of religion, are walks of industry: those who take to them may be more or less fortunate, more or less rich, but they are equals—they do not follow the same pursuits, but pursuits of the same nature. From the foot-boy to the President at Washington, from the man-machine whose animal force turns a wheel, to the man of genius who creates a sublime idea, all are at work in their vocations—all performing analogous duties. This explains why the white domestic is the *aid* or *help*, but not the *servant* of his employer; and this also explains the style in which all commercial business is carried on. The American trader gains, to be sure, as much money of you as he can—I even believe that he often cheats the purchaser—but in no case would he receive a farthing beyond his demand, were he but the poorest keeper of a pot-house. It is just so with the workman, the messenger, the waiter of an hotel; all ask their legitimate salary, the price of their lab ou but to accept more than what is due would be to receive alms—to confess *inferiority*. We now understand why the President of the United States receives every man who approaches him on a footing of the most perfect equality, and begins by shaking him cordially by the hand. I have often heard men in the most eminent posts, a chancellor, a secretary of state, the governor of a State, talking, without any apparent sense of incongruity, about “my brother the grocer,” and so on.*—vol. i. p. 385.—*Note*.

The author of ‘New England by one of her Sons’ has a passage at p. 336, part of which may, at first sight, be considered as at variance with all these views and assertions of M. de Beaumont.

‘We Americans,’ he says, ‘have our *preferences*. We think it an innocent and a convenient thing to draw arbitrary lines of distinction between different professions. It is a pleasant employment, too, to clamber over these distinctions in life. Perhaps there is not a country in the world where professions are so often changed as in America. We are restless and proud, and, since our civil institutions have established no permanent artificial gradations among us, we have devised them ourselves.’

We were puzzled for a moment when we chanced to open the book at this paragraph; but matters were cleared up somewhat when we discovered that the particular instance of changing a *profession* which had called forth the author’s remarks, was neither more nor less than the case of a journeyman mechanic folding up his rule and betaking himself to college with a view to the *clerical line*! And then the writer, proceeding at p. 337 to analyze ‘the *aristocratical* leaven among us,’ decides that ‘various degrees of softness and whiteness of the hands are perhaps as good *criteria* as anything!’* This is perhaps enough.

* ‘New England, by one of her Sons,’ is rather an interesting little work, though confused in its arrangement.

To return to M. de Beaumont. As he has mentioned *literature* among the daily interchangeable *lines of business* in America, we may as well quote next a more detailed passage which he bestows upon that particular subject.

'All the world being engaged in business, that calling is esteemed the first in which most money is to be made. The business of an author being the least lucrative is, of course, the lowest. Talk to an American of Homer, or of Tasso, he cuts you down at once by asking if they did not both of them die poor? The sciences, indeed, are more valued; but merely as applicable to the utilitarian concerns of life.

'You will find here neither classical school nor romantic school—there is but one school, the commercial, that of the gentlemen who get up newspapers, and pamphlets, and advertisements, and who sell ideas exactly as their brothers do broadcloth and cotton-goods—whose study is a counting-house—whose intelligence brings so much per cent. Every one who supposes himself a man of superior genius betakes himself to some higher profession—the weaker brothers find refuge in the petty concern of literature.

'Yet, few as are the *authors*, nowhere does so much printing go on. Newspapers are, in fact, the sole literature of the country. People engaged in business and of moderate fortunes demand a species of reading which costs little either of time or of money. It is really rather an affair of stationery than one of literature.

'But, though properly speaking there is no such thing as literature among them, do not suppose that the Americans are without literary vanity. The poor writers themselves have it not, but the country has. Literature, after all, is a branch of business, and America maintains that she excels in that as well as in all the rest.

'“Well,” says some one, “give this society time, and by and by you will see great authors and great artists spring from its bosom. Rome did not in her early days produce a Horace or a Virgil—France had been France for fourteen centuries before she gave birth to her Racine and Corneille.” Those who make use of this language confound two things which are very distinct—political society and civilization. The political existence of America is in its infancy—her civilization is as old as that of her parent England. The first is in progress, the second in decline. The society of England regenerates itself in the democracy of America—her civilization is dwindling there.’

—vol. i., p. 264.

Whether the Americans are really exhibiting at this time an improvement upon the old political organization of their parent country is a question which we do not presume to argue with M. de Beaumont; but we rather apprehend that the ‘dwindling civilization,’ of which he everywhere perceives the traces in this new world, may perchance be somehow connected with that political system which he everywhere so vehemently extols—and of which he thus describes some of the most important results:—

‘In

'In the United States the masses rule everything and for ever—and they are constantly jealous of any superiority that indicates itself, and prompt to break down any that has succeeded in making itself to be recognized. Middling understandings reject great minds, just as weak eyes abhor the broad light of day.'—vol. i., p. 242.

'Neither in the journals nor in their legislative assemblies is there any attempt at the art of style. Everybody speaks and writes, not without pretension, but without talent; and this is not the fault of the orators and writers themselves. These last, by any display of classical taste or elegant phraseology, would compromise their popularity. The people asks of its mandatories just that quantity of literature which is requisite for the clear exposition of its affairs—anything beyond this is of the pomps and vanities of aristocracy.'—*Ibid.* p. 263.

'Of all nations this is perhaps the one whose government affords the least scope for glory. None has the burden of directing her. It is her nature and her passion to go by herself. The conduct of affairs does not depend upon a certain number of persons; it is the work of all. The efforts are universal, and any individual impulse would only interfere with the general movement. In this country political ability consists not in doing, but in standing off and letting alone. Magnificent is the spectacle of a whole people moving and governing itself—but nowhere do individuals appear so small.

'The United States do great things; their inhabitants are clearing the forests of America and introducing the civilization of Europe into the depths of savage solitude; they extend over half an hemisphere; their ships carry everywhere their name and their riches; but these great results are due to a thousand isolated exertions which no superior power directs, to a thousand middling capacities which never invoke the aid of an intelligence superior to themselves.

'That uniformity which reigns in their political world is equally apparent in their civil society. The relations of man with man have but one object—money; one sole interest—to get rich. The passion for money is born along with the dawns of intellect, bringing in its train cold calculations and the dryness of cyphers. It grows, it develops itself, it establishes itself in the soul, and torments it without ceasing, as a burning fever agitates and devours the feeble frame of which it has gained possession. Money is the god of the United States, just as Glory is the god of France, and Love of Italy. But at the bottom of this violent passion it is impossible to discover any moral sentiment. Restricted to the relations of mere interest, American society is grave without having the imposing character of virtue. It inspires no respect—it chills all enthusiasm.'—*Ibid.* p. 64.

'I had always thought that, as one withdrew from the great towns and approached the solitude of the forests, civilization would be found insensibly decreasing, thus by little and little drawing one, from a state of things framed after the model of European life and intelligence, to the opposite extreme of barbarous existence. But, in American society, from New York to the Great Lakes, I sought in vain for any intermediate

intermediate degrees of refinement—everywhere the same men, the same passions, the same manners. The American nation recruits itself from all the nations of the earth; yet no one, take it all in all, presents such an uniformity of character.”—vol. ii. p. 58.

We humbly suggest that if the statement in this last paragraph be at all a correct one, the author has himself connected indissolubly the ‘dwindling civilization’ of the United States, with that ‘political system’ in which he calls on us to admire the ‘regeneration’ of ‘English society.’ Can he point out any other influence to which we should ascribe this ‘uniformity of men, passions, and manners, from New York to the Great Lakes?’

M. de Beaumont speaks of himself as having travelled a good deal in England before he visited the United States. Yet in many of his criticisms on their manners and usages, he appears to be quite unconscious that he is expending his ingenuity on circumstances which he might have found in the old country just as well as in the new. The style of female education for example, which he expatiates upon through several chapters, is fundamentally the English one—and we hope no French criticisms will ever induce the Americans to lay it aside in favour of that which M. de Beaumont so sentimentally lauds. If his picture, however, be not grossly overcharged, our descendants have certainly pushed the ancient English plan to a rather hazardous extent, and all our Joe Miller stories about match-making mothers and aunts, and soft-eyed damsels who, nevertheless, keep an eye on the main chance, must fail to convey any adequate notion of the business-like sayings and doings of an American ball-room. He says:—

‘The women of America have in general cultivated minds, but little imagination, and more of sense than of sensibility. The education they receive is entirely different from that which is given to their sisters in France. With us, the young girl remains till the day of her marriage under the entire protection of her parents—she reposes peaceful and unsuspecting, because near her there is a tender solicitude which watches and sleeps not—she has no need to reflect while there is another to think for her; she partakes the occupations and the sentiments of her mother, merry or sad, according as she happens to be at the moment—never beforehand with life, quietly gliding with its natural current. In America, she is free before she is adolescent—with no guide but herself, she treads, as at a venture, paths unknown to her feet. The first steps are the least dangerous—childhood traverses life as a light skiff plays without risk on a sea without rocks. But when the stormy billows of young passions are to be encountered, what is to become of that frail bark, with its swelling sails and its inexperienced pilot? The education of America takes precautions against this danger: the fair maiden receives, at a very early period, full information as to the snares she will have to meet.

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Her instincts would be poor guardians for her ; they place her under the protection of her reason : thus enlightened as to the allurements which are to surround her, she goes forth, trusting in herself alone for the means of escape. Her prudence never fails her. But all this deprives her of two qualities charming above everything else in early youth—candour and simplicity. The young American female has need of knowledge to be virtuous—but she is too knowing to be innocent. This precocious liberty gives a serious turn to all her reflections, and stamps her character with something of the masculine.

An excessive coquetry is, however, a trait common to all the young American girls, and it also is a consequence of their education. For every one who has passed her sixteenth summer, the one great interest of life is a marriage. In France, she desires it—in America, she seeks it. In the midst of that all-busy society, where everybody has some positive material object in hand, she too has her *concern*—her business—her industry : it is to find a husband. The men about her are cold, chained to their worldly affairs—she must go to them—a powerful charm must be called in to attract them. Do not let us be surprised, then, if the young girl who lives in the midst of them is prodigal of her studied smiles and tender glances : her coquetry is, to be sure, a well-considered and prudent thing ; she has measured the space within which she may play herself off—she knows the limit which she must not pass. Grant that her artifices are not in themselves to be applauded—you must at least allow that her aim is irreproachable—it is only to be married. Coquetry, with us, is a passion ; in America, it is a calculation. Even if the young lady who has formed an engagement continues somewhat of her former procedure, this is matter not of taste but of foresight. Her lover *may* break his faith : she is aware of this, and goes on gaining hearts, from the wish, not to have two at a time, but to have a second in reserve in case the first should fail her.—vol. i. p. 25.

M. de Beaumont, however, if he may be considered as a little too severe on the pretty damsels of the United States, does as ample justice as any other traveller to the admirable and undoubted purity of their matrons. On this head, indeed, the reports of all the recent witnesses agree most completely—and to us most delightfully, for here again, we are proud to say, we recognise the manners of England in those of her descendants. M. de Beaumont speaks, like a Frenchman as he is, about the old societies of Europe, as if they were all as corrupt on this score, as for aught we know the society of Paris may still be—but we need not enlarge upon a blunder which every English reader will at once trace to the right source. He tells us,—

‘ You may estimate the morality of any population, when you have ascertained that of the women ; and one cannot contemplate American society without admiration for the respect which there encircles the tie of marriage. The same sentiment existed to a like degree among

no nation of antiquity ; and the existing societies of Europe, in their corruption, have not even a conception of such a purity of morals. In America, people are not more severe than elsewhere, as to the disorders and even the debaucheries of single life ; one meets with abundance of young men there whose manners are notoriously dissolute, and who are thought none the worse of on that account. But society has no toleration for any tampering with conjugal faith ; it is as inflexible towards the man who tempts as to the woman who yields : both are banished from its bosom—and to meet this stern award it is not even necessary to be guilty ; it suffices to have incurred suspicion.

‘ The morality of the American women, moreover, is protected by other circumstances. The man there, engrossed with positive interests, has neither the time nor the soul for tender sentiments and gallantries ; he pays court once in his life—that is when he desires to arrange his marriage. The question then is, not an intrigue but—a piece of business. He has not leisure to be in love, still less to be *amable*. That taste for the fine arts, which blends so well with the enjoyments of the heart, is forbidden to him. To be suspected of any passion for Mozart or Michael Angelo would destroy him in public opinion. Condemned by the manners of his country to shut himself up within the dry circle of utility, the young American is equally devoid of the wish to please women and of the capacity to seduce them.’—vol. i. p. 29.

In a note on this passage he thus qualifies one of his statements:—

‘ It is true that one may meet here and there by accident with a young man whom the chances of a hereditary fortune and a polished education have qualified to take part in the intrigues and gallantries of society—but their number is so small that they can do no harm ; and if they show but the slightest symptom of a disposition to trouble the peace of a fireside, the whole American world is at once in league to combat and crush the common enemy. This explains why American bachelors, with fortune and leisure, never remain in the United States, but come to live in Europe, where they find intellectual men and corrupt women.’—vol. i., p. 349.

The majority of his European readers will hardly thank our author for this last sentence. American ‘ bachelors with fortune and leisure’ pass rapidly through England—but we never heard of any such ‘ *rara avis*’ establishing his European roost elsewhere than at Paris, Brussels, Rome, or Naples.

We are sorry to say that our next extract must be one of a less agreeable description. It refers to that popular indulgence for unfair bankrupts, which has already been adverted to in the discussion about M. Ludovic’s proposed marriage with Miss Mary Nelson of Baltimore. M. de Beaumont says, in one of his notes,—

‘ I don’t know if there exists anywhere so much commercial prosperity as in the United States—yet among no people on the face of the

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the earth are there so many bankruptcies. The commerce of these States is placed under the most favourable circumstances that can be conceived—an immense and fertile soil, gigantic rivers, numerous and well-placed harbours—a people enterprising, calculating, with a natural genius for maritime life—all these conspire to make this a nation of merchants, and to crown its industry with riches. But for the very reason that success is so probable, men pursue it with an unbridled ardour: the spectacle of rapid fortunes intoxicates the observers, and they rush blindfold to their aim—hence ruin. Shortly after my arrival in America, as I was entering an apartment in which the *élite* of the society of one of the principal cities in the Union were assembled, a Frenchman, an old resident in the country, said to me, “Above all things speak no ill of bankrupts.” I did well to follow his advice, for among all the rich personages to whom I was presented, not one but had *failed* at least once in the earlier part of his career.

‘All the Americans being engaged in business, and most of them having more or less frequently *failed*, it follows that to be a bankrupt is a nothing. An offence of which so many are guilty ceases to be one. The indulgence for bankrupts springs, then, from the commonness of the *misfortune*; but its principal cause is the facility with which men there rise from such a fall. If the bankrupt were lost for ever, he would be abandoned to his misery; people are more lenient when they know that he will recover himself. This is not a very generous feeling, but it is in human nature.

‘It is now easy to understand why there is no law to punish *bankruptcy* in these States. Electors and legislators all are alike traders and subject to a failure; they have no wish to punish an universal sin. Such a law, moreover, were it made, would remain inoperative: the *people*, which makes the laws by its mandates, executes or refuses to execute them in its tribunals, where it is represented by the jury. In this condition of things, nothing protects American commerce against fraud. No trader is compelled to keep any sort of book or register. There is, in short, no legal distinction between the merchant who yields to real misfortune, and him whose bankruptcy has been the fruit of extravagance, dissipation, and fraudulence.’—vol. i., p. 363.

We must not conclude without affording our reader a glimpse or two of the interior of the family with whom the hero of M. de Beaumont's narrative is thrown into such intimate relations. The portraiture of Mr. David Nelson has certainly all the appearance of being a study from the life.

‘Morning and evening, Nelson called his children and domestics together for family worship: every meal, in like manner, was preceded by a prayer in which he invoked the blessing of heaven on the meats and fruits before us. When Sunday came, we had a whole day of seclusion and piety: the hours not spent in the meeting-house passed silently in the reading and meditation of the Bible. This rigid observance was the same throughout the town, and yet Nelson was continually

continually lamenting over the irreligion and corruption of Baltimore. "Maryland," said he, "is a very different place from New England, and yet even there, in that old domain of morality and piety, even there the general relaxation of manners and principles is making way! Would you believe it?"—he exclaimed with an accent of bitter grief—"persons travelling on Sundays are no longer meddled with! nay, even the mail carrying the dispatches of the central government continues its journeys during the Lord's day! If this melancholy course be not arrested, it is all over with virtue, whether public or private. No morality without religion—no liberty without Christianity!"

'This ardent zeal for spiritual things was united in Nelson with sentiments of quite another description; his love of money was indisputable: rarely did it happen that his impassioned discourses to us on the affairs of his church, and his own religious experiences, were not followed up by some discussions touching a new bank establishment, the state of securities, the tariff, a canal, or a railroad. His language on such topics, betraying the old merchant in every tone, denoted that passion for wealth, which, when carried to a certain point, takes the name of cupidity. Singular mixture of noble aspirations and impure affections! But I have found this contrast everywhere in the United States: these two opposite principles struggle together perpetually in the society of America—the one the source of rectitude, the other of chicanery! They have, however, one result in common, that of producing *staid men*—("des hommes rangés").'—vol. i. p. 60.

The author has a note on this passage in which he once more, as our readers will perceive, confounds Protestantism with a very different thing. On a former occasion he attributed to the 'Protestant system' the odious absurdities of the 'voluntary scheme'—here he seems not to know that there is some distinction between the orthodox Protestant doctrine, as to the observance of the Sabbath, and the sour melancholy rigour of the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, which still, it would appear, lingers in the United States, but which, in spite of Sir Andrew Agnew, never will be revived in Old England.

'It appears pretty certain that a great number of the Americans, shut up in their houses on the Sundays, give themselves very little trouble about their Bible. Some surrender themselves without restraint to the passion of play; the conscious offender choosing, in his privacy, those games which are the most ruinous;—others get drunk with spirituous liquors;—a large proportion of the labouring class take to their beds the moment the sermon is over. The Protestant system, which prescribes for the first day of the week silence, and seclusion, and bars all sorts of amusements out of doors, has been framed without due reference to the lower orders of society. That purely intellectual observance of the sacred day is suitable for cultivated minds—is calculated to elevate above the world, spirits capable of meditation; but you will never bring the man whose body alone has been toiling all the

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the week, to pass the whole of his Sunday in thought. You refuse him public amusements: retired into his obscure dwelling, he abandons himself without restraint to the gross pleasures of sensuality and vice."—vol. i. p. 357.

When Mr. David Nelson first finds out that his intended son-in-law is a Roman Catholic, he is somewhat shocked; but consoles himself with reflecting that the American Bible Society has been, and is, making great efforts to provide the French people with copies of the Scriptures in their own tongue, and announces his conviction that at no distant date the mass of so enlightened a nation must needs embrace the doctrines of the reformed churches. On this our Frenchman remarks in these cool and highly characteristic terms:—

'France is less irreligious than indifferent. To pass from Catholicism to Protestantism demands an exertion of the understanding, and a craving for something to believe, which are both inconsistent with the temperament of indifference. The Catholic clergy have been assailed as a political body useful to a civil power which made a tool of it; but as a religious body it is not hated. Hatred presupposes convictions, and of these France has few whether in morals or in religion. Generally speaking, in short, people are either Catholics in France or they are nothing; and many are content to call themselves Catholics who would by no means give themselves any trouble to become anything else.'—vol. i. p. 359.—*Note.*

We now submit a week-day scene of Mr. Nelson's exemplary *ménage*.

'Every evening we all met at tea-time, and Nelson read to us, with emphasis, the newspaper articles of the day in which America was the most lavishly extolled. Every evening I heard him repeat that General Jackson was the greatest man of the age, New York the finest city in the world, the Capitol at Washington the most splendid palace in the universe, and the Americans the first people upon earth. By dint of constantly reading these exaggerations, he had arrived at believing in them. Every American has an infinity of flatterers to whom he listens. He is flattered because he is sovereign—he swallows the flatteries because he is people. His annual courtiers are those who, at the recurrence of elections, shower their incense on him to obtain votes and places. His daily courtiers are the newspapers, which, eager for subscribers and money, pamper him every morning with the grossest adulations. An American, however strongly you express your admiration of his country, is never entirely satisfied. In his eyes approbation, if in any degree measured or guarded, is a hostile criticism—an unpardonable insult.'—vol. i. p. 70.

We are afraid that, after such a passage as the foregoing one, M. de Beaumont himself need hardly expect to maintain much favour among the reading public of the nation whose 'political

system' appears to him the *ne plus ultra* of human excellence. What then, if a single *escapade* shall be fatal to the popularity of this wholesale worshipper—what must have been the spleen excited in America by such works as those of Captain Hall, Mr. Hamilton, and, above all, Mrs. Trollope?—But this reminds us that M. de Beaumont has himself favoured the world with some very philosophical remarks on the state of feeling towards England in the American Union, and *vice versa*.

'To say that the Americans hate the English, is to give an imperfect notion of their feeling. The inhabitants of the United States were subject to the English government, and the recollection of their conquered independence is blended with that of the wars of which it was the prize. These struggles recall a period of profound enmity towards the English.

'The advanced civilization of England, also, inspires the Americans with sentiments of a very morbid jealousy. And yet, when the thought of rivalry passes for an instant from their minds, one sees that they have a pride in being descended from a nation so great as England—one detects at the bottom of their hearts that feeling of filial affection which binds colonies to their mother country long after they have become free.

'The recollection of the old quarrels is wearing out daily—but the jealousy is on the increase on either side. The economical prosperity of the United States is regarded by England with an unquiet eye: while America cannot conceal from herself, notwithstanding all her wonderful efforts and progress, her inferiority to the old country. This sort of feeling is legitimate enough in its principle: but national vanity, provoked with equal zeal by the journals of London and New York, is perpetually mixing venom with its operation. There is another cause which leads to a similar effect. The English who travel in America are perfectly well received, for three reasons: first, because the Americans are naturally hospitable to all strangers who can speak their language: secondly, though jealous of *England*, they have a true satisfaction in being kind to the individual Englishman, in whom they see only a member of the nation from which they are themselves sprung: thirdly, they wish to be well thought of, they and their country, by the English, precisely because these are their rivals: they make great exertions to be polite, on purpose to prove that America is not barbarous; and believing most sincerely that their country has very fine things to exhibit, they consider it as a duty to lose no opportunity of displaying, to the eyes of any wandering islander, the moral and material riches of the United States. Meantime, the Englishman full of his national prejudices, and moreover, being well entitled to consider America as inferior to his own country, returns home presently, and publishes his transatlantic *travels*—that is to say, a satire in two or three volumes—in which, perhaps, he does not even respect proper names, but holds up to the derision of his fellow-citizens the worthy foreigners

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foreigners who showered their hospitable attentions upon his head. The most guarded of these books are still unjust and irritating. The work published in England soon reaches the New World, and its appearance is a thunder-stroke to the vanity of the American people."—vol. i., p. 351.—*Note.*

Who the English travellers that have taken liberties with 'American proper names' can be, we really do not know; we certainly have not been so unfortunate as to meet with any of their productions. As to those 'most guarded books' which 'are still unjust and irritating,' we can only express our satisfaction that our good friends on the other side of the Atlantic must now derive abundant consolation for all 'that savage Trollope dashed' from the 'light touches and softening hues' of this amiable Frenchman's *Tableau des Mœurs Américaines*.

M. de Beaumont gives us several amusing anecdotes illustrative of some apparent inconsistencies which have often been satirized by European travellers in the United States, and remarked upon with good-humoured surprise by those who have met Americans in society here and on the continent of Europe. He dwells particularly on their passion for *titles of nobility*. 'Whether you shall be received with enthusiasm in America, very well, decently well, or coldly, depends on whether you are duke, marquis, count, or nothing.'—vol. ii. p. 287. 'The meanest driver of a diligence styles himself a *gentleman*—and no one who has attained a position the least above the mass of men ever fails to take the title of *esquire*.' Heraldic insignia are much affected. One gentleman displayed his seal, on which he had engraved, above the escutcheon, the date 1631—a proud monument of primeval distinction. They are fond too of blazoning those vanities on the pannels of their carriages, and so forth—though their notions of what such things really are and mean appear to be vague enough. An English diplomatist, not long ago, carried out a London carriage and harness to New York. Some accident, shortly after his arrival, required that he should send his *set-out* to a coachmaker's; and calling by-and-by, what was his astonishment to find the people imitating his shield and crest on half a dozen gigs and dog-carts belonging he knew not to whom! The coachmaker, on his asking some explanation of this, made answer 'that the patterns seemed to be much admired!'

'I love,'—(says the German "Stranger in America,")—"I love to observe with what fondness Americans cherish the memory of their descent, and their intimate connexion with Europe. In many families, cups, plates, chairs are shown you, which their forefathers brought over from your part of the world. Two large yew trees, cut in the stiff and cramped style of the period of Louis XIV., and

brought from Europe at the beginning of the last century, are fondly and justly nursed in the garden of a friend of mine; and a merchant told me, that when he lately received from a family in Guatemala a quantity of old-fashioned silver and gold plate, the goldsmith gave for various articles a higher price than the mere metal would have brought. The reason he assigned was, that Americans cherish memorials of their ancestors so much that, sometimes, a general fondness for antique articles is met with.*—p. 103.

* M. de Beaumont, however, rejects all the insinuations of those English writers who have recognized in traits such as these something like the first developments of an aristocratical element, destined at some time or other to produce great changes in the state of American society, and even politics.

— 'No, assuredly!' (says he) 'all this sort of thing must be classed not with progress from the present to the future, but with the remembrance of the past. It is but the old tradition of their English descent—an anile prejudice, which feebly and alone contends against the universal power both of laws and of manners. Nor, after all, is the struggle a serious one: this love of titles and coats of arms, these pretensions to pedigree, are but the toys and triflings of vanity. Wherever men are men, pride will seek after some sort of distinction; but the best proof that *these* distinctions have nothing real about them in America is, that they do not even wound the popular susceptibility. All power in the United States comes from the people, and all must return to the people; every one must be a democrat, on pain of being a Paria. The manners of a democracy do not please all; but all are forced to accept them: many, no doubt, would be well pleased to see a nobler style of habitudes introduced, to be allowed to adopt a tone less vulgar, to create a class superior to the one class now existing. This gentleman dislikes shaking hands with his cobbler—and that conceives it hard that he cannot for love or money get a lackey to mount behind his chariot; others, again, are annoyed with seeing public affairs conducted by scantily enlightened masses of men, and the political offices of the state generally intrusted to individuals of very middling capacity. Yes—but all these chagrins and afflictions *must* be suppressed; to betray any such sentiments would be to provoke the storm of popular reprobation, and to renounce for ever the smallest hope of political influence.'—vol. ii. p. 189.—*Note*.

And in all this, let it be once more observed, M. de Beaumont sees not only what is characteristic, but what is in his opinion pleasantly characteristic of America.

'There are rich men and poor men in the United States, but in small numbers, too small to produce much effect; and, at any rate, the

* Have none of our London picture-dealers ever thought of exporting to New York or Boston a cargo of what their technical dialect calls *ancestors*? We venture to hint that such a venture would succeed a great deal better than that of the *shales* with which Birmingham a few years ago surprised Buenos Ayres.

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ruling masses, placed between two such extremes, are sure to model themselves not by the first, but the second. Every species of government has its own whims and oddities—every sovereign his caprices. To please Louis XIV. one must have been polite to *etiquette*—to please the American people, you must be simple even to coarseness. I met with Mr. Henry Clay, the redoubted antagonist of Jackson, when he was canvassing for the President's chair. He had a shabby old hat and a patched coat; he was paying his court to the people.

'I found, I must confess it, a singular charm in these indications of a perfect equality. It is so painful in Europe to be eternally running the risk of classing oneself too high or too low—to bring oneself into collision with the disdain of this class or the envy of that. Here every one is sure to take the place that belongs to him—the social ladder has but one step! I prefer, I am free to confess it, the involuntary rudeness of the plebeian to the forced politeness of the courtiers of kings.'—vol. i., p. 228, &c.—*Note*.

We have no desire to disturb the effect of this very clever writer's representations by any adverse commentaries. We have felt it to be our duty, in consequence of the obloquy heaped by all the American journals on the recent productions of certain English travellers in the United States, to exhibit at some length the evidence of a Frenchman of high talents and character, who is as good a republican as any citizen of New York, and whose prejudices are all against the aristocratical institutions of the old world. Let this gentleman's book be read and studied,—we have little doubt it will soon be translated in *extenso*,—and then let Englishmen judge for themselves, not whether a republic or a mixed monarchy be in itself the finest thing, but whether the social results of the American system be such as *we* ought to envy,—or whether, even admitting that we, as members of an ancient and highly civilized community, ought to do so, it is possible to contemplate with equanimity the long series of strugglings and sufferings which manifestly must be gone through before we could hope to see our whole existence remodelled upon the pattern of what M. de Beaumont emphatically and eulogistically styles '*Le Peuple Homme d'affaires*'—i. e., the Joseph Hume nation.

We shall now give our readers a few more specimens of the German '*Stranger in America*,' but we must confine ourselves to short passages, though we certainly wish we had room for his account of the Battle of Waterloo, which is exceedingly lively and picturesque, so far as it goes, and has moreover this remarkable feature of originality, that it includes no allusion whatever to the fact that Wellington and his English had some share in the day's work as well as good old Blücher and his well-girt Prussians. This looks odd, and yet Mr. Lieber seems to be by no means a hater of our nation; on the contrary, even where

where he is most enthusiastically lauding his friends of the United States, he often turns aside to bestow a little of his eulogy on the land of their ancestors. Thus, for example, in his chapter on the outward man of the Anglo-Americans, he says :—

‘ It is a peculiarity of the United States which has often struck me, that there are more pretty girls than in any other large country, but fewer of those imposing beauties which we meet in Europe, and who have their prototypes in a Madame Recamier or Tallien, or the beautiful Albanian, when I saw her in Rome, or even as you find many in the higher ranks in England, or those noble faces, necks, and figures of the women in the marine villages near Gensano, which made a Thorwaldsen rave—beauties which “try man’s soul,” which will not depart from the mirror of your mind, and disturb your quiet, though your heart may be firm as a rock. After all, I come back to my old saying, there is no European nation that can—taken all in all—compete for *great beauty* with the English, as there is no nation where so many *pretty and delicate faces* are seen as in the United States. Heavens! what an array of beauty in one single bright afternoon in Hyde Park, or at a ball in the higher circles !

‘ Amongst other nations, there are also beauties, for example, the Roman ladies and the Tyrolese men; but I call the whole English nation a handsome one. The very first time I took a walk in London, I was struck with the beautiful children even in that confined city; a handsome English boy of ten years is one of the flowers of creation. Go even to the London ‘Change; among the merchants, who, with other nations, surely do not exhibit many specimens of beauty, you find there tall, well-shaped, fine-looking men, whom Frederic I. would have put directly into the uniform of his grenadiers. Call me a heretic—I cannot help it; English beauty outstrips all the rest, and what seems peculiar to that nation, is, that the higher the class in England the greater the beauty, whilst the aristocracy of other European nations is far from forming the handsomest part of the inhabitants.’—*Stranger*, &c., vol. i. p. 129.

And thus, again, in the conclusion of his most elaborate panegyric on the political institutions of the Americans, he does not omit to give some honour to the old country, comparatively unadvanced as he considers her to be in the practical application of the science of government.

‘ It is my full conviction, founded upon the little knowledge of history I have, and on constant and close observation, that there never was a nation so calculated to solve a number of difficult political problems, as the Americans, descending as they do from that noble nation to which mankind owes nearly all those great ideas, the realization of which forms the aim of all the political struggles on the European continent, and which the historian will single out as the leading and characteristic political features of the present age—namely, elective representation, two houses, an independent judiciary, liberty

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of the press, responsibility of ministers, a law standing above the highest ruler, even if a monarch, and a proper independence of the minor communities in the state—that great nation, which alone sends along with its colonies a germ of independent life and principle of self-action, (rendering the gradual unfolding of their own peculiar law possible,) and above all, that nation which first of all elevated itself to the great idea of a lawful opposition. Descending, as the Americans do, from this nation, which seems to have civil liberty in its bones and marrow, and situated as they are in a boundless country, allowing scope to the boldest enterprise without causing discontent and political friction, (which, in countries closely populated, cannot be avoided,)—at a great distance from Europe and all her intricate questions and diplomatic influences, yet blessed with the civilization of that part of the world by means of the all-uniting sea, over which they have thrown their flying bridges, the fleet messengers of the Atlantic, conductors and reconductors of civilization—and, in addition to all these advantages, possessed of their calm and sedate disposition—truly, if they are not made for a government in which the sway of the law alone is acknowledged, then tell me what nation is or was so?

‘It was necessary for the Americans, in order to make them fit to solve certain political problems, which, until their solution here, were considered chimerical—(take as an instance the keeping of this immense country without a garrison)—that they should descend from the English; should begin as persecuted colonists, severed from the mother country, and yet loving it with all their heart and all their soul; to have a continent, vast and fertile, and possessing those means of internal communication which gave to Europe the great superiority over Asia and Africa; to be at such a distance from Europe that she should appear as a map; to be mostly Protestants; and to settle in colonies with different charters—so that, when royal authority was put down, they were as so many independent States—and yet to be all of one metal, so that they never ceased morally to form one nation, nor to feel as such.’—*Stranger*, &c., vol. ii. p. 43.

There is nothing very new, perhaps, in the following paragraph with which Mr. Lieber winds up a letter about the steam-boat, and Mr. Fulton, to whom, writing in and for America, he of course ascribes that invention—but we are pleased with the sentiment and the expression:—

‘He who invented the saw, in imitation, probably, of the jaw of some large fish, was, to say the least, no fool; the inventors of the wheel and screw conferred as great benefits upon mankind as did Fulton; but history mentions not their names, as she passes over all these early and great benefactors in silence. We know the bold woman who taught us to protect our children against the small-pox, and Roscoe [*quare*, Coleridge?] celebrates the mother who dared to return to nature. But who invented the distaff? When was the complicated process of making bread completely discovered? Is it certain that Ctesebes contrived

trived the pump? A bold man, indeed; he must have been who first conceived the idea of nailing a piece of iron to the hoof of a living animal. We forget the file, the knife, the sail, the rudder, when we talk of our improvements. We forget what ingenuity was requisite to hit upon the idea of milking a cow, when the calf had given up to receive nourishment from her. The inhabitants of South America do not even now know this important art, and leave the calf with the cow as long as they wish to have milk. It is very frequent to see, in South America, cows either with sore udders, because the calves, having already teeth, injure them in sucking, or with very small udders, because they are left in a natural state, in which cows have not much larger udders than mares.'—*Stranger*, &c. vol. ii. p. 64.

We must not omit a little anecdote from Boston, which may perhaps furnish an useful hint to the respectable landlord of the Albion in Aldersgate Street:—

'The following may, perhaps, serve as an instance of the American practical turn of mind. I found, one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking with the step which Cicero recommends to philosophers, before the door of a *restaurant*, with the words, "To-morrow Soup" written on the back of the poor creature, which thus was doomed to invite man's all-exploring appetite to partake of its own flesh. When I stood there and looked at the victim incased and protected by nature against all enemies except the knife of the inexorable cook, as it carried its irrevocable sentence about with it—in the moment, when, probably, it felt as if liberty had been restored to it, after its long and uncomfortable position on the back—and when I thought to observe with some passers-by, whose attention had been attracted like mine, a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, indicating that the laconic appeal to their palate had not been made in vain—I do not know why, but I could not help thinking of Frederic the Great and *Catherine-le-Grand*, as Prince de Ligne calls her, bent, with a look betraying but too clearly their keen appetite, over poor Poland, which they made to crawl about before them, also with her sentence on her back, before they partitioned her out in very palatable dishes. A Frenchman, in the same case, would have invited to his turtle-soup, by various persuasive means; the taciturn Yankee put an inscription in lapidary style, upon the intended victim itself, making it prove, in the most convincing manner possible, its freshness and fine size.'—*Ibid.* p. 70.

The author, as we observed before, edited an *Encyclopædia Americana*; and from that experience he has no doubt derived this pithy apology for the strange mixture of topics in his present performance—(it may serve the same turn for our miscellaneous article):—'Life,' he says, 'does not select and classify, does not present things by gradual transitions, but seems to delight in contrasts, and is much like the index of an *Encyclopædia*, where *Locke* follows *Lobster*, where *Lace* precedes *Lacedæmon*, and *Shakers* is the neighbouring article to *Shakspeare*.'

ART. II.—*Reise um die Erde, ausgeführt auf dem königlich Preussischen Seehandlungs-Schiffe Prinzess Louise, commandirt von Capitain W. Wendt, in den Jahren 1830, 1831, und 1832.* Von Dr. F. J. F. Meyen. 2 vols. 4to. Berlin. 1834.

WE quite agree with Boswell, that 'one is carried away with the general, grand, and indistinct notion of a voyage round the world.' Let Johnson talk as he will, there is a misty vastness about such enterprises, a sense of the marvellous and dangerous inextricably mixed up with them, that delights and expands the mind, even though, particularly since the recent multiplication of circumnavigators, we may not be well able to justify our impressions to ourselves by any rational hope of fresh and really valuable discovery. But a voyage round the world by a German differs materially from a voyage round the world by an Englishman: they see with different eyes, and refer to different standards of comparison, so that the same objects which have begun to grow wearisome in the descriptions of our own countrymen, may strike again with all the interest of novelty when placed in the point of view taken by a foreigner. The truth of this observation will appear from the passages we are about to quote from the book before us; which is the work of a scientific gentleman, of competent intelligence, commissioned to accompany a Prussian expedition in the double capacity of surgeon and naturalist.

'Twice already' (says he in his Preface) 'had the royal Prussian flag circumnavigated the globe, before I had the happiness to be attached to a trading expedition, undertaken, chiefly with a view to South America and China, by orders of the Royal Merchant-Marine. The splendid ship which was destined for this adventure has the honour, to bear the august name of *Princess Louisa*, having been christened after her Royal Highness the youngest daughter of his Majesty our King, by marriage the Princess Frederick of the Netherlands. Once already had this ship successfully circumnavigated the earth, and wherever we touched she was received as a familiar guest.'

The politeness with which this gentleman speaks of the ship which had the honour to bear the august name of a Prussian princess, &c., bears no very distant analogy to that of the Frenchman (mentioned by Miss Edgeworth) who talks of 'the earthquake that had the honour to be noticed by the Royal Society;' but it is only on very rare occasions that Dr. Meyen indulges in this style.

'Although' (he continues) 'the object of our expedition was quite different from that of voyages of scientific discovery, still, through the gracious favour of his Majesty the King, many opportunities have been afforded me of visiting places which had remained more or less unknown to the scientific public; I therefore consider it a duty to communicate

communicate a detailed report. I have divided my materials into a personal narrative and a scientific department; the former occupies the two volumes which I now publish: the other will appear hereafter.

He begins with his departure from Berlin: the following are his reflections on that occasion:—

'On July the 28th, 1830, at nine o'clock in the evening, we left Berlin, attended by the good wishes of relations, friends, and acquaintances. It is not easy to sketch the leave-taking on beginning a journey of such extent as we contemplated. The hope of seeing the paradisiacal regions of the world—of mounting the heaven-aspiring Cordilleras, with their mighty summits and volcanoes—of seeing the natives of the South Sea in their state of nature—of visiting the far-stretching country of the Chinese, rich in singularities of all kinds; all these are thoughts which so vividly engage the heated fancy of a young man who has devoted himself to the study of nature, that it is not until the moment of departure, not until the hour of leave-taking, that he becomes sensible of the difficulty of separating himself from the circle of ordinary resort, of tearing himself away from all with which he is connected by the ties of blood, of friendship, and of tenderness. In such moments, forebodings arise in the soul of man, from which he cannot guard himself. We quitted home, and, by an unlucky accident, received no letters during the whole period of the voyage; and what revolutions, what national calamities, had been in the interval endangering the peace of Europe!'

Notwithstanding our traveller's vivid expectations from the New World, he devotes several pages to objects, now familiar to most of us, in the Old; as the badness of the road between Berlin and Hamburg—the beauty (which he greatly exaggerates) of the suburban villas on the banks of the Elbe—and the attachment (which he unduly depreciates) of the citizens of Hamburg to the official costume, wigs, lace-collars, and so forth, of their forefathers. He has also inserted a tabular view of the coffee trade of Hamburg and Altona, from 1815 to 1829; from which it clearly and satisfactorily appears that the yearly imports are 32½ millions of pounds; and the exports and home consumption—32¼ millions!!

At the mouth of the Elbe, off Cuxhaven, they stop to take in water; a highly important ceremony, upon which Dr. Meyen avails himself of the opportunity to expatiate:—

'Although every one who has been long at a time on shipboard knows the value of good water, it must notwithstanding be observed, that messieurs the captains, in taking in water, set to work with singularly little care. The health of the whole crew, on an expedition of this extent, is dependent on the quality of the provisions and water; if these be good, the people can resist even the worst climate for a much longer period than otherwise. In the ports of North Ger-

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many, however, there prevails a prejudice, that pure spring water keeps good, on sea voyages, a much shorter time than river water; the captains constantly adduce their own experience in proof of this doctrine, and the practice continues as of old. Still we would fain contradict this apparent experience of mariners, and recommend pure spring water as preferable: the truth is, that only for convenience' sake, have mariners adopted the rule of taking the water which lies nearest at hand: in other words, they are reluctant to sacrifice a single hour to such objects, although a great and salutary enjoyment might be thereby preserved for the whole crew, during the melancholy time they are to pass in open sea. At some places, particularly in tropical countries, we were compelled during our voyage to take in spring water, and it was precisely this which kept best and longest. But it is hard to cure seamen of their prejudices; nowhere do ingrained habits hold out longer than amongst them. On the many plans which have been recommended to them for preserving and purifying the water, in case of necessity, they bestow no attention whatever; nay, these remain absolutely unknown to the greater part of the very class for whose benefit they have been suggested. The keeping of water in iron casks has long been practised in the English navy, and is proved to be highly advantageous; to all appearance, however, there is not, at the present moment, a single ship in the whole German marine that makes use of iron water-casks.'

At length we find ourselves at sea, but on a voyage most inauspiciously begun; it was nine days before the *Princess Louisa* came off Dover, which with a fair wind might easily have been reached in two; and they afterwards met with considerably delay and danger in beating down the Channel. Their first point of destination on leaving it was the Canary Isles, where their attention was particularly attracted to the extraordinary phenomena presented by the shooting-stars of the south; which, according to Humboldt, often drag after them a tail of twelve or fifteen seconds in length. Dr. Meyen says, that as he was once riding at the foot of the Cordilleras, a common shooting-star fell so deep, that it remained for some time visible between him and the shade of the mountains.

Soon after leaving the Canaries they began to fall in with large masses of the weeds which so much surprised and confounded Columbus and his crew. Our author says that he has examined many thousands of them, and is convinced that Alexander von Humboldt errs in supposing them to be plants originally growing at the bottom of the sea, and detached by fish or the motion of the waves. 'They have evidently unfolded their young buds swimming, and thrown out roots and leaves, but both of the same quality, in all directions.'

Amongst a host of other strange animals, they here also began
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to meet with some of those species of *Physalia*, the pungent influence of whose touch was alluded to in our late article on Bennett's Wanderings. But the German has an anecdote on this head, even more remarkable than any of our countryman's:—

'How dangerous this singular animal can become to men may be learnt from an incident which our friend Captain Wendt related to us. It was during the first voyage of the *Princess Louisa* round the world that in the neighbourhood of the equator a particularly large and beautiful sea-blister passed the ship; a young sailor, of distinguished courage and great hardihood, sprang naked into the sea to catch the animal; he drew near to and seized it, when instantly the creature grasped the naked body of the swimmer with its three-feet-long suckers. The young man, extremely frightened, probably also feeling at the same time the burning pain over his whole body, cried for help, and was only just able to reach the side of the ship, to be drawn up. The animal was torn from him, and his skin rubbed clean, but the pain and cutaneous inflammation became so violent, that a fever, accompanied by delirium, followed, and doubts were entertained of his recovery. The young man, saved for once, did not evade his destiny; grown too bold from hardihood, he afterwards fell from the mast, and found a wretched death.'

Dolphins, too, gambolled round the ship, flying-fish skimmed across it, and our acquaintance the pilot-fish kept swimming directly before the keel, 'apparently attending to show us the way, (says Dr. Meyen,) just as it is wont to wait upon the shark. Probably the shark, to which it had belonged, had been recently caught; for want of a better occupation, therefore, it acted as guide to the ship—a remarkable instinct of this animal which I shall take a future opportunity to describe.' We turn at once to the passage in which this promise is fulfilled, the rather that we believe naturalists are still in doubt as to the peculiar habits of this fish, and that here again our German gives us more distinct details than we had been able to gather from Mr. Bennett:—

'The pilot swims constantly in front of the shark; we ourselves have seen three instances in which the shark was led by the pilot. When the sea-angel [*query*, devil?] neared the ship, the pilot swam close to the snout or near one of the breast-fins of the animal; sometimes he darted rapidly forwards or sideways as if looking for something, and constantly went back again to the shark. When we threw overboard a piece of bacon fastened on a great hook, the shark was about twenty paces from the ship. With the quickness of lightning the pilot came up, smelt at the dainty, and instantly swam back again to the shark, swimming many times round his snout and splashing, as if giving him exact information as to the bacon. The shark now began to put himself in motion, the pilot showing him the way, and in a moment

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moment he was fast upon the hook. Once we watched a pilot for many days who kept constantly swimming close before the keel of the ship. The sailors say, as of a thing well known and familiar, that such a fish so situated has lost his shark, and is seeking another. Upon a later occasion, we observed two pilots in sedulous attendance on a blue shark, which we caught in the Chinese Sea. It seems probable that the pilot feeds on the shark's excrement, keeps his company for that purpose, and directs his operations solely from this selfish view.'

From what is here said, it seems that the pilot-fish leads the shark much as Lord John Russell leads the present Opposition—upon similar principles, with similar expectations, and, we hope and trust, with a similar result.

Neither must we omit to mention the sailing-fish, of which Dr. Meyen records a peculiarity which has escaped Mr. Bennett, and which we do not remember to have seen recorded elsewhere. He says that this fish can protrude its mouth in the form of a cylinder, draw it back again, and change it into an elongated shape. On approaching the Brazils, they discover the Abrolhos-bank by the thermometer, although, half an hour after the first change in the temperature of the water was remarked, a line of 390 feet was thrown, and no bottom found. They anchor in the bay of Rio Janeiro, and watch impatiently for an opportunity of landing.

'During the night a little breeze sprung up, by aid of which the ship was brought farther into the bay, within full view of the town. We thought the night would never end—we could hardly make up our minds to wait for morning to revel in the aspect of this favoured spot. The day appeared at last, but the whole coast was covered with the thickest mists: only the summits of the highest mountains emerged, and, with their dark green, were illumined by the rising sun; by degrees the veil of mist began to rise more and more, and one landscape after another came to view. This great bay is surrounded on every side with mountains, which are covered with the most beautiful vegetation; in the middle, little hilly islands rise out of the dark-green water, on whose heights stand proud palm trees; and more than a league in breadth stretches the fair city of Rio, on the south bank of the bay. The innumerable churches of the town with their towers; the magnificent convents, which are built upon the points of the nearest mountains, and with their white colours stand out to such advantage from the dark green of tropical vegetation; the lofty mountains which glance out in the back-ground of the town and are still covered with their primæval woods, and the mountains on the west of the bay, which are known under the name of the Organ and Star mountains, and lift themselves terrace-like in their range—all these things combined make this scene under a tropical sky one of the most beautiful in the world.'

In

In Rio itself the slave-trade presents one of the most striking and startling sights to the traveller :—

'The bazaar of the slave-dealers was the first place we visited in company, in order to witness with our own eyes this traffic so disgraceful to humanity. We found many hundreds of these unfortunate creatures in their shops; they were quite naked down to the middle, which was girt with a small piece of cloth; the hair of the head was for the most part shaved off; and as they sat in rows upon small benches, or cowered down upon the earth, their whole aspect and bearing could not fail to make one shudder. Those who were thus exposed were for the most part children; almost all were marked with the hot iron, and generally on the noblest parts. Nay, maidens were there who had been seared with the cruel brand upon the breast! In consequence of the dirt in which they are obliged to live on board the slave-ships, but more particularly in consequence of the bad nourishment, consisting of salt meat, bacon, and bean-flour, the poor creatures acquire a most lamentable appearance. Their skin is marked by scorbutic disease, which first appearing in the shape of a small breaking-out, spreads more and more, and forms small ulcers, which soon eat into the surrounding flesh. Through hunger and misery the dark colour of their skin has lost its fulness and gloss; the white spot-like eruptions, the ulcers, the shaven head, with the dull gaping look, really convert them into beings whom, after the first impression, we would not willingly suppose to have been born of the same race with ourselves. When sold, the negroes are examined just as we examine animals. To prevent them from having a lazy down-cast look, it is customary to give them stimulating things to eat, as capsicum, ginger, even tobacco; or they are compelled to be lively on the instant by boxes on the ears, kicks in the ribs, and ill-treatment of every kind. The owner of one of these slave-shops advances to meet a stranger with extraordinary friendliness, offers him his hand, and assures him of the goodness of his wares. He forthwith compels some of the unfortunates to stand up, and, stick in hand, makes them show off their agility. But if these disgusting man-merchants see that you are only visiting their dens from curiosity, they become coarsely insolent; they then begin to rail against foreigners, particularly Englishmen, who, they say, meddle with their affairs, and rob them of their rightful deserts only to enrich themselves.

'Long before day-break, and during the whole day, thousands and thousands of slaves may be seen wandering about seeking for work; the market-places, as well as the port, are filled with them, and one can hardly move a step without being addressed by them. These slaves are obliged to provide their own sustenance, and bring their master a certain sum of money per day; if they do not, they are flogged; but if they earn more, they may keep it for themselves, and pay it on some other day, when they have not been able to get enough. At the time of our stay, we ourselves saw slaves bring their masters a Prussian dollar a-day. Many masters send their slaves to daily work

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in the neighbouring quarries; others, and not a few, send them forth in quest of insects, and this is the reason why the finest insects are so cheap at Rio de Janeiro. A man who has acquired a certain degree of skill may catch from five to six hundred beetles in the course of a day close to the town. The trade in insects is properly regarded as very profitable, as while we were there they fetched six *milreis* [about 13s. English] the hundred. The finer sort of beetles are now a general object of search; indeed, ladies in Europe are beginning to ornament their dresses with them to a degree which threatens the entire extirpation of the race. The so-called diamond-beetle was much in request for breast-pins for gentlemen, and fetched as much as six piastres. [about 30s.].

'The thirst for gain has struck out other ways, to arrive more rapidly at the end. Humanity will scarcely believe me when I say that negresses are sometimes kept, like brood-mares, for breeding. Young negresses are bought for the express purpose of bearing children; a negress when pregnant is worth fifty piastres [10*l.*] more than before. The children are torn from the bosom of the mother, and sold for between thirty and forty piastres [6*l.* and 8*l.*]. The master of the slaves does precisely as he likes; he makes and dissolves these occasional marriages at will; he tears children from their parents, and sells husband and wife so that they may possibly never meet again. Even the milk of the negresses is used as an article of merchandise, and sold for the milk of cows; for this reason milk is never seen at the houses of strangers in Rio, unless they themselves possess cows.'

This is a frightful description; but we must not dwell upon it at present. The great subject to which it refers shall, on an early occasion, engage our deliberate attention.

Dr. Meyen speaks in the highest terms of the beauty of the Brazilian ladies. But their minds can hardly correspond with their persons, as they are not taught reading and writing for fear of their engaging in love-adventures, for which, it is said, they have great natural aptitude. The consequence is, that they ordinarily pass their whole mornings in rubbing their teeth with orange peel, or having their hair dressed by their negresses.

On leaving Rio, our travellers made directly for Cape Horn, which they weathered with difficulty. Amongst the many birds and fishes whose peculiarities struck them on this part of the voyage, the dolphins and albatrosses appear to have attracted particular notice:—

'One afternoon, we struck a dolphin with the harpoon; he bled a great deal, but escaped; soon afterwards we saw at the side of the ship, at a little distance, a whole drove of these fishes, who fell in a body on the wounded one. What may have been the cause of this struggle? Were they contending for the blood of their comrade? We subsequently,

subsequently, on the Cordilleras, made a similar observation with regard to birds.

There was no necessity for travelling to the Cordilleras in order to witness this ungenerous behaviour in birds; for the rooks and crows of our own country, and we suppose of the doctor's fatherland also, make a point of attacking their wounded comrades in the same manner. The albatross, also, is brought under strong suspicion by an incident related by Dr. Meyen. On opening the stomach of one, caught near Magellan's Straits, he found in it the neck and half-severed skull of another albatross; the bird had evidently bolted the neck with the piece of head hanging to it. Mr. Bennett, our readers may remember, has a similar story. If such be the general habits of the albatross, it may be doubted whether 'the Ancient Mariner' was not too severely punished for the rash use of his cross-bow.

The first place at which they touch after weathering Cape Horn is Valparaiso in Chili; a town containing about 20,000 inhabitants. The following observations on certain natural phenomena of this region, and some customs of the inhabitants, appear worthy of quotation:—

Here one is never weary of wondering how the most turbulent sea is lulled in so short a time. Equally surprising is it that, towards mid-day, the water of the bay suddenly begins to roar, whilst close at hand it still exhibits the most glassy smoothness, and no trace of wind is yet observable on shore. When the sea-wind has abated in the evening, all sinks into a profound lull, and a cooling breeze, which seems to rise in the snow regions of the Andes, refreshes exhausted nature. Nothing then equals the beauty of a summer night at Valparaiso; its repose only broken by the uniform and monotonous beating of the waves against the shore, and by the foaming of the breakers, which sometimes reverberates in the distance. At this hour, the residents, young and old, come forth from their houses, to enjoy the revivifying coolness of the air; they parade with leisurely steps up and down in long rows upon the strand, and the beautiful women, with their heads as usual uncovered, appear, adorned with fragrance-breathing flowers, in all their finery. Strangely, but to a European ever pleasingly, the loud music comes echoing from the foreign vessels of war across the deep, and the depth of night proves unable to lure the inhabitants to rest. Till long after midnight the finest fruits and other provisions are exposed for sale in the market-place; and there too the people live often only in tents, closed on two or three sides, whilst the lights burn freely in the open air, and are hardly stirred by the wind. It is not until past midnight that the breeze grows cooler, and then begins a light formation of clouds, which towards morning increases more and more. Early in the morning at Valparaiso the sky is always thickly clouded, and about six o'clock A.M. a dense fog comes on, which towards seven o'clock often descends in such

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masses, that there is a downright rain for twenty or thirty minutes. The water of the bay is at the same time quite tranquil, and the surface of a chrystalline brightness, such as we in our northern seas are perhaps never fortunate enough to behold. Then the little fishing-boats move slowly round; out of which it is customary to fish with hooks. With the descent of the mist all the cloudiness of the atmosphere disappears, and now the sun begins to grow warm, till again towards noon the cooler air of the sea sets in, and the daily course of natural phenomena recommences. This was the case at Valparaiso when we were there, namely, in January and in March; the winter is probably different, namely, in June, July and August; but the necessary observations as to this season are still wanting.

A description of the effects of some of the principal earthquakes is subjoined. The English public, however, have been sufficiently familiarised with these by the striking sketches of Mrs. Calcott and Sir Francis Head; we shall, therefore, limit ourselves to a single paragraph upon this subject:—

'At present, as during our stay in the province of Santiago, certain minor earthquakes are regularly repeated every two or three weeks. A general alarm then seizes the inhabitants, and all desert their houses with loud cries of "*Misericordia! Misericordia! il tiembla.*" Some months afterwards we found ourselves in the northern part of Chili, in the Partido de Copiapó, in a country where earthquakes rank amongst the most ordinary phenomena. Here the inhabitants were familiar with this dreadful curse; they sometimes remained the whole night within doors, whilst the houses were rocking and the trees waving to and fro. To such a degree can man accustom himself to the greatest danger!'

Whilst Chili preserved her connection with Spain, Valparaiso was considered as the first commercial place on the whole west coast of America, but 'in consequence of the revolution' (says Dr. Meyen) 'the country has grown poor, all the great and opulent houses have disappeared, and it will, in all likelihood, be long before this beautiful and richly-gifted land recovers its prosperity again.'

Whilst the ship was lying off Valparaiso, they made a party to visit Santiago, a city of Chili, containing about sixty thousand inhabitants. Although a great many writers have preceded Dr. Meyen in describing it, we shall presently quote a few of his remarks. But we are first tempted to copy a family picture sketched by him upon the way:—

'At the foot of the mountain (Cuesto del Prado) lies the post-house of Prado, at which we alighted. We there found a very numerous family, who received us with as much kindness as if we had been old acquaintances. The pretty women were in fine clothes

of the modern fashion, and had large silk kerchiefs for head-dress: they were smoking their cigars and drinking maté, the tea of Paraguay. One of them was lying on a bed in the attitude of the penitent Magdalen, but she seemed to us more intrinsically beautiful than Magdalen was ever painted. Four broad beds stood in the single room, and all were occupied by men and women, who were reposing themselves, although they had certainly done nothing the whole forenoon. With the exception of a single bench there was no seat in the room, and the penitent Magdalen invited us to rest upon her bed. Smoking was the ordinary entertainment, very pleasantly interrupted by witty and satirical sallies of the women. To amuse herself at our expense, our beautiful companion brought out her little pet which had been lying under the coverlid; it was a cuy (*lepus minimus Molinae*), a charming animal. We immediately tried to purchase it, but it was not to be had for money. On several other occasions we endeavoured to make a bargain for little domestic animals of the sort, but the women would never part with them, although in many instances the money would have been extremely convenient.

'Here, as often during our sojourn in South America, it chanced to us to mix for a considerable time with a family circle, without finding out the men and women who were married to each other. Mistakes, such as naturally fell out in consequence, always added to the amusement of the company.'

As they are proceeding across the arid plain of Mapocho, a strange mode of refreshing a tired horse presents itself:—

'Not a breath of air was stirring, and no living thing was to be seen; nature was sunk into a complete calm, even vegetation was dead, and the fruitful plain resembled a burnt-up loamy bottom; only moveable images, produced by unequal refraction, animated the glowing level. The very horses flagged and would no longer proceed at full gallop, (the ordinary pace at Chili,) whereupon one of the natives came up, and with his great knife made several cuts in the parched throats of the animals, so that a large quantity of blood flowed. The fellow believed that the horses would acquire new spirit from such a depletion!'

Dr. Meyen prefaces his observations on the inhabitants of Chili with some sensible hints to travellers, not to be over-ready in drawing conclusions from the particular usages of strangers, with whose general habits and notions they are little acquainted; and he speaks, we regret to say, with peculiar reference to our own countrymen:

'It is greatly to be regretted, that the numerous English travellers, who, in the hope of wealth, have lately visited these countries, and for the most part returned disappointed, should publish their journals, in which this amiable nation is often sketched in the most offensive manner, in return for the many tokens of hospitality and friendly reception

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reception which assuredly they have invariably experienced, when they did not exhibit too much arrogance. The women have been made the peculiar object of attack, and often even individually named, whereby succeeding travellers have suffered great disadvantages, for already has the fashion disappeared of admitting every stranger of condition into the circle of the best families without the formality of a direct introduction. The ladies dread the stiff Englishman, who cannot enter into the spirit of their manners, and makes them a subject of merriment so soon as he is out of the room. He considers himself distinguished, when he receives a bunch of flowers from a lady, though, in fact, this sort of courtesy is designed merely as a help to conversation. The Englishman calls the people dirty, because a basin of water goes round after dinner, and the whole company, men and women, dip their hands in it by turns, although these good people intend nothing further than to indicate the footing of confidence on which they wish to live with their guests.

The old custom, not yet quite obsolete in England, of handing round a bowl or vase of rose-water, might have warned our countrymen against so rash a conclusion as the last. In reality, after reading Dr. Meyen's sketch of the existing state of manners in Santiago, we are led to doubt whether the inhabitants of this remote region have not much reason to complain of the partial and discoloured representations of them hitherto afforded to the European public.

'They rise early, and the ladies immediately hurry off to mass, arrayed in black silk with long black veils. They are attended by female servants, bearing fine cushions for their mistresses to kneel upon. After mass they take chocolate, coffee, or China tea; maté, or Paraguay tea, being now entirely banished from the houses of the higher class. The men, who appear to trouble themselves very little about mass, usually employ the time devoted by the women to religious observances in strolling through the streets and market-places. During the forenoon, the ladies pay visits in their carriages; little two-wheeled coaches with glass windows, drawn by two mules, the coachman being seated upon one. Men and women never ride together in these carriages, which, indeed, are intended for women exclusively. As the heat increases with the advancing day, all life and action disappear from the streets, and by the afternoon all business is quite over. Two o'clock is the ordinary hour of dinner, which is soon ready, for the mode of living is singularly moderate; soon after dinner comes the siesta, which commonly lasts till six. During this time, a stillness, like that of death, reigns through the uniform streets of the city, which are heated to an extraordinary temperature by the unintermitting rays of the sun. All the shops are closed, and there is no one to speak to; none but curious strangers, and soldiers upon guard, are to be seen in the squares. Nothing less than an earthquake would be powerful enough to rouse the inhabitants of this town

from the lethargy into which they fall, not so much perhaps from the intolerable heat as from habit. During our stay such an earthquake took place about three o'clock in the afternoon. *Misericordia! Un temblor! Un temblor!* resounded on all sides, and the inhabitants hurried out of their houses, often in the most laughable attire, for they had been surprised in the midst of their sleep. As the heat abates, the houses re-open, the shopkeepers expose their goods, and the squares are again filled with workmen. The bustle re-commences, the people stream towards the churches, and the promenades are filled; but on a sudden, as the sun sets, the bell calls to prayer, and heads are bared and all is still. Thousands and thousands of people, on horseback and in carriages, all huddled up together, as they chance to be confounded in the crowd, are instantly prostrated by the sound of this bell, as by catalepsy, and turn their thoughts to their common Creator. With alternating pauses an harmonious ringing of bells sounds from the different towers, admirably arranged with a view to effect, until the striking of the clock sets the mass again in motion. Then the noise redoubles, as if to overtake what has been lost in the preceding moments. *Buenas noches! buenas noches!* is the salutation then exchanged amongst acquaintance.

Their mode of visiting, with the exception of the extreme lateness of the hour, appears excellently adapted to attain the chief objects of society.

In the evening, from nine to ten o'clock, family visits are paid, and these last till long after midnight. Particular invitations are not the fashion here; any one once presented to the family by a friend of the house has the right of entry ever after; he may come as often as he chooses, and go away again if he does not find amusement in the circle which he happens to meet, without its being taken ill. When the rooms are lighted, and the doors open, it is a sign that the family are at home and receive visits. The gentleman of the house, however, is rarely of the party; we have been for weeks in the habit of going in and out of houses without ever becoming acquainted with their masters. The ladies are splendidly dressed, and adorned with fragrant flowers in their hair, when they receive visits; a conversation begins, which is particularly remarkable for witty allusions and plays on words, whilst music, singing, and dancing by single pairs at a time, help to pass away the night; new guests are constantly coming in, and others departing to join a second or third company. *People here assemble only for amusement, and not for eating and drinking, which in many other countries is the principal matter;* but some preserved fruit is commonly offered, which here and over the whole west coast of South America is so renowned under the name of *dulce*. It is usual to take only a few teaspoonsful and then a glass of water. In houses of distinction the *dulce* is handed round in small crystal saucers; in inferior houses one vessel goes round, and each guest helps himself in his turn. Frequently at these evening meetings the ladies have flowers brought to them, and, with a taste and elegance peculiar to themselves, form

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them into little bouquets, which they present to the gentlemen; but this, as I have already said, is meant merely as an invitation to converse. Most commonly the ladies sit still and exhibit their skill in the management of the fan, which they learn to use with an adroitness and grace such as no one assuredly could match in our country. From their earliest youth the management of the fan is the daily study of the young women of Santiago.'

We are very far from undervaluing the importance of an art which formerly engaged the thoughts of no less a person than Addison;* but we doubt the expediency of making it the study of a life, and we fear from what follows that in other respects the education of the Chilian ladies has been much neglected.

'The Chilian ladies, equally with the Peruvian, are liable to some degree of censure for surrendering themselves too unreservedly to their natural passion for dress. This makes them forget their other duties, and I have conversed with many a worthy father of a family who has broken out into the bitterest complaints about it. A Chilian woman, even of the middle class, wears nothing but silk stockings, with silk shoes so very thin that they cannot last beyond a few days; her church-going dress consists of velvet, silk, and lace; she wears the largest and costliest French tortoise-shell combs in her hair, often two or even three of them at a time, merely for the sake of show. She walks about at home in the finest China silk kerchiefs, and lies with them upon the carpets. It is not merely that domestic happiness is so frequently disturbed, and many a matrimonial union prevented because the necessary means are wanting to the men; we may even regard this folly as a cause powerful enough to bring about the ruin of the state, unless effective means can be found of counteracting its extravagance. Good, that is, practical girl-schools, of the European kind, should be established; not such as the celebrated institution of Mora at Santiago, which, in my opinion, promotes the very thing which should be as much as possible repressed.

'It is well worth remarking, that it is only since the casting-off of the Spanish yoke that this luxury in dress has taken such exclusive possession of the women; but no one in this country dares to speak against it openly, although it is tacitly disapproved by all, for possibly in no country are the men so completely under the dominion of the women (I do not exactly say under the dominion of their wives) as in Chili; this, however, is a natural consequence of their beauty and charming manners.'

What is here said of the Chilian ladies is not altogether inapplicable to certain classes at least of our own countrywomen; who have learnt, indeed, to put some slight restraint on their passion for dress, but have so habituated themselves to the indulgence of sundry even more expensive tastes, as to make marriage, in too

* See 'The Spectator,' No. CII.

many instances, much less a matter of mutual inclination than of expediency. In fact, there is in these days nothing very uncommon in hearing a young lady openly avow that a carriage and opera-box are in her opinion downright necessities of life; and every season brings about marriages, solely determined by such base considerations, the probable results of which need not be particularly dwelt upon. In other particulars, too, the parallel holds good. We fear there can be little doubt that the most celebrated of those '*establishments for young ladies*,' which grace this huge Babylon of ours, and its suburbs, are schools more likely to pamper than repress a taste for the prevailing vanities.

Dr. Meyen and some of his comrades make an excursion to the volcano of Maipu. The most singular phenomenon presented by this volcano is the extraordinary illumination which proceeds from it during the night. This was witnessed by our travellers, but they confess themselves unable to say why Maipu should differ in this respect from all other known volcanoes in the world.

The next place they visit after leaving Santiago is Capiapó, a town most bountifully endowed by nature with all that can make it delightful as a residence, with only one slight drawback upon its advantages. Earthquakes are of such constant occurrence, that it is customary to build the houses of the lightest and least durable materials and construction, as it is never certain that the *usufruct* will last above a month.

They next repair to Arica in Peru, where one of the first objects that strike them is a wonderful draught of fishes.

'Measureless shoals of little fishes had come into the bay, and were received amidst the joyful acclamations of the people. Old and young, men and women, all were standing half naked in the water, haling out the fish with great baskets, buckets, and pans. The number of fish was so great, that with every retreating wave several thousands were left upon the strand, and were picked up by quite little children.'

From Arica, as usual, they make excursions into the interior, their peculiar point of attraction in the present instance being Tacna, a region principally remarkable for the ugliness of the women, and the singular passion for riding which prevails amongst all orders of the inhabitants. According to Dr. Meyen, they are in the saddle from morning to night; the very beggar invariably accosts you mounted upon his ass. Our author is at considerable pains to furnish statistical information as to the mining districts of Peru. The general result is, that since the revolution they are all upon the decline. The new governments are not rich enough to supply the requisite machinery for working them, and the

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the only mine at work at Puno (which ranks next to Potosi in metallic richness of soil) is farmed by an Englishman.

The most memorable of their expeditions in Peru was one to the mountains; a service of considerable danger, on account of a complaint which almost invariably attacks the traveller during the ascent. The symptoms are described as follows :—

‘We were tormented with a burning thirst which no drink was able to assuage; a slice of water-melon which we had brought with us was the only thing we could relish, whilst our people ate garlick and drank spirits, maintaining that this was the best way to guard against the effects of the journey. We kept on ascending till two o'clock in the afternoon. We were already near the little ridge which extends W.S.W. from the summit of the mountain (the volcano of Arequipa), and we could even distinguish the little stones upon the summit, when our strength at once abandoned us, and we were overtaken by the disease, *sorocco*. The nervous feverishness under which we had suffered from the first had been gradually becoming worse and worse; our breathing became more and more oppressed; fainting, sickness, giddiness, and bleeding at the nose came on; and in this condition we lay a considerable time, until the symptoms grew milder from repose, and we were able to descend slowly.’

This complaint, we believe, is common to all mountainous regions, being the result partly of the exertion used in ascending, and partly of the rarefied state of the air; but it is nowhere so fatal as in Peru. ‘It is a well-known fact (says Garcilasso de la Vega) that the Adelantado Don Diego de Almagro, on his march towards Chili, when, as is probable, he was led by his guides over the highest plain of Tacora, lost more than 10,000 Indians, 150 Spaniards, and a number of horses, who all fell a sacrifice to hunger, thirst, and this disease. The soldiers on that memorable expedition built themselves walls of the dead bodies of their comrades, merely to protect themselves against the drying effect of the wind.’

Dr. Meyen's description of the first view of the mountains is in his best manner.

‘The grand Pampa, which separates what may be termed the suburb mountains (*vorberge*) of the Cordilleras from the principal range, and runs along the coast, is an equally elevated sand-waste, showing no sign of rocks nor of any description of living animal throughout. On the western boundary of the waste, close by Tambo, there is some of that trachyte which is found at Arequipa, but farther on you have nothing but sand. Uniform as this waste might appear, we visited few regions on the whole journey which were of higher interest for us. When we had reached the table-land, which may be about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, the whole chain of the Cordilleras lay to the east of us, with the highest points veiled in light clouds.

clouds. As the morning advanced, the summits were successively lighted by the rising sun, and their eternal snows reflected a rosy light towards us, whilst we ourselves rode forward in the deepest gloom. As the sun rose higher in the sky, the western ridge of the great Pampa, on which we were riding, was illumined by it; clouds of misty vapour appeared, resembling a sea, for which we actually mistook them, and out of these rose lofty ranges of mountains with precipitous ascents. The appearance was so peculiar, that we were led to believe that we saw, at the same time, the sea brought nearer to us, and on it a reflection of the Cordilleras-chain, which lay eastwards of us. But in proportion as the sun rose above the horizon of the Cordilleras, those strata of vapour rose with it; the bases of the heights came forth, their summits vanished, and at length appeared unbroken chains of mountains stretching all along the coast, and bounding the great Pampa on the west.

But still more remarkable, and indeed quite peculiar in its way, is the surface of this sand-waste. Everywhere here the sand is collected in great regular sickle-shaped heaps, standing at different distances from each other, and uniformly ranged with their concave sides to the north-west. The circumference of these heaps varies from twenty to seventy paces, and their height from seven to fifteen feet. On their external convex side their decline is very small; on the inner concave, on the contrary, it is from seventy to eighty degrees. The surface on the external side is shaped like waves. Thousands and thousands of these hillocks cover the plain as far as the eye can reach, and, what is most singular, no little heap, where a hillock of the kind may be beginning to accumulate, is to be seen; all have a north-westerly direction; only in the middle of the Pampa there is a range of from 100 to 200 paces long, where these circles gradually turn, and at last open entirely towards the west, but beyond this point they resume their old direction. There is no doubt that a constantly prevailing wind, blowing continually in one and the same direction, has caused this singular phenomenon; and the formation of new heaps ceased so soon as all the loose sand had been blown together. The sand which still covers the plain is much coarser and not so easy to move, but still it is a phenomenon meriting particular attention that no new heaps are formed. Can the climate have changed?—does the wind which caused these formations blow no longer?

What adds considerably to the difficulty of accounting for these phenomena, is the circumstance that the old Spanish writers say nothing of them. The only writer, indeed, who has ever mentioned them at all is General Miller, and he but passingly alludes to them. The General, however, speaks also of clouds or flying pillars of sand much resembling those which Bruce observed on the deserts of Africa.

Nautical readers will probably like to read Dr. Meyen's observations

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uations on one of those sudden changes, to which the South American seas are frequently exposed. We believe this subject was first brought under consideration by Captain Hall.

'It is known that on the coast of North Chili, as well as along the whole coast of Peru, an undulating movement of the sea frequently takes place, without any one being able to discover the cause; we ourselves have been lying during the night, and in the most complete calm, in the harbour of Capiapó, when the ship rocked so violently that we all found the motion intolerable. At other places, even south of Arica, we have, when the wind was perfectly still, seen waves thirty or forty feet high. It is known that on the west coast of South America the ebb and flood are very trifling, and at a short distance from the land quite invisible, so that even at the full of the moon this phenomenon of the rolling of the sea, as it is called in those countries, cannot be ascribed to the tide. It has been attributed to the influence of the moon, and it is maintained that it only occurs at the full of the moon. But, in opposition to this theory, we can assert that this rolling, and in truth with the greatest violence, as for example in the harbour of Capiapó, took place during the last quarter, from which it may be concluded that the full moon is not the cause of it: on the whole, we are of opinion that the great flow of cold water, which sets in from the south-west, and touches the Peruvian coast in the breadth of Arequipa, must be regarded as the cause of this rolling of the sea.'

We have not room for any extracts from Dr. Meyen's very curious and instructive chapter on Lima and its environs. On quitting the Peruvian coast, our voyagers repair to the Sandwich Isles, where all seems altered for the worst.

'We had hardly dropped anchor before Honoruru (the capital of these islands), when several merchants came on board and greeted us as old acquaintance, since our ship had visited this beautiful island once before. Soon afterwards we received a visit from Kuakini, the present governor of the island Oahu, who has thought fit to assume the name of John Adams. The giant size and unshapely figure of this man astonished us exceedingly at first; his body is so large and so unmanageable, that he cannot remain standing for a moment at a time, but is obliged to sit down, or at least lean against something. He was not able to climb up the side of the ship, but was obliged to be drawn up by means of a rope wound round his waist. When at last he had set foot on deck, he looked round with the greatest indifference and spoke next to nothing; the huge and marked face, with its dark red coarse skin and thick protruding lips, its frightfully broad nose and great bloodshot eyes, gave the man a hideous aspect.

'We had been lying more than an hour at anchor; the merchants had left us, and the governor had returned on shore, but no tidings of either the canoes or the swimming nymphs that in former days revelled so joyfully around foreign ships. A solitary boat, manned by

two Indians, at length showed itself, but did not approach the vessel until we had hailed it repeatedly. The two Indians brought cocoa-nuts and water-melons, which they spread out on our deck, and offered for sale; they were quite naked down to the marro, the small piece of cloth wound round their loins; but not a little were we surprised when they demanded the exorbitant price of three Prussian dollars (9s.) for three water-melons and seven cocoa-nuts, and refused to part with them under nearly two-thirds of that sum. We had not as yet set foot upon the land; we still knew but little of the doings of the missionaries who then oppressed these blessed islands, but already, from this unprecedented dearness of provisions, were we led to the conclusion that things must have undergone a sad alteration in the Sandwich group. There was no longer any talk of buying for nails or bits of iron, nor of exchanges for old articles of dress; money, Spanish silver money, was the only thing for which these poor creatures were now allowed to deal.'

Subsequent inquiry proved the above conclusion to be just; almost every thing had certainly deteriorated, and depopulation was proceeding with unprecedented rapidity; but Dr. Meyen has not shown how all this is connected with the proceedings of the missionaries. At least, no specific instance of misconduct is adduced against them, if we except a single insinuation to the effect that 'very injurious reports were current as to the illness of King Kanike-aouli's sister, who was living at Mani in the house of a missionary.' However, it may be as well to state that the honour of our English missions is by no means affected by Dr. Meyen's complaints, the persons arraigned by him being exclusively North Americans.

On the occasion of the first visit of the *Princess Louisa* to the Sandwich Isles, the king had sent a mantle of feathers as a present to his royal brother at Berlin. This courtesy was now repaid with interest:—

'The chest with the presents was now brought into the saloon, and opened before the assembly. Captain Wendt and I endeavoured to arrange the things in a certain degree of order, with the view of producing a greater effect. The assembly expressed much astonishment at the number of presents, but Kanike-aouli, seated upon the bench, held back so much at first, that we could not but consider his conduct as affected. The cast-iron statues, amongst which were those of Frederick II., Alexander I., Napoleon, Blücher, &c. excited the liveliest delight; above all was that of Frederick II. admired, the king causing it to be brought to him that he might examine it more closely. The decorations of a military uniform, the hat with feathers, and particularly the sword, seemed to please exceedingly. A rich saddle and bridle were immediately placed upon a horse, and excited high admiration; but most of all, the splendid painting of his Majesty the King of Prussia, and that of Prince Blücher which

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Kanike-aouli had formerly expressed a desire to see, delighted him. The drawings of the different kinds of troops composing the Prussian army next went the round of the assembly, among the loudest acclamations. Amongst the presents destined for Kanike-aouli's consort, was a very fine bonnet adorned with artificial flowers. This particularly excited the curiosity of the young Queen Kinau, who, notwithstanding her gigantic bulk, is possessed of her own share of charms. Kinau caused the hat to be placed upon her head, and was generally admired in it. The ornaments also pleased this lady extremely, and she wished them to be put on, which threw us into the greatest embarrassment, since the bracelets and the necklace, although made of an unusual size, did not fit. It was only with the greatest trouble that we succeeded in fastening the latter, as we were obliged to brace the lady's neck tight; and yet, in comparison with the others, she is by no means coarsely, but finely and elegantly formed.

'Kanike-aouli was entreated to put on the uniform, which he immediately did, with the assistance of his secretary Halilei, in the adjoining room; but on hearing a cry, "*The missionaries are coming!*" he as quickly took it off again. When he returned to the saloon, and saw Kinau with the ornaments, he immediately desired her to take them off, as they were not intended for her, nor was she to have any part of them. She obeyed upon the instant, and did as he desired without so much as a cross look. The fine linen, the silk stuffs, the articles for the toilet and other purposes, excited the envy of the ladies present, for Kanike-aouli kept all for himself. Kaa-humana, the queen-mother, sat still and downcast; she could hardly conceal her disgust and pretended to be ill; two servants stood beside her, and were obliged to be constantly blowing fresh air towards her. A stick, with a mouth-harmonica, which we had presented to John Adams, the governor, struck the old lady's fancy to such a degree that she took possession of it, and forthwith, in the middle of the whole assembly, made an essay of her musical talents upon it.

'It was a very hot day, and as we had been nearly four hours uninterruptedly engaged in the ceremony, we were suffering much from thirst. Some foreign merchants who were present gave the young king a hint that he should offer us something to drink; but he answered that the missionaries had forbidden him.'

Certain violations of truth are punished with singular severity amongst the islanders. A false report had spread that Boki, the former governor of Oahu, who was absent on a voyage, had suddenly returned. It was traced to a poor Indian, who had no apparent interest in spreading it, and, according to Dr. Meyen, was evidently insane. He was, notwithstanding, doomed to suffer as if he had been wilfully guilty of the most heinous of crimes.

'One morning the punishment for this pretended lie was executed on this poor wretch in the streets of Honoruru; with his arms and breast

breast tied to the hinder part of a cart, he was compelled to follow it. On the cart sat an officer with a cane in his hand, and everywhere, when the cart halted, which was likewise drawn by Indians, the offence of the victim was re-proclaimed by the officer. The feet of the criminal were then tied to the wheels of the cart, and each time a new storm of blows was showered upon him; we averted our eyes from this scene of misery, after once looking at the man, whose back was quite covered with blood, and whom they were even then assailing anew; an old fellow, with white hair and a long, snow-white beard, an Englishman by birth, acted as executioner. Thousands of Indians, young and old, men and women, followed this scene of suffering, and loudly expressed their gratification when the wretch shrieked most terrifically. On either flank of the procession walked a number of the naked soldiers of the governor, who commonly had their wives with them, carrying their muskets in one hand, and supporting a naked child with the other. With so well disposed a people, standing upon the lowest step of cultivation, the extremes uniformly lie close to one another: formerly they permitted themselves to be sacrificed by their priests to their gods; they now suffer themselves to be flogged to death for an unintentional lie. May those lies which the missionaries purposely send forth into the world be punished with less severity; let those which they utter unconsciously be entirely forgiven to them!

'The same evening, Captain Wendt and I paid a visit to Governor Adams, who occupies the castle of Honoruru as his residence. We found him seated on a chair, in the open court-yard, surrounded by more than a hundred of his servants and soldiers, whose duty it was to entertain his excellency by their conversation. It was a splendid evening; the moon shone so bright, and the air was so mild, that full often did we envy the inhabitants of these islands such a dwelling-place. This kind of evening entertainment, such as John Adams was then enjoying, is in general use amongst the aristocracy of the Sandwich Islands. Soon after supper the people collect around their patron; they lie down in a circle about him, and exert themselves to shorten the long evenings by their talk. Singing and dancing, as well as all lively expressions of joy, have, however, disappeared from the huts of these people, since the proselyte-makers, through the weakness of an old queen, introduced the new regime amongst them.'

They left the Sandwich islands on the 22d July, 1831, and arrived off the coast of China, on the 14th Jan. 1832. Nothing worth relating occurred upon the way. At this point, the regular course of the narrative is interrupted to introduce a visit paid by Dr. Meyen and some others of the crew to the Philippine group, which took place at a subsequent period; and the resources and customs of these islands are described with our author's usual fullness and accuracy. It seems that the elegant amusement of cock-fighting is here pursued with unparalleled vigour.

'We remained the whole day at the village of San Matheo (in Lucon),

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Lucon), principally with the view of making excursions in the neighbourhood; unfortunately, we could only sleep during some hours of the night, for soon after midnight the crowing of the fighting-cocks began; and so soon as one raises his voice, all the others throughout the village answer him. The passion for cock-fighting is universal amongst the inhabitants of these islands. There is no house without at least three or four fighting-cocks; they are generally kept in the kitchen, at some distance from one another, tied by one foot under a bench, so that two of these animals are constantly looking at each other, and at every bit of food that is given to either of them, become mutually exasperated. For hours at a time they front each other prepared for battle, but they are tied so firmly that it is impossible for them to come to blows. When the islander takes a walk through the village, he has always his favourite cock under his arm, and, generally, whenever two meet on the public way, they instantly set their birds a-fighting. At Manilla, close to the promenade, a circus has been built for the express purpose, in which regular fights take place three days in the week; thither the people are to be seen repairing from the vicinity of the town, and from the provinces, all carrying their cocks under their arms. Not until sunset do they retire home, and many then carry their dead cocks in their hands, who have either fallen honourably in battle, or been killed by their owners for misbehaving themselves.

There is a peculiar kind of bird-nest abounding on the Philippine islands, which is in high request amongst Chinese gourmands. Mr. Trelawney, in his 'Adventures of a younger Son,' tells us that the price of a moderate cargo is occasionally immense, and relates an amusing story of an ignorant English captain, who threw overboard enough of them to have made the fortune of his family. Dr. Meyen thus explains the precise composition of this luxury:—

'The weed which composes this branch of commerce is the *Sphærococcus cartilagineus* var. *setaceus* aq., which is found in great abundance in this part of India. It is eaten by the bird (*Hirundo esculenta*) which builds the nests in question, and is used in the preparation of its precious nest. The swallow eats the fresh weeds and permits them to soften for some time in its stomach, after which it throws up the mass, now converted into a jelly, and sticks it together to form the nest. The nests, which are subsequently smeared over with dirt and feathers, are brought in their raw state to China, where they are cleaned in immense warehouses built for the purpose, and then exposed for sale. These so-celebrated Indian nests are, therefore, hardly anything more than the softened *Sphærococcus cartilagineus* which we have brought with us from the Chinese seas, and their effect is no other than that of fine jelly. In the preparation of these nests such a number of fine stimulants are generally added, that they of right occupy the first rank amongst relishes at the tables of the Chinese. The

Japanese

Japanese had long ago discovered that these costly bird-nests are nothing more than softened sea-weed, and now prepare the substance itself in an artist-like manner.'

Some of our own epicures may be glad to learn that the *Sphaerococcus crispus*, which Dr. Meyen thinks would serve just as well for the composition of this luxury, is to be found in large quantities on the western and northern coasts of Great Britain.

China has been so very frequently described that we despair of attracting attention to Dr. Meyen's general account of it, though we must do him the justice to say that many of his details are new. We shall merely extract a few passages illustrative of the Chinese mode of living, which our author enjoyed some favourable opportunities of studying:—

'A few days before our departure from Canton we found at our house a visiting card from the Hong merchant Mowqua, and an invitation to dinner along with it; their notes of invitation are much larger than those in use amongst us, and written on extremely beautiful red paper. Mowqua is one of the youngest Hongists; he is in the possession of the white knob upon the cap, which, as it struck us, is of ivory, and betokens the fifth rank of Mandarins. About half-past six in the evening we presented ourselves at this aldermanic dinner, as the English call it; servants with large lanterns preceded us, and quantities of cotton were provided to fortify the drums of our ears against the Chinese music. The space before the door, and the whole entrance, were filled with attendants; Chinese lanterns were burning on all sides, and the most startling music welcomed our arrival.

'As the guests entered, they were saluted by the host and his son, and amidst a profusion of compliments conducted quite up to the chairs in the reception-room. The attire of these rich Chinese on the evening in question was extraordinarily splendid: young Mowqua wore over all his silk coats and vests, which were confined by a beautiful silk sash, a cloak of the costliest furs. They kept their velvet caps with knobs constantly upon their heads; the magnificent tufts of these men, of singular strength and length, gave them a dignified mien. The guests seated themselves upon the chairs, which were ranged in two long and straight rows; and tea was immediately offered in large cups, each with a little shallow saucer, serving as a lid, and the whole standing upon a plate of silver or gold. It is well known that the Chinese, like the Japanese, drink their tea without either sugar, milk, or rum—[who do take rum in their tea?—not surely the Germans]; they throw some tea into the cup and pour boiling water over it; so soon as it has stood a short time they scoop up the clear liquid into the saucer-lid, and drink it as hot as possible. As the tea thus used by the Chinese consists of entire leaves, and is not broken up, the extract is perfectly limpid.

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merchant were two large lanterns of horn; they were full three feet high and two feet and a half broad, yet nowhere could we see any trace of a joining. We also remarked that Mowqua possessed a large English plate of looking-glass, which is much superior to the Chinese, but he desired not to attract attention by the use of European articles, and had therefore caused the plate to be fixed in an ordinary and very clumsy Chinese frame. In a large adjoining room was the whole instrumental music, with several eminent singers, who kept playing during the whole feast, and performed a kind of opera; the noise they made was positively horrible, but the Chinese took no notice of it; only when the entertainment paused for a moment they listened to the singing, and had commonly a joke to laugh at or an observation to make.

'Presently the dinner began: we were conducted into another room, and took our places at little four-cornered tables, each meant for six persons. The tables were placed together in the form of a half-circle, and the side towards the centre remained unoccupied. At the middle table sat the host, and at every other table sat a Chinese, who did the honours of it. The empty sides of the table, where no one sat, were hung with scarlet drapery, beautifully worked in embroidery of gold and different coloured silks; Chinese flowers, but not very striking forms, furnished the pattern. On the front edge of each table were placed the finest fruits in little baskets, with beautiful flowers stuck between them. Besides these, the whole table was covered with little cups and plates, which were ranged with great precision, and contained fruits, preserves, confectionery, slices of bread and butter, with small birds cold, and hundreds of other things. An extraordinary degree of art had been expended in the arrangement of those articles; amongst the rest were whole rows of little plates, filled with elegantly-raised three and four cornered pyramids, composed of little bits of pheasants, larded geese, sausages, and so forth. Here stood plates with small oranges; there preserved plums; and here again almonds. Various little seeds of different colours were served upon shallow saucers, so arranged, however, that each colour occupied a particular field. We here recognized a kind of quince seed, of very delicate flavour; chick-peas, which, if eaten frequently, are said to produce a very bad effect; and chestnuts and hazel-nuts, which come from the province of *Pecheli*, and greatly excel our fruits of the same kind. There were, moreover, grapes, which likewise came from the northern provinces of the empire; with preserved ginger, citrons, and lemons. After making but a short stay in China, one is accustomed to see daily and hourly that the Chinese conduct all their arrangements in a different style and manner from ourselves; it was thus also with the repast, for we began with the dessert.

'By way of cover, three small cups are placed before each seat; the first on the left hand is filled with soy, which the Chinese add to almost every sort of food: the second serves for the ordinary eating; and in the third is a little spoon of porcelain for the soups.

soups. In front of these three cups, which are ranged in a line, lie the two round little chop-sticks, which, in rich houses, are made of ivory. It is extremely difficult for strangers to get at their food with these sticks, and the Chinese were amused with our unskilfulness; one was overheard to whisper, "Here are wise Europeans for you; they cannot so much as eat properly." Mr. Lindsay understood him perfectly. Instead of napkins, small three-cornered pieces of paper are placed near the covers; these are ornamented with stripes of red paper, and are used by the Chinese to wipe their hands.

The dinner began by the host's inviting us to eat of the finer dishes; whilst we were eating them, he kept calling our attention to the flavour or the rarity of this or that thing: and the mode of eating was to convey the food to the mouth, with the two sticks, out of the dish; for a small bowl was the largest vessel placed upon the table during the whole entertainment. The Chinese place no cloths upon the tables, but instead, so soon as the course is finished, the whole board is removed, and a new surface, as it were, with fresh things, is served. As soon as the first course was removed, another small cup was added to each cover; this was used for drinking hot *samtschu*, a fermented liquor made of rice, which at a Chinese table supplies the place of wine, and which is always served boiling; servants walk round with large silver cans, and help everybody to this nectar; which, principally on account of its heat, begins very soon to operate. The Chinese, in drinking wine, observe nearly the same rules as the English:—[We presume the doctor had studied our English modes of wine-bibbing at one of the sailors' pot-houses in Dover]—they challenge to drink, then hold the cup with both hands, and, after wishing each other health and happiness, drink it off at a draught; whereupon they turn the inside of the cup towards the person with whom they are drinking, and show that they have drained every drop. On one occasion, when I did not wish to drink off a whole cup, my Chinese friend held his own constantly before me, and kept making signs till I had finished mine. *Samtschu* is in general of an insipid taste; they have, however, a great many kinds of it, which are constantly changed at the tables of the rich, and I tasted one variety which might be placed alongside of the best brandy.

So soon as the first division of the dinner, consisting possibly of sixty ragouts, was over, the soups appeared; these were placed in small bowls, in the middle of the table, and every man ate, with his little porcelain spoon, out of the dish. In this way, five, or six different soups were served in succession, and between them various other things were placed before the guests in little cups; amongst the rest, pastry, prepared in many ways, articles of confectionery, and strong chicken-hashes.

Between the different grand-divisions of the dinner, tea was handed round and tobacco smoked; during which we were enabled to rest ourselves, so as to begin again with fresh vigour. After several

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several courses, five small tables were placed outside of the half-circle of the original tables; these were completely covered with roasted pork and birds of all sorts. Then ten cooks came into the room, clothed all alike and very tastefully, and began carving the roasts. Two placed themselves before each table, and commenced, with long knives, to sever the hard roasted skin of all these viands, which was done most skilfully. Other servants, who stood in front of the tables, received the little bits, into which all these roasts were cut, upon small plates, and then placed them on the middle of our tables. At the end of the whole meal, the cooks came again into the room, and returned thanks for the honour which had been done them in being permitted to cater for the illustrious company. I shall here close the description of this dinner, which perhaps has wearied the indulgent reader more than it did us; yet full six hours were we obliged to sit at it, and many hundreds of dishes were served up.'

The streets of Canton are not above five feet or five feet and a half wide, yet all sorts of cookery are constantly going on in them; and among the articles enumerated are some which we had never before heard of as embraced even by the unscrupulous Chinese cuisine.

'They eat almost every thing that comes to hand. Upon the streets of the city, but particularly on the large square before the factories, a number of birds are daily exposed for sale which amongst us have not yet gained much repute for flavour; among others, hawks, owls, eagles, and storks. To a European, nothing can have a more laughable effect than to see the Chinese arrive with a carrying-pole supporting two birdcages which contain dogs and cats instead of birds. A small thin sort of spaniel appeared to us to be most in request; they sit quite downcast in their temporary dwellings when they are brought to market, whilst the cats make a dreadful squalling, as if conscious of their fate. The flesh of these last, when they are well fed, is much esteemed in China, and they are often seen on the tables of the rich. Other Chinese bring upon their carrying-pole many dozens of rats, which are drawn quite clean, and, like pigs in our country, when they have been opened, are hung up by means of a cross piece of wood through the hind legs. These rows of rats look very nice, but they are only eaten by the poor.'

The dog-eaters, we have somewhere read, are regarded by all living animals of that order with unmitigated abhorrence. They are said to nose a man addicted to this kind of luxury in the streets, gather round him in crowds, and often attack him with fury.

The concluding chapter of these volumes is devoted to St. Helena, where, as the author observes, very little wearing even the semblance of novelty has been left for later travellers to glean. He is very angry with us because part of the villa in which Napoleon died is now occupied as an alehouse; but he might

have reflected, that this is in fact a compliment to the celebrity of his hero, more especially as he tells us that he himself found it very comfortable to have a glass of beer at the conclusion of his pilgrimage to Longwood. He adds :—

‘ Napoleon’s sitting-room is at present a stable; and in a garden which he himself laid out before his window, the English sheep thrive and fatten so well that they are set apart for the table of the governor. The new residence, which was built for Napoleon, lies some hundred paces from the old house. The governor of the island occupies it at present; the best proof that the air there is not so unhealthy as the emperor described it.’

We suppose Dr. Meyen would wish us to keep up Longwood in the style of one of the temple-tombs of the Grand Moguls; but we suspect, the Prussian government, which so strenuously insisted on the living man’s incarceration, would not volunteer to defray any part of the cost of such an establishment.

In conclusion, we think it right to add, that although Dr. Meyen has professedly reserved his scientific discoveries for his forthcoming volumes, a great quantity of curious botanical, zoological, and geological information is contained in the two now before us. The work when completed will, we have no doubt, be generally considered as a valuable addition to the German library; and we hope in due time to see it in an English dress.

ART. III.—*A History of Architecture*. By Thomas Hope, Esq.
2 vols. 8vo. London. 1835.

HOW is it that the English gentry, so many of whom are possessed of wealth, leisure, and cultivated minds, have hitherto displayed so little real attachment to that branch of the refined arts which is the subject of Mr. Hope’s book? The question is not easily answered, though the fact must be universally admitted. It is the more remarkable, because our national habit of travelling furnishes opportunities of acquiring architectural knowledge beyond those enjoyed by any other people. Not only have a large proportion of our educated classes possessed extraordinary facilities for the acquisition of such knowledge, but the general diffusion of wealth throughout the country has enabled them to exemplify their skill in practice. In no part of the modern world has so extended a demand for buildings, public and private—whether for utility or embellishment—at any time arisen. Has the effect corresponded with the means?—Has the exercise of the art evinced a general acquaintance with its principles?—Among the numberless structures which have sprung up in every corner

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corner of the kingdom, is there one in a hundred which, for purity of design, harmony of parts, or becoming effect, at all indicates a judicious application of the sums expended? The most slender acquaintance with the structures recently reared on the Continent can leave no doubt on the mind of any rational man that, as compared with some of our neighbours, our success has been in the inverse ratio to our means. We observe nowhere any fixed or acknowledged maxims of taste—no received standard of excellence; nor do we discover anywhere a body of men sufficiently able and united to make their opinions heard or respected. To help to rectify this state of things, we cannot do better than recommend the example of the laborious and accomplished author of the present History. Mr. Eustace, in enumerating the most essential acquirements of a traveller, long ago said,—

‘No art deserves more attention than architecture, because no art is so often called into action, tends so much to the embellishment, or contributes more to the reputation of a country. It ought therefore to occupy some portion of time in a liberal education. Had such a method of instruction been adopted a century ago, the streets of London would not present so many shapeless buildings, raised at an enormous cost, as if designed for eternal monuments of the opulence and of the bad taste of the British nation.’

General taste has assuredly not improved since the time when these sentiments were recorded. It is impossible to speak of the architecture of Brighton, or of some of the new quarters of London and Edinburgh, with too much reprobation. Such an exhibition as these present is a positive disgrace to the country and to the age in which they have been reared. Mr. Eustace wrote feelingly, and perhaps under consciousness of his own scanty stock of the science which he so strongly recommends to others. The same deficiency has been felt by hundreds of his countrymen in that land, whereof the history, ancient and modern, is so indissolubly connected with the triumphs of art. To those peaceful triumphs, the recollections, the literature, and conversation of the inhabitants perpetually recur. A scientific acquaintance with art becomes thus a necessary preparation for every gentleman who would travel in Italy—even if for no other object than that of social gratification.

‘In the works of ancient authors,’ observes Mr. Hope, ‘allusions to the productions of ancient artists are so frequent; so much do the productions of Greek painters and sculptors explain and illustrate the speculations of Greek orators and poets; so much do the same history, mythology, and philosophy furnish the subjects for both,—that it seems almost impossible for the love of ancient letters anywhere to acquire great strength, and the love of ancient art to be restrained

from following immediately on its footsteps. If such is not the case in England—if those same persons who in our schools receive instruction limited to the ancient classics, yet afterwards in the world show a remarkable ignorance of, and indifference to the fine arts—we must suppose that, even with respect to the former, their attention has been directed to the form rather than to the substance; to the language—the mere clothing and vehicle—rather than to the beauties displayed by the subject, or the genius which animated the author.*—pp. 516, 517.

None can traverse Italy without feeling or feigning some admiration for the noble remains of antiquity spread over its soil; nor is it possible for any one, who is not altogether dull and incurious, to remain dead to all pleasing impressions when he observes those grand historical piles of more recent erection which adorn every province and town of that delightful region. If he be, as the majority of travellers are, unlearned in the arts, occasions will occur, and that frequently, when he must be humiliated by his ignorance, and feel himself totally excluded from one of the purest and most abundant sources of gratification. Forsyth,* Woods, and a few other writers, who have confined their labours to particular spots of Italy, are the only exceptions to that total ignorance of architecture that is displayed in the numberless tours with which our countrymen have of late inundated the world.

But there is a higher consideration than that of mere private satisfaction, which ought to lead us to a well-directed study of architecture. In the strange changes of political life which occur in this country, a gentleman may find himself suddenly transformed into a trustee of some public institution, or director of public works, without being furnished by education or study with a single requisite for such offices. A survey of the recently-raised edifices of London, sacred and domestic, will amply testify how judiciously the public purse has been intrusted to such hands. Failure upon failure has been the result, and they will never cease to follow one after another, until a real knowledge of the principles of the art is more generally diffused among us.† As individual fortunes are transmitted or amassed, as corporate bodies become rich, as the population of towns increases, the erection of guildhalls, churches, and great mansions is sure to follow; upon these fortunes have been lavished, more than sufficient

* The epigrammatic force of this writer's sentences conceals from the general reader the fact, that his criticism sometimes proceeds from impulse, rather than from the staid dictates of his better judgment. Mr. Woods is a fairer critic, and on the whole his book is the best architectural manual on Italy; but his dates are not always correct, and his omissions are unpardonable.

† Our ministers will rarely take the trouble to appreciate any superior acquirements in architecture; witness the mode in which various public bodies have furnished

cient to have made England a second Italy—replete with noble structures, models of taste to its inhabitants, and a theme of admiration to surrounding nations. It is not the architect of an ugly building who is alone blameable; equally so is he at whose expense it is raised; the projector of deformity is a public offender. In former times, in some of the states of Italy, even private taste was controlled by the authorities. In Mantua, at one period, no building could be raised till the design had been sanctioned by the approbation of Giulio Romano. But where no restraint existed, the whole Italian people had more or less a feeling for the arts of refinement, as will be abundantly evident on surveying the palaces, villas, and halls of commerce in Genoa, Venice, and Florence. These present enduring monuments of the refined taste of their merchant-princes, when in their turn they possessed that commercial wealth which now in ours we enjoy. Since such arbitrary laws are out of the question in a free country, the necessity becomes more imperative to elevate national taste by multiplying the number of those who can observe and judge with discrimination. In no other way can the brood of monsters be stopped which are sure to be engendered by incompetent and ill-directed patronage.

Though we believe the seeds of good taste are sown in every part of Europe, unfortunately, in England the maturity of the fruit is retarded by, among other causes, one that does not act, or at least very partially acts, on the Continent. Whether it is to be attributed to the force of fashion—to a foolish opinion that the architecture of the middle ages, and of the period immediately preceding the full establishment of the classical, is best suited to our climate—or to some unaccountable perversion of taste—there is a decided inclination to adopt a disordered in preference to a beautiful and an orderly system of architecture. As well might the sculptor take, as a pattern of form, the dry, inanimate, wire-drawn figures of saints, kings, and martyrs, which line the porches of our cathedrals. Whatever favour jutting oriels, quaint gables, and fantastic chimney stacks may find in our eyes, they are, when stripped of the respect which antiquity commands, objects of ridicule and astonishment to the people of other countries. It seems to us that the reproduction of such forms in modern times is nowise more reasonable than to prefer the appearance of an

nished themselves with architects; witness the Report on the Post-Office, where it was stated that, since much ornament was not required, it mattered little whom they employed as architect. As if an edifice, because it did not pretend to magnificence, was to be entirely devoid of character; as if good proportions, and a graceful distribution of parts, did not form a most essential part of the study of the architect; and were not even more rare and more important qualifications than the employment of ornament; and as if convenience, solidity, and economy were not more securely obtained under a skilful artist,'—*Woods' Travels of an Architect, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 157.

old

old lady of the last century, powdered and dressed in a fardingale, to that of a graceful maiden—such as, tradition says, was the type of symmetry for the most delicate of the orders of architecture.

Most unquestionably, the great edifices of the middle ages ought to be reverently preserved, and, when necessary, restored or completed in the same style. Apart from the deep interest which antiquity and religion throw around these venerable Gothic piles, they are always valuable as records of the age in which they were built; and in all that regards constructive excellence, their superiority over modern science has been maintained by very competent authorities. In the feeble attempts of modern practice, we look in vain for all this mystery of construction, the infinite resources which the artificers of former days knew so well to employ, and that solemnity of character which they could impart to their works. Nor, perhaps, are these attributes of the style to be expected, when neither artist nor employer is any longer imbued with the same feelings, nor actuated by the same spirit, as when Gothic was the legitimate architecture of Europe. A recent writer well says:—

‘The churches lately erected on this model have been eminently infelicitous; we have never seen any that would entirely satisfy the least fastidious critic; the wretched, ill-fated objects, testifying a total absence of the Gothic spirit in our builders, have no profile, no projection, and are as unlike the buildings which they profess to imitate, of the workmanship of better times, as the dry, colourless, shapeless specimens, pressed flat in a “hortus siccus,” are to the living plants.’

With equal justice we may animadvert on the habit of closely copying the misshapen forms, human and animal, which in the middle ages formed part of the system of decoration. It is as puerile as it is unnecessary. Defective design is not essential to any ornamental additions worthy to be practised in the present day; and yet our pseudo-Gothic is more remarkable for the faithfulness of a blind imitation of what is a blemish—not a beauty in the originals—than for a just comprehension of the spirit wherewith the architects of former days were inspired. Had the taste of our ancestors been more refined, they would have infallibly improved their method of design; as we see in the church of St. Petronio at Bologna, and in other Gothic monuments of Italy, where the ornaments and imagery are invariably completed with the utmost perfection to which the art of sculpture, then reviving, had attained.

We observe, certainly, a strong inclination among many to estimate our own taste in England higher than the other enlightened countries in Europe are willing to do. Turning to France, we have

no cause to rest satisfied in the complacency of fancied superiority. Paris is yearly becoming more beautiful from the many noble structures planned and built in the true spirit of the antique. There can be no question that our continental neighbours do outstrip us; and our national pride is interested, that, with all our superior means, we should not be so surpassed. For public works our Parliament ought not to be niggardly in affording the means, but should be scrupulous in looking to the application of them. It might then happen, that the National Gallery now in progress, though it could never rival the sumptuousness of the Louvre, might not prove vastly inferior, both internally and externally, to the noble receptacles which Prussia and the secondary state of Bavaria have provided for their collections of art. We are far from believing that a Perrault, a Klenze, or a Schinkel could not be found in England, if the authorities had the taste and spirit to select the worthiest artist. It is a melancholy reflection, that, for want of competent directors, almost every grant for public buildings has of late ended in disappointment; nor is there any prospect of better things until some real knowledge in such matters exists in that assembly from which has emanated much of the evil we deprecate. If we are so organized as to be precluded from reaching that perfection of refinement said to have been possessed by the entire people of Athens, when the exhibitor of a bad picture or design was received in public with laughter and hissing;—if we can never become a people of connoisseurs—there is, at least, a certain degree of sound practical taste, founded on common sense and observation, which is within our reach.

Among the few of our countrymen who have been not professionally, but essentially architects, is the author of the publication before us.

'Architecture,' he observes, 'is one of the most arduous and difficult among the fine arts; no man can be entitled to the appellation of a proficient in the higher branches, who has not seen much and thought more. That taste, that knowledge, which in minds the most happily disposed for the arts are never the result of inspiration, but must be acquired by study and mature reflection—I dare venture to assert, I have done more to obtain them than almost any other person of my own age living. From an infant, architecture was always my favourite amusement. I scarce was able to hold a pencil, when, instead of flowers and landscapes, and all those other familiar objects, of which the imitation delights the generality of such children as show a turn for drawing, I already began dealing in those straight lines which seem so little attractive to the greatest number even of good draughtsmen.'

Most of us, as is well known, are inclined to set little value on
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the opinions of any one not a professed artist. And, indeed, it must be confessed, that so rarely has any unprofessional man applied himself seriously to the acquisition of solid science in this department, that the claim of the professional architect to treat as interlopers all others disposed to meddle with his business is not surprising. But such a laborious apprenticeship as Mr. Hope served should, in fact, be more fruitful than the ordinary education of an artist. He devoted years to travel, where an artist can only spare months—continually obtaining on the spot that information which books can never perfectly afford. In short, to see all was his object, where others had been content to read all. A professional life, on the contrary, after one or two years employed in visiting and re-measuring the most celebrated monuments of Italy and Greece, is mainly passed in drawing plans and elevations, in making estimates, and in devising means to get before and continue in the eye of the public. Which way soever fashion directs, thither the artist must in some degree shape his course, since wealth and eminence—good or bad—are more likely to be attained by following than by opposing the current. Contracting generally a particular manner, his taste becomes confined and exclusive, and he no longer has the inclination, and seldom the faculty, to appreciate much that in other styles and manners may be truly excellent. How are we otherwise to account for the fact, that the leading histories—those which take an enlarged view of the arts, whether of sculpture, painting, or architecture—have been written *not* by artists, but by Winkelmann, Cicognara, Lanzi, Milizia, and Agincourt—men devoted to the arts, as was Mr. Hope, not for profit, but from the affection they bore them, and the pleasure they experienced in the prosecution of their studies?

Endowed with an acute and reflecting mind, Mr. Hope had fortune and unlimited time at command; to these natural and fortuitous advantages he joined another very essential one—the power of using the compass and the pencil with the facility of a practised geometrical draughtsman, as the numerous plates which accompany these volumes clearly testify. We particularly dwell on this accomplishment; for we regard architecture as a science so exact, and so much depending upon fact, that without that nice examination required in taking elevations, plans, and sections—by which means the attention is successively forced to every part, and to the whole of the composition—and the spirit of the architect penetrated—a complete familiarity with the subject is hardly to be obtained.

With regard to Mr. Hope's diligence, let him speak for himself. His industry seems never to have slackened, nor his enthusiasm to have grown languid.

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'No sooner did I become master of my own actions, which happened at the early age of eighteen, than, disdaining any longer to ride my favourite hobby only in the confinement of a closet, I hastened forth, in quest of food for it, to almost all the countries where any could be expected. Egyptian architecture I went to investigate on the banks of the Nile; Grecian on the shores of Ionia, Sicily, Attica, and the Peloponnesus. Four different times I visited Italy to render familiar to me all the shades of the infinitely varied styles of building peculiar to that interesting country, from the most rude attempts of the Etruscans to the last degraded ones of the Lombards: Moorish edifices I examined on the coast of Africa, and among the ruins of Grenada, and Seville, and Cordova: the principle of the Tartar and Persian construction I studied in Turkey and Syria. Finally, of the youngest branch of the art, that erroneously called Gothic, I investigated the most approved specimens throughout England and most of the provinces of France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal. During eight years that this research lasted, I have willingly encountered, to perfect myself in an art which I studied from mere inclination, and from which I expected nothing beyond the pleasure of understanding it, fatigues, hardships, and even dangers, that would have disheartened most of those who follow it as a lucrative profession.'—*Introd.* p. vii.

And again he says, with a modesty worthy of his undoubted genius,—

'I, who, though of merchant's blood, am not a merchant; who, though dabbling in authorship, rank not among the inspired; who can neither uphold the arts with the hand of a sovereign, nor praise them with the pen of a poet; who have only been able to bestow on a few humble artists the feeble patronage of an humble individual; and who can only, athwart the din of trade, the bustle of politics, and the clamour of self-interest, blinded by ignorance, raise in favour of the fine arts a feeble voice; have done all I could: but the most general flame may begin in a single spark; and should I succeed in kindling for the arts a purer, a more intense, a more universal love; should I thus be instrumental in promoting in the country a new source of health, wealth, strength, vigour, and patriotism, and nobleness of mind and feeling, most copious and most lasting—in calling forth to the evils awaiting a society whose prosperity borders upon plethora and dissolution, the most powerful preservative; I shall think myself the humble instrument of the greatest good that can be conferred upon humanity; and when comes the hour of death, I shall think I have not lived in vain.'—*Ibid.* pp. xii. xiii.

Mr. Hope's son, whose manner of editing this work deserves our praise, adds in a note,—

'Of his enthusiasm in the cause of the arts, thus described, the following lines, written late in life, entitled an "Adieu to Youth," give a vivid and a touching picture; and, though they never were intended to meet the public eye, I cannot refrain from inserting them:—

"Distant

" Distant plans of daring pride,
Views remote of wild romance,
Whose perspective vast and wide
Could my youthful soul intrance;
Trophies which I hoped to raise,
Regions where I meant to rove,
Schemes of pleasure and of praise,
Which my early fancy wove.
Projects mad all things to scan
Which the Gods vouchsafe to man,
Where the Pole's resistless chill
Bids the Ocean's self stand still,
Or the Tropic's fellest sun
Man compels his shafts to shun;—
You I cherish'd so before,
I must cherish you no more.
Niagara's foaming fall;
China's everlasting wall;
Chimborazo's snowy top,
Which appears the sky to prop;
Hoary Hecla's watery spires;
Raging Ætna's rolling fires;
Torneo's sun, whose glimmering light
Half a year still haunts the sight;
Towering Thibet's lofty plain,
Which conglomerate mounts sustain;
Sacred Ganges' secret source;
Niger's unexplored course,
Hapless Park's unravell'd dream,
Quench'd for ever in its stream;
Deep Ellora's sculptured caves;
Desert Memphis' gorgeous graves;
Phile's Isle, whose ruins smile
In the mirror of the Nile;
Peaceful Cachimere's flowery vale,
Hallow'd scene of Eastern tale;
Mounts of Kaff, where fairies dwell,
And contend with sprites of hell;
Georgia, where God's noblest creature
Shows his noblest form and feature;

These lines are not discreditable to Mr. Hope—but we must not linger on the threshold. The treatise before us, except with reference to the architecture of modern Europe, is the completest, and, in our language, the only work that, in the just acceptation of the term, can be called a history. If Mr. Hope has not fulfilled all that ought to be required from a work bearing such a title, and traced *every* relation and combination of the art through epochs of good and bad taste, among the rude and the polished nations of antiquity, and among the states of modern Europe, he has, at least, performed a great, and perhaps the most difficult part, and furnished us with an admirable account of its condition during the long interval of the middle ages. A compendious work, well condensed and systematized, and impartial withal—fitted for general utility—has been a desideratum. We wanted one equally free from the languor of the book-maker, and the partialities and prejudice

Mecca's house, Medina's shrine;
Sheeraz, flush'd with rosy wine;—
You, which once to face I swore,
You I ne'er must think of more;
Bold achievements, noble feats,
Whose emprise man's wonder greets,
Whose success e'en glads his ghost;—
You I ne'er must hope to boast.

By the foolish vulgar throng
Both detain'd and dragg'd along;
After things just born to die
Made to join the vulgar cry,
In the toil of each dull day
My best years have roll'd away,
Till, approaching fast my wane,
Winter claims my worn-out brain.

Tales that used my soul t' inspire,
Now I hear with calmness told;
Sights that set my blood on fire,
Now that torpid blood leave cold.
Slow and tedious is my pace,
And no longer dare I hope
Vigour while I run the race,
Pleasure when I reach the scope.

Then adieu, once dazzling dreams!
Leave, oh! leave my haunted mind
Weary of its brilliant schemes,
To an humbler fate resign'd.

Simpler tasks my toil demand,
Nearer objects claim my care,
Higher duties for my hand,
Humbler labours, fast prepare.
These with honour to achieve,
And a virtuous race to leave,
When in everlasting rest,
And perchance among the blest,—
I this globe's vain joys deride,—
Henceforth be my only pride."

Ibid. p. x.

prejudice of the artist; not hastily written and ill-digested as in the one case, nor with a view to support some favourite system, as too often happens in the other; not a dry, spiritless compilation; but the product of a mind prepared for such a task by nature and study, having no motive to turn to the right or to the left, in order to be the favourer of this or that person, or to flatter the caprice or the fashion of the day.

The chief deficiency of this work, considered as a general history of architecture, consists in the far too little notice taken of the restoration of classical taste, and of all the multiform modifications which it has assumed in different ages, as influenced by the tastes and habits of different countries. We have too high an opinion of the author's judgment not to suppose that, if life had been prolonged, he would have enlarged upon this important part of the inquiry; that he would have made due mention of the aqueducts, the harbours, and the sea-port moles of modern times—of gates, and towers, and other parts of military architecture—and that he would also have dwelt more at length on construction and the various kinds of building materials. Some account should have been given of the Lido and fort of San Niccola, at Venice—of the fortifications of Zara, and of the walls and gates, the vaults and bastions of Verona—all of them the work of San Michele—the forerunner of Vauban and Cohorn—and, in point of constructive skill, the most eminent of modern architects. Vanvitelli's Caserta aqueduct, some of the bridges of Europe, the docks of Ferrol, Sheerness, &c., Smeaton's Eddystone Lighthouse, and such grand architectural enterprises, equal in their kind to the most celebrated of antiquity, the author's judgment would, we doubt not, have considered as richly deserving of attention.

On most of the other sections of the work we have no such criticism to advance. On all that relates to the middle ages, for example, Mr. Hope has brought to bear more erudition, acumen, and judgment than any preceding writer, not excepting the learned and judicious Agincourt. Aiming at truth, nothing is lightly advanced; facts and good sense lead to fair and natural inductions, and, if not always decisive, we know of no inferences equally plausible, or more entitled to consideration. The work is original without any affectation of originality. Novel ideas are fairly put forward, strongly enforced, and happily illustrated by a host of examples. We acquiesce entirely in the justice of his strictures on certain vicious modes of building and decoration. They assuredly will be unpalatable to many whose taste is thereby sharply reprov'd. It often happens that taste is inveterate, where it is indefensible; and it is vain to hope that the faith of the many in
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a false creed will be shaken by arguments that carry conviction to the impartial and enlightened.

Our readers will expect us to say something on the language in which Mr. Hope's thoughts are communicated. It is copious and expressive, and occasional passages of eloquence occur not unworthy of the author of 'Anastasius,' and such as, it might be supposed, the nature of the subject, requiring a large portion of technical phraseology, would not easily admit. It may reasonably be objected, that he insists too often on being eloquent, and by too liberal a use of inversion and flowery language clouds the meaning, and diverts attention from the strictly scientific question which is under discussion. In this way he sometimes fails to impart the enthusiasm which he himself feels. An occasional want of perspicuity is also perceptible, a defect, however, which may be principally attributable to the posthumous nature of the publication. As specimens of the author's style, when he warms with his subject, we refer our readers to that passage where he describes the conversion of the simple wooden hut into the magnificent Greek temple; or to the following, on the old dark Christian Basilica:—

'With defects in the very construction of early basilicas—generally little more than a patchwork of odd fragments, agreeing neither in material, colour, substance, form, proportion, nor workmanship—eked out, next to what was most elegant, by that which was most rude—they yet, through the simplicity of their general form, and the consistency of the general distribution, display a grandeur produced neither by the last architecture of Pagan Rome, after it had dismissed all its Grecian consistency—nor by what has been called the later restoration of that architecture, loaded with all the additional extravagance of modern Italy. The long nave and aisles, divided by rows of insulated columns in close array; the flight of steps, which often from each aisle descended to the mysterious crypt or confessional underneath, where stood the tomb of the patron saint, surrounded by a forest of pillars; the wider and nobler flight which led to the sanctuary, high raised over this crypt; the altar of God in the centre of this choir, and directly over this tomb, seen soaring in air from the very entrance of the church; superbly canopied, and backed by a grand finishing absis, whose conch corresponded in its arch with that preceding the choir, and whose curve contained, theatrically disposed, the bishop's throne and the seats of the clergy:—gave to some of these basilicas an imposing appearance—such as St. Paul's and the first St. Peter's at Rome—which even the new St. Peter's, built at the expense of all Christendom, and with all the additional splendour of its dome, does not equal.'—pp. 112, 113.

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man in his rude state—the Carib, the New Zealander, the Tartar, &c.—being mere shelters from the inclemencies or heat of the climate, we arrive at epochs when the altar, the temple, or the dwelling-house, assuming a certain degree of form or character, may be dignified with the name of architecture. Mr. Hope regards the Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, Egyptian, and Grecian, as primitive styles, each indigenous to the soil; and accounts for any mutual conformity from similitude of climate, and from coincidences suggested by the materials, or by vegetable productions being common to different countries. To this we should add the consideration of the wonderful tendency of the efforts of the human mind in the infancy of art to arrive at nearly similar results. One of the author's opinions, that Grecian art derived no assistance from Egyptian, will not probably receive the concurrence of most of our readers. The general impression always has been, that the former people did borrow much from the Egyptians; and the new discoveries of every day are confirming it. The character, capability, and limits of the Greek style are, however, considered in a masterly manner. The propriety of each and every part of the temple—and the temple is the beginning and end of Greek architecture—is pointed out, as well as the relation which obtained between the ornaments and the destination of the edifice.

'The Greeks (he says) were not trammelled by too precise rules. But if they admitted not those arbitrary rules invented by the moderns, which serve only to lessen the beauties of architecture, they had been led by a happy organization for, and a profound study of its conditions, to adopt a great many others founded in nature itself, but unknown or unobserved by us, which enriched it materially.'—p. 42.

'To the last days of its independence, the architecture of the Greeks, like a bird still unfledged and incapable of soaring in air, showed what some may call its purity, others its deficiencies. To the last their inability to place any upright supports—whether columns, piers, jambs, or continued walls, in places where a covered roof was necessary, at a greater interval than a block of stone, or beam of wood might span—generated a degree of narrowness and contraction in their enclosures, and only permitted them to wall in a larger area on condition of leaving the edifice exposed to the sky. To the last their want of science produced an enormous consumption of materials in proportion to the space obtained. To the last the internal forms must, with all the elegance that could be applied to their limited combinations of outlines, have displayed a want of height, an angularity, an absence of curve and swell which enables the arch and cupola, and vault, to produce equal variety, connection, and harmony.'—p. 53.

To the new and important era in art that commences with the arch, now so essential an element in building, we are introduced with this remark:—

'Antiquarians—

'Antiquarians—a race of men sometimes desirous of showing that, where to others all is darkness, they can see clearly as in daylight—frequently, in their zeal to investigate and prove some peculiar point, forgetful to ascertain whether it is worth proving, have persuaded themselves they traced the invention of the arch back, not merely to Greece, but to Egypt and to India.....It is impossible to prove that the Romans were, or that the Greeks were not, the inventors of the arch.'

The arch may have originated in India, Egypt, or Etruria; but *cui bono* the mere geometrical form? That it *was* reserved for the Romans in the zenith of their power to become fully acquainted with the principle and power of the arch—and that this discovery, rendering available to construction every, even the poorest material, suggested and facilitated the execution of their vast operations—there can be no doubt whatever. Our author remarks that in Rome—

'There gradually arose a demand for buildings on a scale such as the world had never beheld, of public and of private utility, for the business and the diversion of the inhabitants. Rome became the focus of an accumulation of wealth, compared with which that possessed by any state at a former period, whether the commonwealths of Greece or the empires of Asia, was absolute indigence.....It were an endless task to recite the constructions so well adapted for every useful purpose, for every object of magnificence, reared within the immediate vicinity of Rome—aqueducts, bridges, forums, basilicas, temples, palaces, baths, theatres, amphitheatres, stadia, hippodromes, naumachia, and triumphal arches.'

He then proceeds to trace the decline of the art to a departure from the elementary model, and to the modification suggested by that new feature in building, the arch.

'Already (he says) under Augustus did the aberrations from consistency strike Vitruvius—a Greek indeed, but who from the natural influence of the times seems to have imbibed many Roman ideas, so as bitterly to inveigh against them.....The Romans (he adds) were not possessed of a delicate appreciation of art.'

On this subject a great deal of sheer assumption has passed current both in and out of Italy. It is not to the credit of the Greeks that they either failed to discover the arch, or failed to put in practice that discovery. The arch once acknowledged as an element of building, the whole art was of necessity fundamentally changed. In many instances the pier supplanted the column; in others, the column ceased to perform solely the service of support, and often became a mere ornamental addition. Boundless taste and ingenuity are liberally ascribed to the Greeks. That they were masters in all liberal arts to the Romans, no one doubts.

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But our veneration need not go so far as to say, that inasmuch as Athenian architecture excels in pureness that of all other nations, the Athenians, had they kept their political independence, would have retained that architecture incorrupt and unchanged; or that, if they had thought fit to depart widely from the simplicity of the elementary model—(which they must have done had they been in the place of the Romans)—they would, nevertheless, have transcended all the performances of all other nations, and even those of their own descendants who worked under the Romans, by the invention of some faultless system of new forms. By those who thus decide the extremely narrow boundary of Grecian art, limited almost entirely to temples and porticos, and the fact that our earliest proofs of Roman corruption exist on the Grecian soil, have not been fully taken into consideration. On the other hand, because the Romans received the art pure, and did not preserve its purity, therefore to assume that they had no taste is a fallacy in reasoning arising from a blind enthusiasm for names, and an imperfect perception of the nature of the art, which requires allowance to be made for the infinite variety of structures demanded by the pride, wealth, and luxurious habits of the Roman people. We fully agree, however, with the author, that ‘among all these recombinations of elements we nowhere discover any mode of decoration essentially new;’ and that to this day the orders are, and ought to be, limited to the number exhibited in Grecian architecture.

In his chapters on the architecture of the early Christians, and its modifications down to the restoration of classical taste—including a period of more than 1000 years—the author presents a vast mass of valuable materials, and most of which are now for the first time brought together. To this section of the work we beg the special attention of the reader. He will find much that is opposed to national predilection, and to the recorded opinions of national writers. Mr. Hope says of himself:—

‘Unfortunately, in my early travels, I chiefly thought of noticing those productions of more ancient or more modern art which numberless others had remarked before, and to which every guide-book directed my attention, instead of seeking those distant architectural approximations of the middle ages, which have yet been so little attended to, and which might make an interesting object to a traveller in the East as well as in Italy.’—p. 199, *note*.

He lived to make amends for these early omissions—but such has not been the case with almost any of his rivals.

We have not space to dilate on those chapters which treat of the conversion of the basilica into the Christian temple—the distribution of the parts—the materials of construction—the ornaments

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in painting and mosaic—the monograms and symbols of the faith—the introduction of imagery and other customs borrowed from the heathen—and, finally, the catacombs, urns, and sepulchral architecture in general. These are distinct topics, and all deserving of curious investigation. We ought to observe that Mr. Hope appears by no means to set the same *artistic* value on the catacombs and subterraneous mansions of the early Christians as M. Agincourt has done; and here we coincide with the judgment of the English author.

We now pass on to that new modification of Roman architecture, called Byzantine, exemplifying a further departure from first principles. The features of this are the vault and the cupola. 'As all in Athens had been straight, angular, and square, now all became curved and rounded.' 'Thus the final annihilation of Grecian art was owing to the Greeks themselves.' This people supplied artists to the caliphs and to the new sovereigns of Europe. The Arabian, the modern Persian, the old Russian, and the Mogul styles, are all offsets from the Byzantine stock.

The nomenclature which the author has adopted for the subsequent styles of building in Europe, in the middle ages, is as follows:—'Saxon' is very properly rejected altogether—'Norman' is included in 'Lombard'—and 'Pointed,' or 'Pointed-Arch style,' is preferred, on grounds sufficiently obvious, to 'Gothic.' We are disposed, however, to contend for the preservation of the word 'Norman,' denoting the architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries wherever that people settled. Their fashion, though not altogether different from that somewhat earlier put in practice in Italy and in the south of France, has certain distinctive signs, consisting chiefly in a smaller admixture of the Byzantine manner—in the absence of the cupola, in the larger size of the members, and in a general clumsiness of aspect. The decorations, also, are less foliated, and in their place we find a profusion of nebules, nail-head ornaments, and chevrons or zigzags. A few churches partake of both styles: as for instance the Cathedral of Trent; and even in the north of Europe examples are not wanting where the character is more Lombardic than Norman. Such an appearance, in our own country, the interior of St. Peter's, at Northampton, presents. Mr. Hope thus supports the propriety of giving to the term 'Lombard' the wide signification he proposes:—

'We may venture to assert, that Lombardy, the country in which associations of freemasons were first formed, and which, from its more recent civilization, afforded few ancient temples whence materials might be supplied, was the first, after the decline of the Roman empire, to endow architecture with a complete system of forms, which

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soon prevailed wherever the Latin church spread its influence; from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Mediterranean; in part adopted from the more ancient Roman and Byzantine styles, in part differing from both—neither resembling the Roman basilica, nor the Greek cross and cupola.’—p. 250.

In assigning dates to the list of monuments which closes this section of the work, Mr. Hope agrees with Agincourt, Muratori, and other antiquarians of note. It is proper, however, to observe, that the truth of the dates given to some celebrated churches, for example those of S. Michele at Pavia, and S. Ambrogio at Milan, is by no means free from question. A controversy is even now going on; the one party asserting the period to be that of the Lombard domination in Italy, whilst the other maintains that it cannot be fixed beyond the eleventh or twelfth century.*

Arrived at a period when architecture underwent, both in forms and in science of construction, a complete revolution, Mr. Hope thus introduces his profound investigation of the pointed-arch styles :—

‘Just at the period when the Lombard, or what may more particularly be called the round style of architecture, appeared, throughout the dominions of the Latin church, most firmly and universally established,—when it had, from its first source, spread in every direction, as far as the most extended influence of that church itself,—when its forms might, in a manner, have served to mark throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa, the precise extent and limits of the papal authority,—when, from its universal prevalence, it seemed to have secured an unlimited duration; we see it all at once, in the latter half of the twelfth century, abandoned for a style, both in its essential principles and its ornamental accessories, entirely new, and different from that and from every other former style;—of which I shall begin by stating the peculiar purposes, as shown by the modifications themselves, and the more essential transformations devised to attain these—forming its essential characteristics from its first birth, and through all the successive stages of its further development, till the time of its final extinction. After which, I shall investigate how, where, and among whom it arose, and what different, lesser, more partial, and secondary changes it successively experienced previous to its ultimate abandonment.

‘From the early, the widely diffused, and yet unconnected appearance of the mere *pointed arch*, and at the same time the evident contempt in which it was held, as a thing which might be admissible, as

* Sacchi and Cordero have written the best treatises on either side of the question. The essay of the last-named writer, printed in the Transactions of the Academy of Brescia, is not sufficiently known.

an expedient, and in places of little consequence, but should be avoided where there was room for others, until that much later period when the peculiar properties of the *pointed style* caused it to be considered as an adjunct preferable to all others, the question of its origin would be as difficult to solve as it is unimportant. Nor would the mere question of when or how the *pointed arch* was invented, even if solved, avail us in ascertaining where or how originated the *pointed style*; since the fundamental characteristics of that style are independent of, lie deeper than that arch, and its employment is not the cause, but only the consequence of these.'—p. 365.

The question—whence arose Gothic architecture?—has been the source of more theories and more conflicting opinions than even the controversy about the origin of the arch. We see no prospect, in the almost total absence of documents which the early masters of the art undoubtedly possessed, that the question will be cleared of the obscurity and mystery still involving it. Those who, like Möller and Mr. Hope, think it is to be deduced only from the gradual corruption of Roman art, are met in the threshold by the difficulty of accounting for a system so entirely new having come into universal operation among the different nations of Europe almost simultaneously. It will not be denied, that much of the new—of the pointed, may be traced to the old rounded styles;—but only in ornaments and in detached parts. The leading forms and the whole system are of a character so distinct, as at once to suggest the idea that so much novelty must be foreign to Europe; and accordingly, among the favourers of an Eastern origin, we find Dr. Robertson, Whittington, and his editor Lord Aberdeen, with other good authorities. But Mr. Hope opposes them strenuously; and he adds, we think, quite conclusively,—

'Even were the theory in reality true and well founded, still the pointed style of Europe would only be derived in a somewhat more indirect and circuitous channel from the same copious source whence arose the prior round or Lombard style.'—p. 377.

The fact, however, is that the East offers no monument which can be supposed, without a great stretch of imagination, to have suggested this manner of building, which presently became consolidated into a system, and perfected in all its multifarious parts. The two opinions, thus dismissed as far from satisfactory, are nevertheless the only rational ones hitherto advanced. It were waste of time to recapitulate all the fantastic theories which have been gravely propounded on the subject. A good summary of them is contained in Mr. Britton's fourth volume of 'Architectural Antiquities,' and to it we refer the curious. Mr. Hope has confined his notices to a few only of the most notorious. The

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absurdities of Dr. Warburton, and Sir James Hall, who fancied a vegetable type, are fully exposed, though it is perhaps slaying the slain.

'Warburton's idea, therefore,' in his concluding words, 'more worthy of a fanciful novelist than of a grave divine and critic, should be discarded by others, as it was ultimately by himself; and as the objections to the entire tree, with root and branches, of the English bishop, apply equally to the insulated post and twigs of the Scotch baronet, we shall leave them to strike what roots and put forth what branches they can.'—p. 373.

Not less whimsical is Murphy's reasoning on the origin of the pointed style, published in his Introductory Essay on the Batalha Church; and as far removed from truth as even that is Dr. Milner's discovery of a type in the accidental interlacings of round arches. So far was the reverend archæologist carried out of his depth, in his anxiety to establish this theory, that the building, and the very point of the building, from whence the whole world derived Gothic architecture, were boldly fixed upon—in utter ignorance that similar combinations of arches were still visible in many Lombard structures of much earlier date than St. Cross at Winchester. But to expose the utter futility of the whole hypothesis, 'that from such superficial pointings arose, not only the arches, but all the other peculiar subsequent modifications exclusively belonging to the architecture known to us by the name of Gothic,' the perusal of the 34th chapter of the work under review will be amply sufficient.

A more important question remains:—Which nation of Europe was the originator of Gothic architecture? France, Germany, Spain, and England have all put forward their claims. Mr. Hope's inferences are drawn from the history, chronological and artistic, of the different countries, and from more valuable information afforded by the appearance, tendency, and internal qualities of the new fashion itself; and he is decidedly of opinion that England can, on no ground, lay claim either to the invention, to priority in its adoption, or to superlative excellence in its practice.

'It must be evident to all who have had an opportunity of comparing the different principal species of pointed edifices, in all the various countries possessing such, and who are not blinded by national prejudice—first, that, of the features of this style, such as clustered columns, pointed arches, groined vaults, taken each insulatedly and separately, and unconnected in a single complete system, the Continent affords much earlier specimens; secondly, that, of these different parts connected in one general consistent system, and wholly void of all mixture with features of the round styles, France, and Germany especially, offer examples, each in its peculiar sort earlier than

those in England: that, on the contrary, England, so far from affording the first, almost always exhibited the last specimens of every new modification introduced in the pointed style; that while England cannot show a single peculiarity in which some earlier instance may not be shown abroad, many of the later variations which arose in Italy, Germany, France, or the Netherlands, never reached the British shore.'—pp. 401, 2.

Concurring in the greater part of these views, we dissent from Mr. Hope's summary denial of all originality to England. There is certainly a modification of the style peculiar to our soil: it is that which, as it chiefly flourished under the Tudors, may be aptly designated by their name; but it is precisely that one modification wherein the greatest aberration from the true principles of pointed architecture is remarked—that in which the slanting lines and acute angles, its most essential elements, are everywhere supplanted by the level line and the rectangle, and by flat or very obtuse terminations, and square compartments enclosing depressed arches.

'Our sacred edifices,' Mr. Hope proceeds, 'which, like the cathedrals of York, Lincoln, Wells, Winchester, Worcester, Gloucester, Litchfield, Westminster, and others, show the beauties of the pointed style most conspicuously, if analysed, will be found to display its elegancies in detached parts, not only unconnected with, but discordant from, the style of other parts; and which indicate the ideas for them to have been borrowed piecemeal from other quarters; rather than in that grand accordance of all the parts and unity of the whole, which mark an indigenous original conception, from which every detail flows alike, as from the same copious source; such as may be seen in the more celebrated edifices in the pointed style in France, Germany, and Italy; those of Abbeville, St. Omer, Amiens, Beauvais, Rouen, Paris, Rheims, Chartres, Bourges, Bourdeaux, Dijon, Toul, Strasburg, Cologne, Ulm, Ratisbon, and Milan. In England, in most of the pointed churches, the low roofs and gable ends—and in most of the steeples, the square summits—and, still more, the obelisk spires clapped on them as a separate appendage that might equally be added or not, and appears nothing more than an after-thought, independent of and long after added to the original design*—are all modifications, evidently borrowed from and adapted to the Italian style; not pointedly fitted for a country liable to heavy snow-falls. Less harmonising with, less spontaneously and insensibly growing out of a substructure, and vaulting narrow, sharp, elongated, and aspiring, by which they are supported, and upon which they rise; they appear as parts borrowed from a country different from that where

* In the case of Salisbury cathedral, which has been often cited as exhibiting the most consistent and uniform style of Gothic architecture, the spire was not erected till nearly a century after the completion of the body; and is of an entirely different character.

these arches themselves arose; they do not show the design of these buildings as, in their whole, conceived on the spot where they stand—such as in Germany those immense cathedrals, whose roofs—and those stupendous steeples, whose summits—like those of Strasburg, Cologne, Frankfort, Ulm, Ratisbon, and Vienna, seem, from the very foundation of the building, to have been considered as integral parts of the design, to grow out of the very base, and to begin that pyramiding which is only to end at their highest apex. Finally, whatever fine specimens of the pointed style England may possess in that art, which is one of necessity—architecture—stand insulated, unconnected with, unresembled, unconfirmed in the originality they claim, by any body of specimens in the other arts of elegance less indispensable, such as sculpture, painting, miniature and manuscript writing, all in the same peculiar style, all alike notoriously indigenuous, offering the same characteristics, evidently proceeding from the same abundant source, the same school, which are calculated to prove, through the analogy, the equally native source of that architecture. All these, on the other hand, France, in some degree, Germany, in a more remarkable manner, displays.'—p. 404-406.

'Thus England can on no grounds whatever claim the conception of the pointed style, as a grand whole, connected and harmonising in all its parts: we shall even see that it is perhaps, among the countries which adopted it, one of the farthest removed from its source; one of those which admitted it last, and which displayed it with less vastness, and less variety; as must be notorious to all those who have travelled in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and have seen the magnificent monuments that fill most of these countries; and have heard of those others, no longer existing, which graced them before their revolutions, civil and religious.'—pp. 408, 409.

In corroboration of this, take Möller's criticism on our most admired cathedral—that of York:—

'As the English lay such positive claims to the merit of having invented and improved the pointed-arch style, a closer examination of this church will not be superfluous. Its main forms, the low gable-roof, and the flat towers, evidently belong to a southern style of building. The whole ornamental system, on the contrary, is of northern origin, and stands in evident contradiction to these leading forms. The pointed gable which crowns the middle window, and is repeated in all the ornaments of the edifice, does not harmonise with the flat gable of the roof. The flat roofs of the towers correspond as little with the other parts of the building; they should have necessarily terminated in pyramids, as all the smaller towers of the aspiring pillars have the pyramidal form. All this shows the incongruous mixture of two perfectly heterogeneous styles of building; and prejudices us so much the less in behalf of the originality of the English ecclesiastic architecture—as, at the time when York Minster was built, the German churches already displayed the completest development of the art.'—*Essay on Gothic Architecture*, p. 79. This

This is not merely an opinion—it is an incontrovertible fact—as any good print will testify; and be it always remembered that York is not an exception—the defect here pointed out is the rule, the characteristic of our pointed-arch style. In the towers of Gloucester, Bath, Ripon, Lincoln, Durham, Canterbury, &c., and of a host of parochial and collegiate churches, the same unpleasing discordance of horizontal with raking and vertical lines, and of pointed with truncated forms, may be seen.

The spire crowning the tower is a common feature in a few of our countries: upon the frequency of its occurrence, some have asserted it to be an *English* feature; and Mr. Hosking, speaking of the continent, declares it to be almost unknown there, except in Normandy. Let us see upon what foundation this assertion has been hazarded. In France the spire is found almost everywhere; in Germany it is frequent; in Flanders it abounds, crowning alike the town-house and church belfry, and often other buildings; and, in Alsace, and other provinces bordering the Rhine, it is a common feature even of churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Thus much for fact. As to quality, what are the most beautiful in England, confronted with the great, transparent, yet solid spires of Germany? There are those of Fribourg, Bötzen, Eslingen, Münster, Thann, Vienna, and Strasburg, as light and curiously wrought as filigree or trellis-work; and of still more surpassing beauty would have been those of Ulm, and Cologne, and Mechlin, and many others, if completed according to the extant designs. We might cite others in France. But steeples are not confined to the north only; beyond the Pyrenees, we see, in the twin spires at Burgos, and in those of Leon cathedral, and of the church of Batalha, a perfection of open work superior to anything that we can adduce in rivalry from our own country. The spire of St. Mary's, at Oxford, with its rich cluster of pinnacles at the springing, is perhaps the one where the spirit of the style is best evinced; where the auxiliary and leading lines are in the best accord; but even in these respects it is as inferior to the steeples of Vienna and Antwerp as it is in magnitude.

'Not only,' says our author, 'in antecedence of date, of each development and modification of the style, is the claim of Germany preferable—but it there also attained its fullest bloom and perfection.'

Mr. Hope supports this position with accumulated proofs; we can only stop to notice a few of them. It is certain that the free towns of Germany were the first established in the north of Europe—that they soon became rich and powerful—

'that the trades and arts became incorporated into guilds, and were gifted by their princes with privileges and immunities; that the masons and builders were among the foremost to aggregate themselves,

as they had previously done in Italy; and that the Germans are the nation of Europe who, since the ancients, at least out of Italy, are the most signalized in inventions. Moreover, they were the first in the north to have a school of painting, chasing, engraving, and miniature, of their own; and, in a manner, are the only nation who, in the productions of each of these arts alike showed a particular fondness for the introduction of that same peculiar species of ornamental forms which we find in the pointed architecture. It is exemplified in everything; and even in their written characters, still in use, composed of rigid perpendicular lines, connected with sharp cusps, angles, and pediments.

'The Germans and Lombards, having a mutual sovereign, were brought into frequent contact. A rivalry ensued in taste, ideas, and arts, manifested in the new forms and modifications affected by the former, even in what they borrowed from Italy. The most celebrated structures of Germany offer, in all their component parts, piers, buttresses, pillars, arches, vaults, roofs, spires, and pinnacles, from the lowest foundation to the highest superstructure, in a degree unequalled elsewhere, a compactness, consistency, and harmony with each other; a gradual growth of the higher out of the lower, and *pyramiding*; an intention, announced from the lowest, and fulfilled to the very highest, of making every part tall, and sharp, and aspiring alike; proving that, even before the first and lowest was commenced, the size, and form, and weight, and pressure of the loftiest and last must have been calculated.

'In Germany, and in Germany alone, the more celebrated structures in the pointed style, whether churches or steeples, not only possess, in all their component parts, a harmony with and adaptation to each other, but, moreover, in all these component parts, both low and high alike, through their uniform spiriness and sharpness, manifest a peculiar fitness for a climate exposed to heavy snow-falls, that require to be prevented from resting upon and weighing down their coverings, and are better contrived to obviate this inconvenience than the pointed edifices of any other country. In Germany, and in Germany alone, we have, among the archives of chapters, found actual working drawings of edifices erected, or to be erected, on such a scale, and so complete and minute, as to prove that on the spot, and among the local lodges of freemasons, existed, as well the head that invented as the hand that executed those monuments.'—p. 417.

We think Mr. Hope's argument on this whole subject unanswerable; but we are still inclined to think that, in some respects, he has not judged English pointed architecture altogether fairly. Allowing a superior character to the finest continental structures, there surely are many specimens in this kingdom well worthy of claiming our admiration; and we conceive the author would not, on reflection, have cited with praise Bath,—one of our poorest cathedrals,—and yet omitted all mention of Wells, Salisbury, and the fronts

fronts of Peterborough and Lincoln. Most of our cathedral churches, moreover, have advantages over those of foreign countries, in a better state of preservation and completion in all their parts. The grove, the lawn, the gate-house tower, the trim gardens of the close, and the quiet cloisters, rarely accompany a German or a French cathedral. Mr. Hope could not but feel how greatly these accompaniments assist the 'genius loci;' how much their presence or their absence must influence the mind of the beholder. If we look abroad, what is the condition of the cathedrals of Ulm, Metz, Rouen, Troyes, Lyons, and many others? Some are dilapidated and tottering to their fall, and almost all are hemmed in by the houses of narrow streets, with their flanks and east-ends beset by hovels and workshops, or made the receptacles for all the filth of the neighbourhood.

To return to the main question. Some exclusive admirers of English art particularly dwell on the striking superiority of our *interiors* over those of every other country. But does this superior splendour consist in small proportions; in the low roof, frequently not more than half the height of the great continental cathedrals; in a single pair of aisles; in the square termination of the eastern end; in the absence of the gorgeous marygold windows; and, instead of a continuous view, in having the lengthened vista of the nave cut short by the obtrusive choir-skreen or rood-loft? Is there more to admire in these features than in the vast and lofty aisles of the Continent, where every part is carried to the utmost height—in the intricacy that results from the double aisles and from the quadruple rows of piers,—a forest of shafts;—in the lines of arcades which open into the side chapels—in the three tiers of windows—in the unincumbered spaciousness, where the eye may range at large, and be carried down the long perspective of columns without stop or hindrance to the remotest part—to the farthest walls;—in the three immense circular windows, the eyes of the aisles, in the language of native writers,—whereby vast bodies of subdued and coloured light are poured into the church through a web of tracery in stone? Is not the effect of the polygonal chevet, or round apsis, manifestly superior to the square and truncated form?—

'Those east ends where, from the pillars placed in a semicircle, rise ribs, all concentrated into a single point, and forming, with the zone of tall windows, a gorgeous lantern of light, are seen in almost all the fine continental churches; our Canterbury and Westminster show only very imperfect embryos.'

We cannot but agree with Mr. Hope that these interiors surpass the English in every respect, save only in the less frequent occurrence of rich vault-groining. It would be difficult to point out

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out any foreign pattern of fretwork so graceful and elaborately beautiful as the fan-tracery of the Tudor age. The one most worthy to be opposed to it is that which is perfectly exemplified in the little chapel of the Hotel de Cluny, at Paris,—the vault appearing to be overspread with a tissue of embroidery: on the other hand, we cannot cite a purer specimen of the fan-pattern than is seen in the cloisters of Gloucester.

'Some will say,' observes Mr. Hope, 'that if the French first introduced the pointed architecture in England, the English subsequently, at least, returned the gift by carrying it back into France in an improved state; will quote the vulgar belief of the French themselves, that all the fine Gothic churches built in Guienne and the other western provinces of France, while possessed by the English kings, were designed by English architects. But, in the first place, many of the English kings themselves were French by birth or by descent; in the second place, in the cities of France occupied by the English, not only the arts were still exercised by the French, but the municipal offices were retained by them; the bodies, secular and ecclesiastical, were governed by native principals; the designers of sacred edifices were, as elsewhere, taken from among the ecclesiastics of the country and of the community for which the formation was destined. And the English, who undertook not those sacred edifices—who bore not the expense of them—who in small numbers occupied an insecure position, were constantly disturbed, and frequently expelled—who in their own country showed no preference for their own architects, can, by no rule of probability, be supposed to have employed these in France, where finer Gothic churches exist than any we possess.'—p. 408.

It is manifestly absurd to say, that because certain buildings arose in Normandy and Aquitaine under the rule of English princes, therefore they were the works of Englishmen. The emblazonry of King Edward's arms, still fresh on the vault-ribbing of Bayonne cathedral, does not prove that the roof, or any part, was designed by an English architect. Cross the Pyrenees, and we find ecclesiastical architecture closely analogous to that of France: if any weight be given to the vulgar opinion in the one case, then ought the cathedral of Burgos, the Carthusian and Franciscan churches there—the cathedrals of Leon, Segovia, Barcelona, &c. &c.—to be also the work of our countrymen—an absurdity which has never been maintained. Those authors, again, who have lightly asserted that little was done in France, and nothing of consequence, in Gothic architecture, after the cessation of the connexion between the two countries, could not have observed with their eyes what their feet must have stumbled over along all the high roads to Italy. Take a line of country at random;—between our own coast and Paris we have Abbeville, Beauvais, Amiens, St. Denys; and on the St. Omer road there are Aire, Arras, Peronne, Compiègne, Senlis, Vincennes,

cennes, St. Victor, and several churches in and about Paris; all exhibiting work posterior to the loss of our possessions in that country. Travelling southward, we have Villeneuve, Melun, Sens, Auxerre, Dijon; Soissons, Chalons, Ville Franche, Vienne, Lyons, Aix, &c. In another direction, from Picardy to Alsace, there are the cathedrals of St. Quentin and Metz; the church of St. Rhemi at Rheims; Notre Dame de l'Espine, near Chalons; those of Toul, and of St. Nicolas du Pont, near Nancy; all offering rich additions of, and some entirely built in, the latest and most florid continental—the 'flamboyant' style—of which we have no example. It were endless to enumerate monuments; suffice it to say, that there is scarcely a town—(except those, like Cambrai and Marseilles, which have lost nearly all vestiges of the middle ages in the storm of the revolution)—that does not possess something of importance belonging to the period in question.

By what general term, then, ought we to denote all the forms and processes of building, emanating from that which arose in Europe in the thirteenth century? We are humbly of opinion that the name first used by the Italians on the '*resorgimento*' of the arts, and continued in the same sense by them, and by the Spaniards, to the present time, is, after all that has been said and written, the fittest and the best:—'*German architecture*'—'*maniera-Tedesca*'—or '*Gotico-Tedesca*;' the *Gotico* here having no precise reference to the Goths, but simply meaning '*barbarous*.' To Mr. Hope's '*pointed style*' there is no objection of consequence. Since, however, it is unquestionably true, that '*Gothic architecture*' is the most generally-received term, and has prevailed over all others, we see no sufficient reason to disturb its prescriptive right.

Our author proceeds to discuss at length the abandonment, and causes for the abandonment, of the pointed forms, and the gradual substitution of the antique. The often-repeated opinion, that art owed its revival to the dispersion of the Greeks after the fall of Constantinople, originated, he says, with the Italians themselves. Little mindful of what themselves had achieved during the middle ages, they extended, at this epoch, their admiration of the philosophy and literature of the old Greeks to the unworthy inheritors of their name. It will be found, that the first impulse to the resumption of a taste for the works of the ancients had been given long before the overthrow of the Eastern empire. And, moreover, it is evident, from a comparison of the state of the arts in the two countries, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, that the attainments of the Italians had all through that period been above the standard of their Byzantine rivals. We agree with Mr. Hope, that

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'To attribute to these Greeks the new love for arts and literature, which, after so many centuries of indifference, arose in Italy, is to do them too great honour.'—p. 514.

The honour is certainly to be given mainly to the Tuscans—Gaddi, Orcagna, Arnolfo, the Pisani, Masuccio, Cimabue, Giotto, and Masaccio prepared the way for Ghiberti and Donato, Brunelleschi and Alberti. The genius of these great revivers, enlightened by deep reflection and the study of the ancient monuments extant in their country, owed little or nothing to the artistic lessons of Constantinople. Yet in all this we must not be suspected of any wish to depreciate the salutary influence of certain learned exiles, who, after the fall of Palæologus, repaid the hospitality of Italy by further stimulating and enlightening her admiration of the master-pieces of Greek literature, and thus most powerfully advancing the already commenced 'march of intellect' and of taste in all departments.

Our limits do not allow us to examine in detail the subsequent, although practically that is much the most important, section of Mr. Hope's work. We must, however, find room for his brilliant analysis of the first scion that sprung from the revived stock of what he—(perhaps not with complete accuracy or justice)—calls '*Grecian Architecture*:'—

'A mere masquerade under ancient features, rather than a true imitation of the ancient principles in building, produced these lineaments. Whatever might be the extent and vastness of the whole, the parts still were made to look like a collection of miniature models. Like every tyro in a new science, who, proud of his acquirements, wishes to display all he has learnt, and by that means only shows that he has not yet learnt all, the new architects seemed to make each new building a pattern-book only of all the different ancient orders. The minuteness of the sub-divisions and the lowness of the relief might be well enough calculated to give to buildings really small, and only intended to be seen from a short distance, an appearance of size; but, from the flatness, the low relief of the different members, the total want of that boldness, that projection, that breadth of light and shade, necessary to produce a distant effect, it left those really large, tame, and insipid; and as the want of strong contrast of light and shade was often supplied by the juxtaposition of a great variety of materials and colours, it frequently resembled a painted more than a real architecture. Those imitations of animal and vegetable life—of nature and of art, made to grow out of each other in the most whimsical manner, which Vitruvius describes as already in his time superseding all other architectural decorations of a chaster sort—which the excavations of ancient baths and other subterraneous structures had again brought to light—which thence had at first received the appellation of *grotesques*, or *ornaments found in grottoes*—in its original sense more appropriate than that which fathers them upon

upon the Arabs, who shrink from the representation of animated nature—were embroidered in unbounded profusion on every panel and frieze of pilasters, entablatures, and other members. To these were still added, for greater richness, separate medallions and tablets, often in bronze, porphyry, serpentine, and gilding, and even imitations of gems, so that the whole had not only a gay, but frequently a meretricious appearance, little suited to edifices of a sober and sedate character; and which, nevertheless, was applied without discrimination to buildings of every sort: witness the monastery of the Certosa near Pavia, the palace of one pope at the Vatican, and the mausoleum of another in the Apostoli; but though a would-be imitation of the antique, this style has, from the era in which it particularly flourished in Italy, received the name of the Cinque-cento style.—pp. 532, 533.

As the so-called *Louis-Quatorze* style, in fact an Italian bantling of the Borromini school, though reared to its full stature in France, has once again begun to be the rage here in England—we think our readers will be glad to see in what estimation it was held by Mr. Hope. In this style, he says,—

‘If, of the leading and essential members of architecture the shapes were distorted, still more were those surfaces and outlines, those mouldings and details, of a lighter and a more purely ornamental sort, which are, as it were, their last and brightest embroidery and fringe, destined to experience every species of contortion. In every material, and in every art susceptible of the influence of a taste either pure or corrupted; in wood, in stone, in metal, in porcelain, in glass, nay, in the tissue of the different stuffs that serve for furniture or for clothing; in architecture, sculpture, painting, chasing, jewellery, embroidery, and weaving; in the temple and the tomb; in the exterior and interior of houses; in vehicles and in vessels; in floors, walls, and ceilings; in the stationary parts and in the loose furniture; in the altar and the sideboard; in the chair, table, chimney-piece, chandelier, scone, and picture-frame; in the priest’s surplice, the lady’s flounce, and the gentleman’s lace ruffle: in the chalice and the snuff-box, the vase and the salver, the ring and the bracelet—not only all those accurate and faithful imitations of actual productions, animate or inanimate, of nature or of art, which even the arabesques still show, and which are pleasing to the eye and the mind—but even all regularity, all definiteness of surface and shape, all forms decidedly round, or square, or smooth, or projecting, or straight, or angular—were abandoned for a sort of irregular, uncertain, involved outline, nowhere showing a decided continuation or a decided break, and for an unmeaning *appliqué* of clumsy scroll-work, which spread like an ulcer, from the rapidity of its confection, and the slight degree of skill, taste, or imagination necessary to its execution; which, like a cancer, ate into every moulding, and corroded every surface, and nowhere left simplicity, variety, unity, contrast,

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or symmetry. This taste, too, like all the former born in Italy, soon passed into France. It graced the dotage of the fourteenth Louis, whose youth had seen better things. From France it spread like wild-fire all over the Continent, and was wafted across the channel to the British shores, where—as it is well shown in Italy in the modern part of Piranesi's prints, and in France in the pictures of Watteau—it is happily exemplified in the furniture of Hogarth's compositions, and known by the name of the old French taste. Though Italy has the credit of the invention, its proper name should be the inane or frippery style.—p. 557-559.

Strong as is this denunciation of a taste now unfortunately the fashion of the day, it deserves no more lenient treatment—it is no better than a mere methodized system of deformity, reducible to no other rule or principle but that of an abhorrence of all true geometrical forms—the only elements of beauty in architectural composition. We see a mixture of lines the most incongruous; the curve cut short in the midst of its course by the straight line, and the straight distorted from its direction, reverting again to the circumflex: nothing is continuous; and none of this maze of involved lines, fatiguing and perplexing the eye, can be unravelled or traced to a natural termination. There is a constant recurrence of every ugly angle, and nowhere the rectangle. All that is rational is reversed; we see weights tottering under shambling supports, and slight shelves and cornices sustained on thick and gouty piers and consoles: even the surfaces, when not flat, do not follow an easy undulation, but the level part suddenly rises into a swell, and as abruptly again subsides into a plane. Such conceits as these, and bouquets, and flames, and frills, and linen-folds, wrought in hard and solid material, it were endless to enumerate. This worst of French tastes, the returning light of reason has long since caused our neighbours themselves utterly to discard. Let us hope that its ill-placed admiration will be transient also among ourselves. All experience shows, that an affection for forms repugnant to the beau-ideal of the Greeks and Romans, be they Chinese, Egyptian, Dutch, or Gallic, is sure to be ephemeral; reason soon intervenes, and leads us back to truth.

Revived classic architecture would do little honour to Italy, if only to be estimated by what modern Rome contains. But—

'In other parts,' says Mr. Hope, 'there started up now and then an architect who, like Palladio, sought to stem the torrent of bad, and to construct edifices in a better taste. Many superb façades, concealed in the narrow streets and the most uncouth corners of Vicenza, still bear the marks of his sublime genius. It is singular, that—while Rome, where existed the finest and most numerous remains of ancient architecture, should have produced Fontana, Borromini, and Bernini, most remarkable for whim and extravagance—in the north of Italy should

should have arisen and flourished the only architect whose simplicity of style approached that of the best antique models.'—p. 555.

Who that has visited this little town will not, on reading our extract, recall to mind how often his eye has been arrested by the glimpse of some Palladian front, hemmed up in a narrow street; and the pleasing impression he received, as he observed the fine perspective of columns receding in nice order? There is a poetry in this master's compositions—they have nameless graces, and refinements of grace, which lay beyond precept—which must be felt; it is needless to attempt to define them for such as lack the soul to feel the charm which Palladio imparts to almost all he has touched. It has been urged that his orders are not Grecian, that his shafts are swollen and unfluted, that columns rise over columns in tiers, and are often engaged with the walls of the building. We reply that such defects are all instanced in his works,—but are not the attributes of his manner; and that the whole attention is too often given to mere accessories, whilst the positive intrinsic beauty is overlooked. But of what value are such objections, when Grecian monuments themselves are not free from them? In Pæstum, Agrigentum, and Athens, may be exemplified all the defects here mentioned; and we read in Pausanias of temples, no longer in existence, where Doric columns were surmounted by Corinthian. If, then, in the purest, in the only pure system of architecture the world has seen, such licences were allowed—and that in the simplest possible plan of building, a quadrangular enclosure of four walls—how much more may they be excused in the complicated scheme of a modern European palace? In matters such as these, intolerable dullness may be more correct than any Greek who ever lived; just as a pedagogue may write verses faultless as to quantity, but without the slightest touch of inspiration.

The orders laid down by Palladio possess no merit beyond the system of Vignola and other preceptors. But the orders are to architecture only what words are to language—the mere elements of expression; the great merit lies in their employment. If with instruments of little worth Palladio has accomplished much, our admiration ought to be proportionably augmented. In conception—in composition, apt, varied, and beautiful—in fertility of invention—in short, in all the higher qualities of the real architect, this master stands pre-eminent.

To enter into a short analysis of his manner—we observe that though the columns are seldom of the best form, they are almost always well spaced, and often, instead of being disposed in tiers of orders, reach to the crowning cornice; which important member sometimes breaks round the supports, but frequently runs the whole

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whole length of the front in a continued line. The pedestals under the columns are occasionally suppressed—an improvement upon the usual practice of his predecessors, which deserves notice. In the breadth of the piers between the windows—in truly calculating the relative proportions of void and solid space, and again of smooth and flat to the projections—the quantity of surface to receive light and shadow—Palladio's elevations* are eminently beautiful, and the projections so happy, that either to add or detract would infallibly mar the general effect. Scarcely any two of his fronts are divided in the same way, yet they are seldom unsatisfactory to the eye, proving in this how rule is nothing without a governing taste;—that, far from there being any absolute rule, a modification is demanded for almost every accident of locality. Beauty is relative as well as positive, and what is a defect in the abstract, may be even felicitous in certain circumstances. This relation of cause and effect, so important, and so little understood in modern composition, is pleasingly exemplified in the Villa Capra: any one who estimates the design of this little country-house from the geometrical drawings only, can have no idea of the appropriateness of the outline and form to the situation. There is yet another quality very conducive to beauty in an elevation, and very much overlooked by modern artists—that it looks not only well in a front, but also in oblique views. No one has mastered more completely the difficult art of profiling than Palladio. Lastly, in Italian palaces, as of old in the Roman, the sumptuousness of architecture is often chiefly displayed within the walls; but many criticisers of this master, apparently, have not often passed his thresholds.

It is to be lamented that this great man had not the opportunity which now every tyro enjoys, that of drawing from the monuments of Greece herself, as well as from the less pure remains of Italy. In that case, what he has done gives assurance that he would have left the art at his death nearer perfection than it now is, or seems likely soon to be. As it was, had he been equally favoured with some men of inferior intellect—his contemporaries—in the patronage of governments—had he been employed to erect squares and conduct operations on a large scale, he would, we cannot doubt, have bequeathed to posterity an art invested with

* A serious objection is made to the profusion of ornament on some of his elevations. Let us not be too hasty in condemning even this. The Greeks, scrupulous observers of simplicity of form, lavished on the walls sculpture, and even painted and gilded ornaments. But, in truth, Palladio is not answerable for what is thus condemned. It was the fashion of the day to indulge fancy in plaster figures and ornaments, as an accessory to architecture; and Vittoria, and other famous stuccoists, were generally invited to embody their fancies on the smooth walls raised by the architect.

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higher and more numerous beauties. Superior to intrigue, as he was in all other respects to his more fortunate brother-artists, it was his fate to be often supplanted by unworthy competitors. Da Ponte's heavy, tasteless bridge of the Rialto, for example, was preferred to his delightful design—a model at once of lightness and magnificence.

In assigning the supreme place and honour among artists, it can never be the question who is faultless, but who combines the greatest number of high qualities. By pointing out and dwelling on defects, by sedulously keeping out of sight positive beauties, a *primâ facie* case is easily made out against the very foremost, and more easily in architecture than in the other liberal arts. There is much, for instance, that is indefensible in all the elevations of the Farnese Palace at Rome, but it nevertheless commands our admiration as a stately fabric; for the character of a palace is well expressed; and more so by the completeness of design, than by the magnitude of the mass and correctness of detail. It is needless to deny the existence of faults in the Palladian system, but it is a quality of an enlarged understanding to consider the parts in conjunction with the whole; or, in other words, to comprehend the whole which suggested the parts. Then will the consistency, the harmony of the entire composition—that unison of parts with the end, which is so attractive, and which is beauty—cancel and absorb all objection in detail. We are more and more confident, from every day's experience, that those who reject his system have yet discovered no equivalent substitute; and the decriers of Italian art allow as much. In recommending the study of his works, we do not advocate a servile imitation—the copying his elevations—the disjoining and re-arranging his designs—but an imitation essential and characteristic; not to pilfer and tack together fragments—not to compile—but to compose; in short, to learn in what consists invention, and expression, which is the soul of invention.

The student who would profit by the inheritance of this school must bear in mind that architecture is quite as much a useful as a fine art—and that, the remains of Greece being almost solely of sacred edifices—mere varieties of an oblong cell—what may thence be learnt is restricted to little more than the superior beauty of two of the orders. No ideas of composition at all adequate to our exigencies can be derived from the buildings in question;* and those who pretend that they are to be compared, in point of

* This fact is even more strikingly exemplified in the interiors, than in the elevations of modern churches. Witness St. Pancras—Trinity, Marylebone—the New Church in North Audley-Street, &c.

utility and practical application, to the great variety of later developments of the art, suggested by the increasing demands of new conditions of society—never contemplated in Athenian philosophy—either deceive themselves, or would deceive others.

The Greek temples, in the first place, exquisitely beautiful so far as they go, were meant for a worship which did not require the presence of the multitude within the walls. They are all in the interior of very small dimensions; and, from a similar cause, they are equally poor as regards the means of obtaining light. In Christian churches, where a multitude congregate, ample space is demanded, and also an abundant supply of light to be transmitted through openings in the lateral walls, and not through the roof and doorway alone. These considerations suggested to the Roman Christians the superior advantages of the Basilican over the Temple form. The Roman basilica is the real archetype of modern churches; and if for such structures the Temple of the Greeks is inappropriate, much more must it be so for all domestic purposes. The architect of the present day may continue to observe as much Grecian severity of character as he chooses; but he ought to know that he has at his command resources, drawn from old Roman magnificence, and from the happy inventions of modern Italy, far greater than Greece can furnish; and he will do wisely not to debar himself from still further enriching his mind in other countries of Europe. In this way disciplined and instructed, if the aspirant to fame in his calling is capable of rising above a feeble practitioner, he will be strong enough to withstand the empiricism of the day, and advance the art by opening an abundant source of invention. Then, in pursuit of the grand, he will not rest in mere size and mass—ponderosity will not be mistaken for solidity, meagreness and debility for lightness and elegance, baldness for simplicity, perplexity for variety, insipidity for sobriety, nor deformity for symmetry and beauty.

At present all is unsettled—each professor has his idol; one rears a barn-like parish church, and would have Norman ugliness admired for its cheapness; another would revive the bastard style of King James, in street architecture, and raises up a tower-like house, as if to deter imitation; a third gentleman, fond of innovation and devoid of taste, may revert to Hindoo or Egyptian forms and ornaments. A large class are for the re-establishment of Gothic, blind to the fact, which they demonstrate by their own practice, that the spirit of the style and the ability so to build have departed from us, as much as the social state which inspired them. There are others, and they are, as has already been hinted, an increasing sect, who can endure the ravings of Borromini, and would imitate the French vagaries of the same school. But the

loudest voices denounce all that is not Grecian; and the would-be Greek productions prove a total inability in the preceptors to sustain or follow their own precepts. One pernicious consequence of prescribing a too rigid code is becoming daily more palpable. Many artists—some in despair, others warned by the general disapprobation of the works of the Greekists, and refusing obedience to such poor examplars—run into the opposite extreme, and indulge in every whim and licence. All these would be arbiters of national taste; and all, at variance one with the other, conspire to prevent the establishment of a sound enduring system of architecture. In proportion as pseudo-Greek is in the ascendant, so is Roman art slighted, and falling into disrepute; but it is well to remember this truth, that we, who approximate nearer the wealth of old Rome than any other modern nation, not only do not rival her greatness and taste in our edifices, but are actually falling behind other states, whose resources are as limited as ours are boundless. The young artist, who ventures to see and judge for himself, will be in no danger of despising that band of men of almost universal genius who graced Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It would be anomalous in the history of the human mind, that a country which produced the master-works of sculpture and painting, should have remained sterile of talent in the one remaining art of design. Young men must learn not to bow too submissively to the popular names of their own contemporaries. Artists of unquestionable talents, but unconsciously blinded by preconceived notions of excellence, have often published very foolish opinions. Witness Roubiliac—a man of genius, and a most skilful sculptor: late in life he visited Italy, and found he had nothing to learn; to the last, true to his false principles, he continued to prefer his own flimsy, starched drapery, to the breadth and natural fall of Michael Angelo's and Raphael's folds; and never made the discovery, now evident to all, that he had mistaken, in his statues of Shakspeare and Handel, conceit for dignified posture, and distortion for inspiration.

We trust that some learned artist, and not one but many, will zealously endeavour to avert the evil wherewith the art is threatened by the uncertainty, confusion, and derangement that now surround it—that they will interpose a corrective influence to obviate the danger of a complete corruption in our public taste; and help us, in Mr. Hope's words, 'to get rid betimes of a pernicious notion of our own prodigious superiority—a notion fatal to improvement, and which is now held as a rule of faith by a very large and powerful class.' We see no other salvation than in acknowledging the whole range of classic architecture, whether in Greece, in antient or in modern Italy, to be the legitimate source

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of knowledge: We should thus render available to instruction all that the civilization of those countries has produced, and give the widest possible expanse to genius; but at the same time we should enjoin the avoiding of all heterogeneous mixtures—the constant observance of fitness of character and consistency throughout—of the relation of all the parts, one to another, and each to the whole; and last, not least, the shunning of a scrupulously affected purism—scarcely less baneful than the opposite extreme, licentiousness. Thus may a truly national style be created, as uniform in principle, as capable of endless variety in practice. In the hope of such a consummation we confidently rest, and gladly bear testimony once more to Mr. Hope's distinguished services towards its attainment.

ART. IV.—*Correspondence d'Orient*, 1830, 1831. Par M. Michaud, de l'Académie Française, et M. Poujoulat. Vols. I. to V. Paris, 1833-4.

M. MICHAUD, the well-known historian of the Crusades, had meditated a more complete and elaborate account of his travels in the East: the state of his health, and the fatal influence of the recent revolution on his fortunes, have compelled him to abandon this design, and to publish his correspondence with his private friends, of which the fifth volume now lies before us. The first of the series contains letters written during his voyage, up to his arrival on the plain of Troy; the second those from the shores of the Hellespont and Constantinople; the third those on the road from Constantinople to Jerusalem; the fourth and the fifth (with the sixth yet unpublished) embrace those written from Palestine, Syria, and Egypt.

However we may regret the circumstances which have interfered with the accomplishment of M. Michaud's more ambitious project, we doubt whether we should not have made a disadvantageous exchange, if these agreeable letters, written with all the freshness and animation of the author's daily impressions and feelings, had been wrought up into a stately and laboured book of travels.

M. Michaud is of the old school in politics and religion. However his opinions on the first head may be unsuited at present to the meridian of Paris, his ardent though liberal Christianity is an excellent qualification for a traveller in the East, most especially in Palestine. There is something very touching in his allusions to the misfortunes of his patrons and friends. We pity that man whose heart is so hardened, and his moral sense rendered so obtuse by party feeling, as not to admire the honourable fidelity with

with which the Carlist man of letters, the consistent loyalist, adheres to the fallen fortunes of his political friends, and contemplates the vicissitudes of power and distinction with a wise and religious melancholy. 'If he had written what might be called a work,' M. Michaud modestly says, 'he would have dedicated it to the minister to whom he had been indebted for valuable encouragement.'

'It would have been pleasant to address flattery to misfortune, and to utter my gratitude through the bars of a prison. I trust, notwithstanding, that Prince Polignac will find herein the expression of those sentiments of attachment which no revolution can weaken; I shall consider myself happy, if, from the distant countries of the East, I can bring him, I will not say an enjoyment, but a distraction; and the best fortune I can wish for my book and for myself will be to occupy for some hours the studious leisure of his captivity.'

M. Michaud was at Toulon preparing for his voyage during the scenes of joyous festival which celebrated the embarkation of the expedition against Algiers. Some dark presentiments even then overshadowed his mind.

'If it be true that we have always some hope in the time of misfortune, we have always some fear to chequer our days of happiness. During my stay at Toulon I saw General Bourmont almost every day; we had formerly known each other in the prison of the Temple, in that prison where every stone was prophetic of calamity. Since that time our lives had experienced every vicissitude of fortune; and by a singular destiny, behold! each now found himself at the head of a crusade; M. de Bourmont commanding a noble army, and preparing an invasion in which the genius of Charles V. had failed; I finishing my career as an historian by a more modest expedition, and setting out with the pilgrim staff and scrip to follow the tracks of the crusaders whose exploits I had related. Our present situation did not blind either of us; and the future presented itself through our old recollections of the Temple. General Bourmont was occupied with the preparations for his great crusade, and had no time for other thoughts. But I, who had not so many preparations to make, had time to meditate on the uncertainty of human affairs.'

Among the literary friends to whom these letters are addressed, appears the name of M. Bazin, the author of a very clever work, 'L'Epoque sans Nom.' It contains a set of sketches of Parisian society and manners, from the highest to the lowest classes, written in the character of a loungee—the nearest word which we can think of to answer to *flaneur*—very graphic, full of quiet irony, and not altogether very favourable to the change which took place at the Revolution of the Three Days.

But though the political connexions of M. Michaud thus transpire occasionally in his correspondence, his views on the singular revolutions now operating in the East, must be allowed by even the

the most liberal of his readers to be full of good sense and moderation. He appears to have laid himself out to obtain information from all classes and nations, Turks, Greeks, and Franks, about their present feelings and opinions. There are many passages instructive as well as amusing upon the state of regenerated Greece, Turkish reform, and Egyptian political economy. But the great charm of the book is the colouring which it has taken from the author's former studies. Though keenly alive to the old classical associations which haunt the shores of Greece and Asia Minor, M. Michaud, and his young disciple M. Poujoulat, who seems to have been fully impregnated with the spirit of his master, are constantly starting off into the antiquarianism of the middle ages. In the Morea and in Asia Minor, they willingly abandon Leonidas and Achilles to follow the steps of Villehardouin, of Conrad, or of Frederick the Swabian. Even in Palestine, though strongly impressed with Christian reverence for those scenes which have been ennobled by a holier presence, they still find time to trace the fields in which Godfrey and English Richard planted the triumphant banner of the Cross. We are glad that an example is thus set to future travellers to turn some part of that attention which has so long been exclusively bestowed on the monuments of classic times, and the illustration of the Greek and Roman writers, to these, very often the most picturesque, and by no means the least interesting remains of antiquity. In Italy, it is sometimes extremely disappointing, that while the guide-books and the ordinary volumes of travels are full of trite quotations, and lavish of their erudition on every field, on every stone, which is connected with Roman antiquity, we seek in vain for information on the history of some wild castle trembling upon a precipice, or some grey convent which bounds the horizon; yet each of these buildings is perhaps connected with times as eventful, or at least with exploits as stirring and adventurous, as those of the Roman age. All this, however, is to be wrought out by the traveller himself from the voluminous pages of Muratori, or those valuable local histories in which Italian literature is so rich, but which require no slight sacrifice of time and labour to work the way through their thick close-printed quartos. A guide-book or a volume of travels, which should devote itself in some part to the romantic antiquities of Italy, and perhaps of Greece, would be a companion which every intelligent traveller would receive with grateful welcome.

Before we illustrate the manner in which this 'ruling passion' for the picturesque and romantic associations of the middle ages kindles at once at the sight of any shore or country signalized by any remarkable scenes during the Crusades, we must pause to introduce a very pleasing specimen of the descriptive powers of
M. Michaud.

M. Michaud. If our translation does not mar the quiet simplicity of this passage, our readers will thank us for the extract.

'In the midst of this archipelago (the Lipari islands), the attention of the voyagers is fixed on Stromboli alone. Pliny has described this volcano; it existed long before his time, and its eruptions have never been interrupted to our own days. These eruptions are felt at very short intervals, with a regularity which may be compared to the beating of the pulse and the arteries in the human body. Naturalists will explain to you the causes of this phenomenon; I confine myself to the beauty of the scene. When we discovered the burning summit of Stromboli, night was beginning to fall; it was a favourable hour for contemplating the volcano with its crown of fire. That which we first saw was a luminous point, which showed itself every moment; then it was a mountain which kindled into a blaze, and at length the whole horizon reflected the flames which escaped from the crater. A great illumination in one of our cities, the conflagration of a forest on the heights of the Alps, would give you but a feeble notion of what we saw. The calm too detained us in front of this blazing mountain; through the whole night it has not ceased to murmur, to bellow, and to throw up into the air sulphur, bitumen, and burning rocks; and the sea was motionless, and the stars shone silently over our heads—all nature was in repose except Stromboli.'

The approach to Sicily is charmingly described, but our author is immediately busy with his old chroniclers, extracting a lively and picturesque narrative of the descent of our Richard I. upon the island. The following curious historical facts are worthy of preservation:—

'It was then that those times of revolution, which made her so often change her master, commenced in Sicily, and at length destroyed the sources of her prosperity.—[Surely Sicily had changed her masters, Greek, Mahometan, and Norman, frequently enough, and in very recent times before this.]—In order to ascertain the wealth possessed by that country in the twelfth century, it will be sufficient to know the terms on which the Sicilian monarch purchased the friendship, or rather the departure, of the King of England. Richard demanded a table of gold, twelve feet long, and a foot and a half wide—a tent of silk, in which two hundred warriors could sit down—eighty silver cups, eighty silver waiters or dishes (*disques*), sixty loads of wheat, sixty of barley, sixty of wine, two hundred ships with all their equipments, and provisions for two years. Never did victory exact so much. But what must have been the resources of a country on which such conditions could be imposed, and which could fulfill them! Things are much changed since that time; if Messina, Syracuse, and Palermo should be sold at present, they would not raise half the treasures carried away by Richard.'

The last is perhaps a bold assertion, but, after all, the most splendid period in Sicilian history was immediately subsequent to this

this time, the reign of the Emperor Frederick II. From Sicily we follow our author's vessel to the shores of Greece, but even in the bay of Pylos the remembrance of old Nestor, of the battle of Sphacteria, immortalized in the page of Thucydides, and that of Navarino, which awaits its immortality, cannot withdraw our author from his old allies. The comparison between Nestor and Nicholas of St. Omer is whimsically characteristic.

‘Our old chronicles inform us that Nicholas of St. Omer caused the castle of Navarin to be built, that is to say, he reconstructed the city of Pylos. One is delighted to see the name of Nestor mingled up with that of a knight of Picardy or Flanders: the former quitted Greece, with his sons, to fight under the walls of Troy; the knight of Picardy, with his family, quitted France to go to the conquest of Byzantium or Jerusalem. Nestor returned to his beloved Pylos; but the lords of St. Omer renounced their native country, to establish themselves in the sovereignty of Thebes and on the coast of Messenia. At present, what remains of Pylos or of ancient Navarin is a vast enclosure, surrounded by walls flanked with towers; these walls and tower, which call to mind the fortifications of feudal France, have not greatly suffered by the encroachments of time. Shrubs, plants, and grass grow in the deserted inclosure; serpents, tortoises, and grasshoppers are the last inhabitants of the city of Nestor and St. Omer.’

M. Michaud does not take a very sanguine view of the prospects of *regenerated* Greece. His visit took place during the negotiation with Prince Leopold, who had not yet abandoned all thought of the throne of Athens; but who since then, unlike the good knight of St. Omer, has preferred a palace in Flanders to the united kingdoms of Nestor, Agamemnon, and Theseus. King Otho had not yet been heard of as a candidate for the crown of Greece. There is much sound wisdom in the following observations:—

‘When we consider the population, almost entirely recruited from foreign countries, on all the shores of Greece, we regret not to find some agricultural settlers, some men fit to cultivate the soil; these are the men which the country wants; but all those who arrive bring only unproductive industry, and are urged by the necessity of living at the expense of others. All the inhabitants are traders or brokers; all these traders, the Greeks like the rest, aspire to nothing but to make the pay of the soldiers pass into their own purses, and behold in their deliverers only strangers by whom they may enrich themselves, or at least gain a few piastres. As to the French military men, they are melancholy and silent, a singular contrast with the notion entertained in France of the happiness which it is to live under the beautiful sky of Greece. The letters they receive are full of congratulations and expressions of envy at their lot. Their answers would, doubtless, be very curious to read; they must be full of grievances, of regrets, and all of the words in our language which express melancholy,

choly, solitude, and ennui. I have conversed with many of these brave soldiers. "Greece," said one of them to me, "is like the dome of the Invalides at Paris, all glittering with gilding, but we know what there is below."'

Unquestionably the cultivation of the soil, whether by natives or foreign settlers, must be the first element of Grecian prosperity; but in a country emerging from a struggle, in which its heroes were klephts, pirates, and foreign adventurers, how can the executive afford that security to the peaceful husbandman which can alone excite him to profitable industry? The king must maintain a powerful body of troops, or at least a strong military police, and how is that force to be kept up without taxation, which the impoverished country is utterly unable to bear? At best

'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;'

and young Otho, if he has at heart the improvement and happiness of his subjects, must have many a pang to disturb his repose. Nauplia, then the capital of emancipated Greece, and the residence of the President, Capo d'Istria, is described as crowded with an idle and miserable population—

'There were assembled men of every sort of pretension, and of every kind of misfortune. It had become the asylum of all whom the war had ruined, and of all who could boast that they had helped to deliver their country; the former came to solicit indemnifications, the latter rewards in money and in power.'

Besides these higher mendicants, there was a vast number of wretched and mutilated beggars, some with their hands, some with their tongues cut out, the victims of the fatal strife—a strife of which the horrible barbarity that could inflict such brutalities is the most unanswerable vindication.

'The greater part of the chiefs of the revolution live at Nauplia; they hate each other mortally; there is not one who would not condemn his rivals to exile, if he had the power, or who would not with his whole heart revive the ancient law of ostracism, in order to rid himself of all who are possessed of importunate renown or credit. The new capital of the Morea contains within its walls many primates, demogerontes, logotheti, nobles created by the pashas, and many families of princes which have been born under the shadow of the crescent; all these persons represent, *à merveille*, the vanity of the country, and for that purpose make a great stir. Another class of men, which is spread through all the provinces, and which is in the greatest number at Nauplia, are the *palicars*, a kind of militia formed in the time of the Turks, and which has fought with bravery in the cause of independence. This militia exacts the reward of its services with a spirit of haughtiness which might be considered revolt. They refuse to submit to the new discipline; and, though they receive pay, disdain to appear under the standards. Thus the Greek revolution has its janis-

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M. Michaud gives an amusing account of an interview with Capo d'Istrias. We must confess that we look with suspicion on all reports of such conversations between casual travellers, even of the high literary reputation of M. Michaud, and persons in authority. The traveller expects to be admitted into all secrets of state, and starts off at once upon principles of government; and if he is met either by civil indifference, or by that courtly dignity which to a high-bred and sensible man would at once convey a feeling of the impropriety of forcing such subjects upon a stranger in so peculiar a situation, he complacently considers that he has sounded the depth of the statesman's intellect, and measured the utmost extent of his views. Many a man conceives that he has confounded the understanding of a person in high station, whom he has only bored by his impertinence. There was more plain sense than novelty in the observation of M. Michaud, that it was only a small aristocracy, after all, which in Attica—(he might have added the like of all the Grecian republics)—occupied itself with the laws of the republic—while the soil was cultivated by a working class of four hundred thousand slaves. In modern Greece nobody works, and everybody would make and remake the laws. We think, however, that we discern a little of that fine irony which would delicately suggest the termination of such a conversation, in the proposal of Capo d'Istrias, which M. Michaud seems to have taken seriously, to turn the Greek into an industrious and active labourer by giving him an easier dress. The best plan (quoth the sly President) is to change their costume, and make them give up the 'fousanelle,' which cramps their motions and keeps them inactive!

Our travellers surveyed the greater part of the coast of the Peloponnese, Thrace, and the adjacent islands, only from the deck of their vessel, the *Loiret*; but M. Michaud made an excursion to the ruins of Tyrinthus; his friend, M. Poujoulat, to Argos and Mycenæ. On those vast Cyclopean monuments of anti-Hellenic civilization, they offer nothing either new or striking; they are much more at home in the exploits and conquests of Villehardouin and his chivalrous followers in the Morea. At Athens (our travellers sailed to that city from Nauplia) it is the same. We acknowledge that we looked with some apprehension at the title of a chapter headed 'The History of Athens;' but two pages contained all that relates to the great republic; the rest is occupied with the Catalans and the dukes of Athens. As to the present appearance of the ruins of the country, we were more struck with the following simple observation on the few snow-white pillars of the Temple

Temple of Minerva at Sunium, than by the description of the Acropolis and the Temple of Theseus. About these remains, M. Michaud felt more, and therefore wrote better :—

‘ I know not why, but the ruins of Sunium moved me more than those which we saw at Athens. Doubtless because here one is alone—there are no houses in the neighbourhood—and the barbarism of modern times does not disturb the recollections of antiquity. Solitude suits so well with ruins!—it is besides so good a safeguard—the desert so good a guardian.’

Smyrna has been too well and too frequently described by modern travellers to detain us over the pages of M. Michaud; nor must we linger over the plain of Troy, lest we should re-awaken the slumbering controversy which distracted the world of letters at the close of the last century. On the Homeric questions we have our own opinions, but we are in perfect charity with those of a different creed. M. Michaud, here, as in most points, is of the ancient faith; and, on the plain of Troy, who would not be glad to rid himself of any latent scepticism? The unity of the *Iliad* is a point on which we strenuously insist; and though we cannot boast a blissful ignorance of the heretical German criticisms, which have espoused the atomic theory on this head, we have read the enthusiastic language of M. Michaud with great pleasure :—

‘ We have now nothing more to see : in passing over the Troad, with Homer in my hand, I may say that I have enjoyed two pleasures at the same time : the aspect of the country has made me feel more vividly the beauties of the poet; and the country, seen through the colours of the poem, has offered me a spectacle which is ever new. Our perusal of Homer on the plain of Troy will ever dwell upon my memory, and I shall remember the bard of Achilles as a magnificent host, who has received me into the country of Ilion, and shown me all its wonders. I have never read the works of those learned men who have contested the very existence of the Prince of Poets, and who have drawn from the *Iliad* the conclusion, that Homer never existed; as certain atheists, from the universe, that there is no God. These learned men have been of opinion, that the wrath of Achilles and the war of Troy had inspired several different poets, and that their united songs have composed one immortal master-piece. The unity which exists in the poem of the *Iliad*, the order which so well connects all its parts, had at first led me to see only a hardy paradox in an opinion, which besides has no support in the authority of the ancients. But since I have read again the poem of Homer, in the presence of Mount Ida, on the shores of the Simois and the Xanthus, under the lovely sky of the Troad, so new and so bold an opinion has appeared to me still more strange. When we perceive the face of these countries so faithfully represented in every book of the *Iliad*, we feel persuaded that it must have been necessary to see the places, to unite such lofty poetry with so much truth and accuracy. Now if

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this master-piece of epic poetry, as they state, is the work of several authors, we must admit that all these authors had visited the scene of these events, that they had all seen the same things in the same manner; for in every part of the poem there is the same local colouring, the same sky, the same nature, the same aspect of the country. So perfect an agreement between several different poets would be almost a miracle. I have not sufficient books with me to discuss to the bottom such a question; but on my return to France, I am desirous to occupy myself seriously with it, if jealous politics will still permit us to employ ourselves with literature. As a return for all the pleasures which Homer has given me, how delightful it would be to give him back his name, and to make my voice heard in favour of the divine poet whom they would despoil of his glory!

We will engage, when it appears, to pay due attention to M. Michaud's vindication of Homer, even at the peril of reviving the aforesaid formidable controversy. Unfortunately, this controversy betrays so much discrepancy in the views of those who have traced the local scenery of Homer in the Troad, as in great degree to neutralize the value of their testimony to his truth and exactness. Though all agree in the exquisite truth of Homer's local descriptions, they are so prone to dispute the site of every particular scene—the fig-tree, the Scæan gate, the course of the Simois and of the Scamander, and even the 'whereabouts' of Troy itself—that we are tempted to doubt whether it is not the perfect fidelity of the poet to the truth of general nature which enables the imaginative reader to find the scene of his descriptions wherever he is disposed to seek it.

The local magnificence and the external appearance of Constantinople may seem dangerous and almost forbidden ground, since the descriptions of Gibbon and the author of 'Anastasius.' Byron's fine sketch of the Dardanelles, with its light and graceful shipping, (in his controversy with Bowles,) equally sets at defiance the host of modern travellers, who would re-touch his inimitable picture. Yet the following observations place even the view of Constantinople in rather a new light:—

'That which strikes European travellers the most, when they arrive at Constantinople, is the oriental character of the city; a character which it received from its Mahometan population, transplanted from Asia, with their customs, their industry, and even their architecture. Take away from the city of Stamboul that which proclaims the presence and the dominion of the Turks—take away its three hundred mosques, its vast cemeteries shadowed with cypresses—there will still remain its port, its two seas, its enchanting situation; but the view of this great city will have lost all which to us looks picturesque and original. The principal mosques of the Osmanli capital have been often described; nothing has been neglected to make us acquainted with the form and the construction of these religious edifices, but it appears

appears to me that their real character has not been sufficiently explained. The great mosques, the imperial mosques, are not merely buildings consecrated to prayer; the munificence and the piety of their founders have, in some degree, enlarged the purposes for which they were intended, by other establishments united with them. Each of the principal mosques has a medressè or college, and its library—for the Koran has said, that the war waged against ignorance is *the great Holy War*. The greatest number have likewise an hospital for the reception of the sick, and an imaret where the poorest class of people are fed: the temple of the Deity, in the opinion of Mussulmen, ought to be an asylum for all who are afflicted, and the house of the poor ought to make part of the house of God. Add to this, that the sultans who have founded the mosques, have been desirous that their own tombs and those of their families should be placed near those edifices. You may judge from hence how great a space the mosques must occupy in the capital, what numbers of buildings must form part of them, what remembrances are attached to them, what sacred interests are intrusted to them.*

All true lovers of the picturesque, then, must look with dismay at any political change which should restore Constantinople to Christian Europe. Already, in less important matters, the splendour of orientalism betrays manifest symptoms of decay. In one respect, the increasing liberalism, which permits the rivalry of opposite sects, may add something to the outward richness. The houses in Constantinople are all painted; but the more brilliant colours, red, yellow, and blue, were formerly a matter of privilege, reserved for true believers. The rayas might only paint the outsides of their dwellings with the dull and unassuming colours of their boots, grey or dark-brown:—

‘For the Prophet had said, that if the dwellings of Christians or of Jews had any outward splendour, devout Mussulmen, passing by those houses, might lavish some of the benedictions of Islamism upon them; and this would be a sacrilegious mistake.’

But the gorgeous Eastern costume is rapidly disappearing; like Christian and liberal Europe, the loose-trowsered and flowing-mantled Turk is becoming

‘The slave of buttons and tight breeches.’

‘That which was most remarkable at Constantinople in times not far distant from our own, was the variety and richness of the costume. Strangers admired, above all things, the Indian shawls, the magnificent furs, the beautiful Cashmere turbans, the flowing robes, which had been from all antiquity the dress of the Orientals. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in her Letters, says that when she saw a number of Pashas with their long beards and their splendour of garb, she fancied she beheld old Priam and his council. Now all is changed! Among the inhabitants of Stamboul, there are only the Jews, the Greeks, the Armenians, and some Dervishes, who are dressed

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dressed as in former times. A reform in the costumes has begun, and day after day the Turks are abandoning the prejudices which relate to their dress. The turban has lost its glory; it is scarcely remembered that there were sixty different ways of wearing it. The Ulemas, who have remained faithful to the turban, have reduced it to a simple shawl wound round the head. The common head-dress is a red cap with a tassel (pompon) of blue silk. An assemblage of Turks, with their red, yellow, and white turbans, used to be compared to a border of tulips; they are now only like a field of corn-flowers and wild poppies. The slippers and yellow boots have been replaced by Frank boots and shoes; instead of their long robe, the Turks wear a frock coat with buttons, like a polonaise; those who belong to the army have a narrow vest, with a clasp in front, pantaloons which tighten as they come down to the bottom of the leg; and over this dress a blue or scarlet mantle. The official regulations of costume have indeed respected the beard, and all which relates to the hair—yet even the beard has undergone a revolution; the military and the young Effendis now hardly ever wear it. It is right to fix the date of this revolution in Mussulman costume; in a short time the change will be more complete, and travellers who arrive after us will find in Stamboul only the dresses of the Franks.'

The Ottoman diplomatists now in London are indeed, as far as regards external things, very poor representatives of those who used to delight our eyes. Their head-dress is really a hideous red night-cap—their frocks appear to be caricatures of their Russian friends' undress uniform;—and what is worst, the new garb reveals what the old one hid effectually—viz. that, as compared with ourselves, the Turks of this day are rather a puny race of men! But the dress of the ladies (there is still some hope and consolation in these revolutionary proceedings) as yet has undergone no reform. The long feredge, of every colour in the rainbow, still conceals their forms; the slippers and yellow boots refuse to betray the shape of their legs and feet. They are still closely wrapped up from the eyes of the profane, 'and the eternal muslin veil shrouds all but their eyes and pencilled eyebrows.'... 'History,' says M. Michaud, 'will not fail to preserve the curious fact, that a great revolution in dress has taken place in the East with which the female sex has had no concern. If reform shall at length invade the female attire, what will be the effect of such a change on the manners of the country?'

Seriously speaking, to what can all this lead?—are these the superficial symptoms of a more important change, slowly working its way into the Turkish character? Will European intelligence, industry, activity, follow the adoption of European dress and habits? It is not merely the Koran, but something of the ancient nomadic character of the Turcoman tribes, which seems, notwithstanding

notwithstanding the nobler qualities which they possess, the splendour at one time displayed in the Ottoman court, the love of letters shown by some of their sultans, still to adhere to the tribe of the Osmanli, and to offer a stern and irreconcilable resistance to the progress of European civilization. M. Michaud has remarked, with sagacity and justice,—

‘When we examine the legislation of the Ottomans, and trace it down to modern times, this singular remark occurs: “that this people has taken the place of a civilized race without changing any part of its barbarism, and that it has established itself in a great city with laws made for warrior hordes and nomad tribes.” Ascending to a period anterior to the present reign, we see that this great capital, from its extent so little in harmony with the legislation of the Turks, sometimes embarrassed the government; the heads of the empire had then no other remedy but to transport from the city a part of its population, to interdict the access to strangers, and to prevent its increase by new buildings. The Osmanli government, by this strange policy, acknowledged, in some degree, that its laws, formed for the desert, and its administration, suited to the field of battle, had not power to preserve order and peace in a populous and flourishing capital. Their habits have not changed; their ancient barbarism still subsists as the groundwork of all those institutions which in the present day there is an endeavour to renew and ameliorate. The provinces are still under a military administration, the justice of the Cadis is still ambulatory, as in the days of the nomad hordes, and the police of Stamboul continues to act as in a camp or in an army.’

What, then, can be the fate of this extraordinary people which, but two or three centuries ago, threatened to overwhelm Europe with one vast Asiatic despotism? It is now, as it were, in an unnatural position, as an Asiatic power cooped up in a still contracting corner of Europe. Too strong to abandon its place without a struggle; too weak, without the protection of European allies, to resist its wily and ambitious Northern enemy; too important to the balance of Europe not to be protected against that persevering antagonist by the great Western monarchies; attempting to conform itself to European habits, but with all the better as well as the more barbarous part of its natural character repelling real and effective change; its sovereignty unable to co-exist with the Janissary system, yet its strength probably much enfeebled, and its national spirit lowered or split into factions by the vigorous measure which put an end to that old tyranny; with the Turkish population decreasing, as M. Michaud states, (p. 228,) every day, that of the three other nations who inhabit the capital, and indeed the rest of the empire,—the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Jews—increasing in proportion; unable to maintain its ground as an Asiatic, yet morally incapable of becoming

becoming an European power—its own provinces growing up into independent kingdoms—the fate of Turkey is a most curious problem to the speculative historian,—to the statesman a subject of profound and anxious interest.

To both the historian and statesman the Correspondence of M. Michaud may be recommended: if by no means the work of a very deep political thinker, it is that of a man of acute observation and intelligence, who has endeavoured to mingle, as far as he might, with all classes, and to ascertain the general sentiments of the different races as to the present state of Turkey, and the workings of Sultan Mahmoud's reforms. Of the first act of these reforms, the destruction of the Janissaries, we have already had several accounts, apparently well worthy of confidence. That of M. Michaud gives few new details, but his comparison between a Turkish and a French revolution is sufficiently lively and amusing to justify another extract:—

'All the revolutions in the world have a certain resemblance: I only remark in that of the Turks what is new to us. That which struck me most in all that was told me, is the silence which prevails in the midst of the greatest agitations. Among the Turks, disturbance in the minds of the people is often carried to a great height without the country appearing in the least agitated; in our cities in France factions can do nothing without noise—the chariot of revolution only rolls in the midst of popular clamours. Here anger has no desire to show itself, it feels no necessity to spread itself abroad to satisfy its impulse. With us the madness inflames itself by its own harangues, and seems to fear that it will go out, if it does not stir itself up by imprecations and menaces. The Turks, whom I will call, if you please, the revolutionists of barbarism, have been seen to murder each other, to pillage, to burn a whole quarter of the city, without a single complaint or menace being heard, without the utterance of a single word; a real phenomenon which would astonish our civilized revolutionists. The capital of the Osmanlis never heard the drum beating to arms at the instant of a sedition or an insurrection; I need not tell you that it has never heard the tocsin or bells; only some public criers pass through the streets, and proclaim the intentions or demands of the government or the multitude, at the peril of being strangled by the discontented or by those of the opposite faction. To make a revolution in Paris, we must have tribunes and orators, journals, pamphlets, elections; all this would make too much noise, and would be only waste of time to the Turks. Some inhabitants of Pera, who, during the mutiny of the 16th June, had pointed their telescopes towards the palace of the Grand Vizier, thought they saw some furniture thrown out of the window; they knew then that there was a revolution at Stamboul; they were more sure of it later in the day, by the noise of the cannon, which sounded towards the barracks of the Janissaries. The next day, they might know more from the sight of houses burnt
down,

down, heads exposed on the Seraglio, dead bodies lying in the streets or thrown into the sea.'

The destruction of the Janissaries had no doubt become necessary; it is another question how far this decisive measure has been followed up by any reform, which tends to an effective change in the system of the Turkish government, or to modify, in any degree, the national character; to more than the transformation of the caftan into a coat, the turban into a cap, and the slippers into shoes; in short, an ungraceful and awkward style of attire, neither European nor Asiatic. The new troops form in line, and manage the musket and bayonet like French regiments; 'but after all, I fear,' says M. Michaud, 'that at bottom this is no more than barbarism, barbarism in a Turkish dress, and under European discipline.'

The most curious, however, of these letters, which relate to Turkey, is one in the third volume, in which the author describes his conversation with a real Turkish philosopher, a Naïb—who spoke French with fluency—and after he had once descended from the cold dignity of his first reception, appears to have delivered his opinions on the state of affairs with the utmost freedom. After some amusing discussions on Turkish police and justice, they came to the great question of the real principle of that obstinate resistance to improvement which characterizes the Turk. The Naïb replied in these words:—

'The evil has been traced to the undisciplined spirit of the Janissaries, the discontent of the people, and that of the Ulémas; the symptoms of the malady have been mistaken for the causes. The real cause of this undefinable opposition arises entirely from the spirit which with us has been given to the religious law. A general religious law, though it always remains essentially the same, may be modified to an infinite degree, by its application and its interpretation. Among the Mahometan nations, some have been civilized, others have remained barbarians, and that because the Koran has been comprehended and understood in a different manner. Now the Koran, as it is understood and comprehended by the Turks, is the greatest possible obstacle to civilization: it is with the law of God among men as with the dew which falls from heaven; when the dew, the benefaction of the Creator, unites itself to the waters of a limpid fountain, or swells a river, it spreads abroad freshness, life, and fertility; when it falls into a marsh, it putrefies, it spreads barrenness around it, and extends the borders of the desert.'

The natural question occurred to M. Michaud, how the Koran came to be understood in so peculiar and so unfortunate a manner by the Turks? The Naïb answered, that the evil came with them from the mountains of Tartary, but that it was increased and confirmed by the singular position of the Turks, as the outpost of Mahometanism,

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Mahometanism, engaged in long and implacable wars against the Christians. Those maxims of the Koran, which inculcate hatred of infidels, were thus mingled up with all their feelings. This repugnance to every thing Christian is still the first principle of their character; and what adds to the rapidity of their decline is, that they are themselves entirely unconscious of it. They suppose themselves the same people that they were under Bajazet Ilderim (the Lightning), or Solyman the Magnificent. The Ulémas, he added, are not so generally opposed to change; they are, in fact, in awe of the multitude. Though the sultan might not dare to strangle them, they would not be safe from being massacred by the mob during an insurrection. The Naïb seemed to intimate that his own *liberal* opinions exposed him to such danger, and expressed himself in the following pretty apologue, which we cite for the amusement of our *liberal* friends:—

‘There was once a country where every body was deprived of his eyesight; that, however, did not prevent every body from forming some notion of the world which he could not see. It happened that, among this blind people, some men were born with two eyes in their foreheads, like the generality of the sons of Adam. They spoke of the spectacle which presented itself to their eyes, but no one understood them; they spoke with enthusiasm of the lamp which enlightened the world, and the stars which shone in the vault of heaven. At first they were taken for madmen;—they were by and by suspected of sacrilegiously censuring the works of God, and conspiring against the laws of nature;—at length they were declared to be disturbers of social order, impious innovators, who must be instantly exterminated.’

On the return of our travellers to Asia Minor, M. Poujoulat was employed in some interesting researches, in order to trace the line of march of the different armies of the crusaders, particularly those of Frederick Barbarossa, and Louis VII. of France, through that region. We have not, at present, time to follow out these details, or to compare them with the conclusions of the great rival historian of the crusades, the German, Wilken. M. Michaud, and his colleague, appear to have no knowledge of the labours of their very able and learned competitor in this field of research. But, like the crusaders, we are eager to reach Palestine, and pass at once to the information which we obtain concerning that land of inexhaustible interest.

Palestine yet wants a traveller. This is a bold assertion, considering the volumes which almost annually crowd forth, descriptive of the present aspect of the Holy Land: we mean, however, a traveller qualified by his previous studies to elucidate all the different periods in the eventful history of that country.

He must be a critical biblical scholar, one who really knows what points in the chronology of the sacred writings require illustration ;—he must be well read in the whole History of the Jews, particularly in the works of Josephus ;—he must be able to exercise an acute discrimination between that traditional knowledge which may fairly command respect, and the legendary lore of mere modern monkery : not like Chateaubriand, adopting every fable which is picturesque or poetical ; or with Clarke, rejecting every received notion, and, with a very inadequate store of information, remodelling the whole geography of the country. Like our authors, he must be well versed in the exploits of the crusaders, whose chivalrous adventures, their battles and sieges, their conquests and captivities, breathe a new, and subordinate indeed, but still very powerful interest over the plains and cities of Palestine. The mistakes which some even of our most intelligent travellers have fallen into, in points connected even with biblical geography, are very curious. Mr. Woolf, the missionary, has not indeed been bred in a school of very accurate acquaintance, although of great familiarity with the sacred writings ; but he has not the least notion that Carmel, the pastoral dwelling of Nabal and Abigail, in the south of Palestine, is a very different place from Mount Carmel. Dr. Clarke himself actually makes Jonah embark at Joppa for *Nineveh* ! M. Poujoulat has made one very strange chronological blunder ; he talks of the Maccabees as *contemporaries* of the heroes in Homer. The date of Homer's heroes may be somewhat doubtful, but that of the Syrian king, against whom the Maccabees revolted, is as well known as any event in modern history. He has likewise made an important geographical mistake : he has confounded Kerek with the celebrated city of Petra ; the one being near the head, the other near the centre of the Ghor, which leads from the foot of the Dead Sea to the gulph of Elath.

To the profounder student of Jewish history, questions continually occur, as to which he seeks in vain for information through the countless volumes of travels in the country. Even the topography of Jerusalem is by no means clear : we have no faith in the paradox of Dr. Clarke, who, it is well known, placed Mount Sion to the south of its present position, beyond what has been usually considered the valley of Hinnon ; but the question has never been satisfactorily examined. We should like to know what lies beyond this supposed Sion of Clarke. This theory is noticed and rejected by M. Poujoulat, who, however, rather argues on the insufficiency of the evidence adduced by Clarke, than on a complete investigation of the topography.

Most of the letters from Palestine are from the pen of M. Poujoulat.

joulat. The age and the health of M. Michaud seem to have induced him to abandon the more laborious and adventurous excursions from Jerusalem: he took, therefore, the safer and more easy province of Egypt; and while his companion was riding, probably on no very easy seat, through rough and desert countries, amid wild and lawless Arabs, he was gliding in his boat along the quiet waters of the Nile, under the protection of Mahomed Ali's police. On the usual objects of interest, the sacred places hallowed by the footsteps of the Redeemer, neither of our authors can be said to offer any thing very new or original, but in M. Poujoulat's letters are some curious circumstances connected with the state of the Christian inhabitants, and the religious ceremonial of the different sects. Alas! the very stone which is supposed to cover the tomb of Him who revealed the religion of love and charity is fiercely contested by opposing sects. The indifferent, or rather the venal impartiality of the Mahometans has deprived the Latin Christians of the exclusive possession of the Holy Sepulchre, and the privilege of lighting the lamps for divine service; they are compelled to share it with the Armenians and Greeks. One of the Fathers of the Latin convent—(unappropriately named the Père Placide)—in bitterness of spirit showed M. Michaud the seal of the Turks, which divided the stone into three equal compartments.

'The most singular thing is the manner in which the Mussulmen recognise, in such cases, the right of property. If they have seen any one sweep a chapel or any part of a church, that chapel or that place belongs to him whom they have seen with a broom in his hand. You will perhaps be astonished at this distributive justice of the Mahometans; it must be explained by what is practised at Medina, at the tomb of Mahomet; forty black men are every day occupied in rubbing, cleaning, and sweeping the inclosure in which are deposited the ashes of the Prophet; hence they have the name of ferrash (broom-men). This is an office of high consideration among Mussulmen; there are aspirants to this function of broom-men, and honorary broom-men are named by the Sultan of Stamboul, whom his highness usually chooses among his favourites, and the principal personages of the court.'

The adventurer Ali Bey, we remember, notices this part of the Mahometan ceremonial; the Sultan Scheref set him the example; 'he was then presented with a bundle of small brooms, and, after some water had been thrown on the floor, he began his duty, by sweeping with both hands, with an ardent faith, though the floor was quite clean, and polished like glass.' M. Michaud endeavoured, in a very rational manner, to mediate between the conflicting parties. He recommended that, instead of dividing the stone in so strange and irreverent a manner, they should divide

the day, and each have their appointed time for public worship. He added, that the Greeks might possibly be supported by the prevailing influence of Russia at the Porte, while the wealth of the Armenians would be still more powerful with Turkish authorities. Father Placide was unmoved: the usurpation was as great a calamity to the rightful guardians of the Sepulchre, as the loss of the ark, when it fell into the hands of the Philistines, to the people of Israel. *France*, they said, *had declared war against the Dey of Algiers for a cause of much less importance than that of which they complained!*

But it appears, from a subsequent letter of M. Poujoulat, that the Latin Christians had really a good reason to be apprehensive of the neighbourhood, at least, of the Armenians, and to resent their invasion of the Holy Sepulchre. Some of our readers may not be aware, (we do not ourselves remember to have seen so full an account of the melancholy event,) that the ancient church of the Holy S  pulchre, hallowed by so many sacred, by so many romantic and chivalrous associations, a few years ago was almost totally destroyed by fire. Though the critical inquirer of modern days may doubt whether this edifice does cover the spot where the devout women came to seek in vain on the third morning the body of the crucified—yet its splendid pile had been consecrated by the devotion of all Christendom; it contained the ashes of the first crusaders; the style, and even the irregularity of parts of its architecture, bore witness to the superstition it may be, but still to the profound and generous superstition, of successive ages. The Armenians were the cause of this fatal desolation.

‘It was in the year 1807. At this time the Armenians appeared but as strangers in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; they possessed only a poor chapel situated in one of the galleries of the nave. The nakedness of this chapel contrasted with the wealth of the nation. Besides this, it was ready to fall into ruins, and the Armenians had several times solicited permission to repair and embellish it. After many ineffectual petitions they determined to *set fire to their chapel*—to destroy it—in the hopes that the privilege of rebuilding their fallen sanctuary would be more easily obtained. They thought that they could master the flames so as not to spread beyond their chapel; but the fire speedily reached all the galleries, and sprang up to the dome of the church; the Corinthian columns which supported the nave were thrown down; the dome of the church, which was made of cedar, could not long resist the fire—it fell with the upper part of the nave, and in its fall crushed the Holy Sepulchre. The flame spread to the Calvary, and all the altars were burned. The tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon and of Baldwin disappeared in the course of the general destruction; eye-witnesses have assured me that the tombs of the two

kings

kings had been spared by the fire, and that they were destroyed by the Greeks themselves in the midst of the confusion of the conflagration! The tombs of the two kings were as it were the Palladium of the Latin monks; they were the glorious title-deeds of the monasteries of the Holy Land; and the Greeks, the enemies of the Latin convent, wished to get rid of these monuments. At present two stone benches covered with a mat fill the place of the two tombs: the ashes of Godfrey and Baldwin, mingled with the ashes and the rubbish of the fire, profaned and cast to the winds, are lost from the soil of Palestine; and these two mighty spirits, banished from the temple which they conquered with their swords, have their only refuge, their last monument, in your history!

M. Michaud no doubt acknowledged the last sentence with one of the graceful bows which distinguished the *ancien régime*. We presume that M. Poujoulat's eye-witnesses were some of the Latin fathers, and that we have to choose between some inclination to uncharitable mendacity, or at least misrepresentation, on their part, and this act of wanton and detestable malice on that of the Greeks. It is curious and melancholy enough to see the implacable resentment, which grew up with the first crusade between the Greek and Latin Churches, perpetuated in their latest descendants. The church, however, was not quite destroyed; the parts which escaped were those behind the choir, the Lady's Chapel, the altar of Dividing the Garments, the altar of the Improperium, the two sanctuaries of St. Helena and the Discovery of the Cross; all this part of the temple remains as in the days of Godfrey. The restoration of the church, according to M. Poujoulat, though it has exactly followed the ancient plan, has been executed with wretched taste. He complains of the profaneness, yet acknowledges the truth, of an English traveller's comparison of it to a modern French theatre.

M. Poujoulat laments that, in the West, the days of religious pilgrimage are past; and as to his own country, we confess we do not at present see any signs of the revival of that sort of feeling from which such expeditions used to proceed. When it was proposed to Buonaparte to advance upon the Holy City, he replied, 'Jerusalem does not come within my line of operations.' But if the facilities of steam-navigation are increased, as appears likely, in the Mediterranean, we should not in the least be surprised to hear of a regular summer excursion of Hadjis from our own shores. The taste for travel, the love of the picturesque, will mingle up, as did the old chivalrous love of war and adventure, with religious excitement. It is quite within probability that the Joppa steamer may start regularly from the Tower Stairs. We must confess that we should ourselves be strongly tempted by such an announcement, however the old poetic and romantic charm might

might be disturbed by the chimney, trailing its heavy line of smoke, and the thoroughly utilitarian air of the conveyance.

In the East, the passion for pilgrimage has never become extinct. The following lively description carries us back to days long gone by for Europe :—

'The pilgrims arrive in the months of January and February, at the beginning of March at the latest; they depart after the celebration of the Paschal festivals. It was at this time likewise that in former days the pilgrims of the West were wont to repair to Jerusalem. I see pilgrims of all the Christian nations of the East, Greeks, Armenians, Abyssinians, Syrians, Copts; all those sects which adhere to the Gospel have their meeting here. Many Jews are likewise encountered, and even Turkish pilgrims; for Jerusalem in the eyes of a Mussulman also is a holy city. All these pilgrims of the East arrive in troops. The Christian caravans march by the order and under the command of a captain, like the cranes and storks when they pass away to other climates. They march with provisions for the journey, with vessels and utensils for cookery suspended from the sides of their camels or mules. There are entire families, followed by all their domestic equipage, reckoning for nothing a journey of several hundred leagues, marching from morning to evening, sometimes under the rain, sometimes under the burning sun, passing the night without shelter, and when their provisions are exhausted, living on what they can find, like the birds of the air. Not only robust men impose upon themselves these fatigues and privations, but feeble old men, who are unwilling to die without having seen Jerusalem, women and young children destined for a more peaceful and easy life, children scarcely escaped from the cradle, who serve an apprenticeship in the sufferings of life on the road to that city where their God suffered and died. Although the pious band does not venture to be without arms, it sometimes falls into the plundering hands of the Bedouins; and then what tears! what regrets! for money, a good deal of money, is necessary to accomplish the pilgrimage. Persons work ten, twenty years for the holy journey. A Christian family sometimes comes to Jerusalem to spend the earnings of a whole life.'

The Armenians (the schismatic, according to M. Poujoulat, not the Catholic Armenians) are by far the most numerous, the most wealthy, and the most liberal of the pilgrims. Each nation or sect is received at their own convent, and each individual remunerates its hospitality according to his means and his disposition. Some Armenians bestow fifteen or twenty thousand piastres on their convent; one had presented the patriarch with one hundred thousand; but he expected in return to secure to himself one of the best places in heaven! The Armenian pilgrims, in the year in which these letters are dated, 1831, exceeded all former amount: they were at least 5000. The Greeks were expected to be about 2500. There were a few Copts and Abyssinians, and only sixty Catholics!

Catholics ! However strange some part of the ceremonial—however the imposing religious drama of the Holy Week may, in some respects, offend the colder and less imaginative devotion of northern Protestants—however ignorant or superstitious the monks who celebrate the mysteries of the Holy Week—in such a place, among oriental costumes, which carry the mind back to the days of old—it must be impossible for any Christian mind to remain unmoved in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There the representation of all the events of our Saviour's closing life, be it executed with greater or less solemnity of effect, must come home to every heart which has been once touched by the beauty of the Gospel. M. Poujoulat seems to have entered into the whole with the faith and feeling of a devout Catholic ; the following passage struck us very much. It appears that the whole host of worshippers pass the night preceding Good Friday in the church.

' Holy Thursday, Midnight.

' I write to you at this moment by the light of the torches of the Holy Sepulchre ; I have never in my life passed an hour more serious and solemn than the present. To me a night in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre could not but be a night without sleep. I pass from chapel to chapel, from altar to altar ; I go from the sepulchre to the Calvary, from the Calvary to the prison of Christ, from the prison of Christ to his sepulchre, and the sound of my feet alone disturbs the silence of the church. The Mahometan guard are asleep upon their bench (*estrade*) near the gate of the Temple ; all the Christians, shut within the church, are reposing in the deepest slumber ; some are lying upon benches or chests, others on the steps of the altars, others upon mats or carpets in the middle of the great nave ; the chapel of the Magdalene is full of women, stretched out upon mats, wrapped in their long white veils, or clad in a simple *caleçon* ; infants at the breast are sleeping upon the bosom of their mothers ; each retains the attitude in which sleep has surprised him ; the whole forms the strangest sight possible. All the monks sleep in their convent of the Holy Sepulchre, except two who are prostrate at the foot of the divine eucharist in the sepulchre. This is the first time that I have ever found myself in the Church of the Resurrection without hearing any noise ; it is only during the hours of the night that prayer can hope to be undisturbed at the foot of the Holy Sepulchre. As I walk along the Temple in the midst of darkness, crossed here and there by the feeble and trembling gleam of a few lamps, in solitude, and yielded up to religious meditation, I sometimes stop as though listening to unknown voices which seem to address me : my knees bow as though the spirit of God breathed upon me ; and standing in the shade between Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre, I experience a sensation which approaches to terror.'*

M. Poujoulat

* We take this opportunity of saying that the Panorama of Jerusalem, now open in Leicester-fields, will richly reward the trouble of a visit. We do not say this without

M. Poujoulat of course visited the sacred places in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. There seems good sense in part, at least, of the observations by which he attempts to reconcile the conflicting statements of travellers concerning the Dead Sea.

' Statements and theories concerning the Dead Sea have been multiplied. It appears to me that these discrepant opinions may be explained by the difference of time, of the season of the year, and even of the place at which the sea has been visited. When the object is to make observations on nature where, in former ages, it has been totally disorganized by revolutions, and is still influenced by the original causes which acted upon it, we must not expect to find at all times the same appearance or the same character. A soil delivered up to the power of fire, internally labouring with its more or less violent agency, must present at times different phenomena. Visit a volcano, when the lava is boiling, you will see effects which will no longer exist to those who come after you, when the flame slumbers and the mountain is in repose. This will perhaps explain the sometimes contradictory reports of travellers concerning the Lake of Sodom or the Sea of Lot, Bahr el Louth as the Arabs call it. One had remarked that the birds fled from the Dead Sea as from another Avernus; others had seen eagles or wild fowl flying over the lake; one said that a vapour rises from the middle of the waters; another found the atmosphere pure and transparent. The same may be said of the smell of sulphur spread along the shores of the sea, the black colour of the flints, the weight of the water. All these phenomena may take place at a certain time and not at another, and the wonders of the day may not resemble the wonders of the morrow. Is it impossible that the Dead Sea is modified in its appearances according to the season? Is it the same in winter as in summer? in spring as in autumn? Have the winds, the tempests, cold and heat no influence upon it? May it not likewise be the case that it appears under peculiar circumstances according to the part of its shore which is visited by the traveller?'

M. Poujoulat does not seem aware of the value, or even of the existence of Burckhardt's *Travels*. To that volume, and to the preface of Col. Leake, we believe that we owe the first account of the ghor, or valley, which runs from the foot of the Dead Sea to the eastern fork of the Red Sea. It is much to be desired that some observant traveller, a good geologist, would trace the whole course of the Wady, through which there seems little doubt that, before the awful convulsion which destroyed the cities of the Plain, the Jordan found its way into the gulph of Elath.

As to Bethlehem, we find little beyond the ordinary observations of all travellers. We were better pleased with the account of Tekoa—of a remarkable cave, supposed to be that of Adollam, in

without having ourselves inspected it, in company with a traveller recently arrived from the Holy Land.

which

which there was ample space for the concealment of David and his four hundred followers—but more particularly of the desert of St. Sabba. This sterile tract cannot have been far distant from the settlements of the ancient Essenes, which it would be curious to trace. But not even their monastic industry could have forced that savage wilderness into fertility.

‘Follow me now into the most dismal desert that the eye of traveller has ever witnessed, the desert of St. Sabba, on the south-east of Bethlehem, at the distance of four leagues. To arrive at the Greek monastery of St. Sabba, it is necessary to pass yellow and bald mountains, which one might suppose hills of sand, an arid soil, which produces (*enfante*) nothing but stones; an accursed soil, where life is extinct, and the birds of heaven cannot discover a blade of grass; a region forgotten by men, and which God himself seems to remember no more. The black tents of the Bedouins, at a distance like mourning garments spread over a desolated land, add to the sadness of the place. In such a solitude, a solitude without a flower, without verdure, without water, the mind seems overwhelmed; it seems as if death was striking you with his cold wings.’

On the skirt of this wilderness is the convent of St. Sabba. Among the pale inhabitants of this melancholy, though rather splendid convent, were five Russians. One of these was anxious to hear some news about his country, and put many questions to M. Poujoulat on the politics of Europe. He might have answered the Muscovite caloyer in the words of M. Chateaubriand, on a similar occasion, to a monk of the same monastery, ‘Alas, father! where will you look for peace, if you do not find it here?’ M. Poujoulat was accompanied by an honest friar of the convent of St. Saviour in Jerusalem. Brother Antony’s charitable compassion for the anchorites of St. Sabba is characteristic enough:—

‘*Signor mio!* since you have brought me to the monastery of St. Sabba, inhabited by seventeen schismatic Greeks, devoted to penitence and the severest austerities, one thought saddens and oppresses my heart—and that is, that such maceration and so great sacrifices should be all lost to these unhappy schismatics, for, notwithstanding all, it is impossible that they should get to heaven!’

Ascalon and Gaza threw back M. Poujoulat among his more stirring associations with the knights of the Crusades, but he sometimes reverts to modern times. The following anecdote of Buonaparte is new to us; and does credit to his heart. M. Poujoulat was hospitably received by the Arab sheik of Ibna:—

‘This sheik,’ says the traveller, ‘related to me that Buonaparte, on his march from Gaza to Joppa, ordered the sheik of the village to furnish a hundred head of cattle, a hundred loads of corn, and a hundred measures of meal. The sheik, compelled to obey, humbly delivered what the French general demanded. Already the knife was lifted over

over the head of several of the oxen, when the Arab, bursting into tears, at the sight of his oxen so near being put to death, said to Buonaparte, "Sultan, look what your soldiers are doing." Touched by his tears, and by these few words, Buonaparte gave back to the sheik his cattle, his corn, and his meal; he contented himself with receiving hospitality from him. This sheik was the father of the one who related to me this anecdote. Singular rencontre! I stop for an evening in the cabins of the ancient country of the Philistines, and, lo, I have for my host the son of the host of Buonaparte!

The Mutselim of Gaza talked likewise about Bounabartè Sultan Kebir. The same dignitary put some perplexing questions to the loyal Carlist about the revolution of July; and M. Poujoulat seems to have orientalized with considerable success in his answers, using a noble profusion of sounding words, with as little meaning as was convenient—

"I cannot comprehend this revolution," said the Mussulman. "Excellence! no more can I," replied the European; "to comprehend revolutions, we must know why it sometimes happens that the winds bellow in the sky, that the sea is agitated in its profoundest depths, that the mountains are rent by the fires of the volcano. It is the will of God that human societies should never live or die in peace; it is a punishment to which the world must submit, as it submits to maladies and miseries, the sad companions of life." "Though but a young man," said the Turk, "you speak with the wisdom of age!"

The disturbed state of the country, and the dread of the plague, prevented M. Poujoulat from visiting Galilee and Samaria. To fill this void some letters are inserted by M. Gillot de Kerhardène. He gives some sketches of the country of Galilee quite worthy of these volumes, and some curious particulars of the wild inhospitable character of the Samaritans, unchanged, it should seem, since the time when they refused to admit the Son of Man into their village. But M. Kerhardène appears to have adapted his information to the taste and feeling of his correspondents; the most remarkable passage in his letters relates to the field of the battle of Tiberias, as it is called by the Christian historians—the battle of Hittim, as it is named by the Arabian authors. This was the fatal defeat which crushed the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, the victory which rendered Saladin master of Palestine. We extract the passage chiefly on account of the singular circumstance stated at the close, which had escaped the notice both of M. Michaud and of Wilken. We will not severely examine into the authority on which the mountain, to which M. Kerhardène alludes, is called that of the Beatitudes: it is sufficient if it is hal-lowed under that name by general tradition.

'You have related in your history of the Crusades the battle of Tiberias; I would recall to your remembrance some of the details, in
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order that the localities of the scene may be better understood. Saladin had taken Tiberias; but the citadel in which the wife of the Count of Tripoli had shut herself up still resisted, in the expectation of succour. This citadel, to the left of Tiberias, on a round hill which commands the shores, now serves for the Seraglio of the Mutselim. The Christian army, which set out in the morning from the fountain of Sepphoris, suddenly appeared in the plain between Loubi and Hittim; Guy of Lusignan, who knew the encampment of Saladin on the shores of the lake, wished not to give battle, but to encamp at Hittim, on account of its fountain; if the Christian army had succeeded in seizing that position, Saladin would have been in a critical situation. The Sultan was not ignorant of this; therefore, on the approach of the king of Jerusalem he also broke up his camp, in order to take up his position at Hittim, and to occupy the heights called the *Two Horns of Hittim*. Master of the fountain, he awaited the Crusaders, who had to traverse a country without water; the Franks, anticipated by the Mahometans, and thus forced to encamp in a dry place, halted in the plain. The two armies were drawn up front to front all the night between Friday and Saturday. Saladin watched in his tent; on the break of day, when the sun had risen above the lake, the Saracens were ready for battle. The Franks, who suffered from want of water, (for they were still at a distance from the lake and the fountain,) prepared for the battle; it was heard said among them, "To-morrow we must find water with our swords."

'Saturday the 14th July, 1187, the Franks, in their desperation, made a furious attack on the Mussulmen. As the battle took place in the territory of the Count of Tripoli, it was he who, according to feudal custom, commenced the onset. The slaughter became horrible; Saladin was everywhere. The Count of Tripoli, whom the Chroniclers have made a traitor, though he was only a skilful politician, having dashed at the left of the enemy, opened himself a way to the valley of Hittim. Guy of Lusignan remained alone with the centre of the Christian army, the right wing having fled. But before the engagement of the two armies, a conflagration had been kindled on the right of the Franks, to the south-east; the Mahometans had set fire to the harvest; clouds of smoke and flames running under the feet of the horses, aggravated the dismal situation of the Crusaders, surrounded on all sides by their enemies and by the conflagration. Blood flowed in streams, mingling itself with the pure water of the Fountain of the Five Loaves, which, like that of Hittim, was in the power of the Saracens. The only Christian body of troops which remained engaged with the enemy, took by assault the *Mountain of the Beatitudes*; there the Templars, the Hospitallers, and other knights, rallied round the king; the combat was awful; the Bishop of St. Jean d'Acre lifted the true Cross as a standard, in the very place where Christ, showing himself to the multitude, said to them, *Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also*. The true Cross fell into the hands of the Mussulmen; the bishop was slain. King Guy had not

more

more than a hundred and fifty warriors with him: three times this little troop repelled the enemy to the foot of the hill; three times the Saracens returned to the charge. After some moments of respite, the attack recommenced with new fury; the king was taken and disarmed; none remained but the slain and prisoners; an army of 22,000 Christians had yielded to an army of 80,000 Mahometans.

With this extract we close our notice of these pleasant volumes. We have, of late, paid so much attention to Egyptian antiquities, that M. Michaud must excuse us if we decline to follow him into that country. We will only observe, that the reader whose curiosity concerning that inexhaustible subject is still unsated, will find in M. Michaud's Letters a great deal of easy and agreeable description, and many lively sketches of manners. He will derive much amusement and some instruction.

ART. V.—*Letters of J. Downing, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade.* New York. 12mo. 1834.

SINCE Washington Irving's delightful genius first revealed itself in the Knickerbocker, we have met with few specimens of native American *humour* calculated to make any very favourable impression on this side the Atlantic; with none, in our humble opinion, approaching, by many degrees, to the merit of this thoroughly homespun production. The 'Letters of Major Downing' appeared originally in the New York Advertiser, at the time when General Jackson's grand experiment on the banking system of the United States was exciting throughout the chief provinces of that republic an interest hardly, if at all, inferior to what was among ourselves concentrated in 1831 upon the question of Parliamentary Reform. They produced a powerful effect, and were presently collected into a volume, adorned with a variety of woodcuts, which, though very rudely executed, are not without indications of the same odd humour that characterizes the text. Edition has followed edition, until they are no longer enumerated on the title-page; and the author, Mr. Davis, of the respectable mercantile house of Brookes and Davis, New York, has fairly established a formidable reputation among the politicians of the western world—by what the European reader, unenlightened as to the topics, and indifferent as to the persons, discussed and satirized by his imaginary Militia Major, may be apt to consider merely as a handful of grotesque drolleries,—a local and ephemeral *jeu d'esprit*.

We certainly shall not affect to hang a dissertation concerning American political economy, and the merits of the Jackson Government,

ment, upon a performance of this description. Mr. Coleridge, however, has laid it down that every man of humour is more or less a man of genius,—and, whether that be or be not so, few will dispute that all really effective humour must be bottomed upon a substratum of strong good sense. If, therefore, our readers derive any solid aliment for their minds from the extracts which we are about to submit, we shall be well pleased; but the primary object with us is to illustrate the merits of the author as a humourist, and more especially to call attention to what we think by far the most amusing, as it must be allowed to be the most authentic, specimen that has as yet reached Europe, of the actual colloquial dialect of the Northern States. It will be manifest that the representations of this gibberish, for which Mr. Mathews, Mrs. Trollope, and other strangers have been so severely handled by the American critics, were, in fact, chargeable with few sins except those of omission. The most astounding and incredible of their Americanisms occur, *passim*, in the work of Major Downing; but it is as obvious that the wealth and prodigal luxury of his vocabulary put the poverty of theirs to shame, as that he applies the particular flowers and gems of republican rhetoric which had caught their fancy, with a native ease and felicity altogether beyond the reach of any superficial and transitory admirer not 'to the manner born.'

The French author, whose *Tableau des Mœurs Américaines* has already edified our readers, says, at p. 351 of his first volume,—

'The rivalry which exists between the English and the Americans is not solely that of commerce and industry. The two nations have a common language, and each asserts that it is better spoken on her side of the Atlantic than on the other. I believe they are both in the right. In England, the superior classes possess a delicacy of language which is unknown in America, except in a small number of *salons*, which can at best make an exception: but in the United States, where there is neither a really upper class, nor a positively low one, the entire population speak English less purely indeed than the aristocracy of England, but as well as her middle orders, and infinitely better than her populace.'

We shall see: in the meanwhile, another author, already reviewed in this Number, may save us some trouble in supplying a fit preface to our extracts from the classic of Downingville:—

'The interest of these letters lies partly in the simple and blunt, yet forcible, and not unfrequently convincing manner, with which certain intricate questions, of much importance to the nation, are treated in them; partly in the peculiar compound of the bluntness and shrewdness of a country Yankee, being personified in Major Jack Downing, the pretended author of the Letters; partly, also, in the impudence of the real author, who, *sans façon*, makes the Major tell long stories of what

what happened between him and the president, the vice-president, Mr. Clay, Calhoun, Biddle, and other distinguished citizens; and, again, in the singular mode which the author has chosen for bringing forth his views and arguments, as Jack Downing pretends to belong to the party of the president, while the real author is a member of that party which thinks that the president has wantonly *disenchanted* the constitution, as Napoleon said of Dupont's defeat of Baylen:—" *Il a désenchanté l'armée.*" They will be a curiosity to the philologist some hundred years hence, when the true Yankee idiom will have given way, as all provincial languages in time do; and in fact they are now of interest to the student, unacquainted with the peculiar expressions of New England,—and a little glossary ought to be attached to them when they are collected together.'—*The Stranger in America*, vol. i. pp. 253-256.

This hint has not been taken by the editor of the copy now before us,—so we must make the best we can of the Major's elegant idiom. One beauty that constantly occurs at first puzzled us,—but in the book called 'New England by one of her Sons,' we since found '*kind-of*' used in the same fashion with the '*kinder*' of Downing; the other odd phrases of most frequent recurrence, such as *stumped*, *raft of fellows*, &c. seem to be derived either from the life of the wood-clearing farmer, or from the steam-boat experiences of the Yankee in general.

In the Preface, the Major modestly says of himself,—

'I only wish I had gone to school a leetle more when I was a boy—if I had, my letters now would make folks crawl all over; but if I had been to school all my lifetime, I know I never could be able to write more honestly than I have. I am sometimes puzzled most plaguily to git words to tell jest exactly what I think, and what I know; and when I git 'em, I don't know exactly how to spell 'em—but so long as I git the sound, I'll let other folks git the sense on't—pretty much as our old friend down to Salem, who bilt a big ship to go to China—he called her the "*Asha*." Now there is sich a thing as folks knowin too much: all the larned ones was puzzled to know who "*Asha*" was; and they never would know to this day what it ment, if the owner of the ship hadn't tell'd 'em that China was in *Asha*. "Oh! ah!" says the larned folks, "we see now—but that ain't the way to spell it." "What," says he, "if *A-s-h-a* don't spell *Asha*, what on earth does it spell?" And that stump'd 'em.—*Introd.* p. 2.

He thus announces his truly patriotic object in his authorship; with a caution to his coutrymen, to which we humbly beg the attention of ours:—

'If folks will ony keep an eye to what I tell 'em, things will go strait enuff: but that won't be till the people agree to vote for no man to any office unless he has got a good character, and is capable to do all the duties honestly and well, and according to law—but if the
people

people put scamps in office, jest because they are party-men, things will go on worse and worse, and there won't be no laws but jest such laws as will keep these very scamps in their offices.—*Ibid.*, p. 5.

In June, 1833, the Major accompanies General Jackson in a grand progress through New England, beating up in all quarters for recruits to help the worthy President in the approaching campaign against THE Bank. The visit to the author's own dear native Downingville is described with special gusto and emphasis :

'I went full drive down to the meetin-house, and got hold of the rope, and pull'd away like smoke, and made the old bell turn clean over. The folks come up thick enough then to see what was to pay, and filled the old tabernacle chock full, and there was more outside than you could count. "Now," says I, "I spose you think there's going to be preaching here to-day, but that is not the business. The Ginerl is comin." That was enough—"Now," says I, "be spry. I tell'd the Ginerl last winter he'd see nothing till he got down here, and if we don't make him stare then there's no snakes.—[*Subintellige* "in Virginia."] Where's Captain Finny?" says I. "Here I be," says he; and there he was, sure enough: the crittur had just come out of his bush-pasture, and had his bush-hook with him. Says I, "Captain Finny, you are to be the marshal of the day." Upon that he jumps right on eend. "Now," says I, "where is Seth Sprague, the schoolmaster?" "Here I be," says he; and there he stood with his pitch-pipe up in the gallery, just as if I was going to give out the salm for him. "You just pocket your pitch-pipe," says I, "Seth, and brush up your larnin, for we have pitched on you to write the address."—"Why, Major," says Zekiel Bigelow, "I thought I was to do that, and I've got one already." "But," says I, "you don't know nothing about Latin; the Ginerl can't stomach anything now without it's got Latin in it, ever since they made a Doctor on him down there to Cambridge t'other day; but howsever," says I, "you shall give the address after all, only just let Seth stick a little Hog-Latin into it here and there. And now," says I, "all on you be spry, and don't stop stirrin till the pudden's done." Then they begun to hunt for hats, and down the gallery-stairs they went. And if ther'd been forty thanksgivens and independence days comin in a string, I don't believe there could be more racket than there was in Downingville that afternoon and night.

'By ten o'clock next morning all was ready. I had 'em all stationed, and I went out and come back three or four times across the brook by the potash, to try 'em. I got a white hat on, and shag-bark stick, put some flour on my head, and got on to my sorrel horse, and looked just as much like the old gentleman as I could. Arter tryin them two or three times I got 'em all as limber as a withe, and the last time I tried 'em you've no idee, it went off just as slick as ile.

' "Now," says I, "tension the hull! Stand at ease till you see me agin;" and then I streaked it down to old Miss Crane's tavern,

vern, about two miles off, and waited till the General come along; and afore I had mixed a second glass of switchel up they came, and the General looked as chirp and lively as a skipper. "Now," says I, "General, we are going right into Downingville, and no man here is to give any orders but myself," and I said this loud enough for Mr. Van Buren and Governor Woodbury and all on 'em to hear me, and they were all as hush arter that as cows in a clover-lot. Then we all mounted and on we went—I and the General a leetle a-head on 'em.

'Jist as we got on the nole on tother side the brook, we come in sight of Downingville. The General riz right up in his stirrups, and pointed with his hickory, and says he, "Major, that's Downingville." Says I, "That's true enuf, and I should like to hear any one say it a'nt," says I, "for the sight on't makes me crawl all over, and whenever I hear any one say one word agin it, I feel as tho' I could take him, as I have done streaked snakes, by the tail, and snap his head off." "Why," says the General, "I knew that was Downingville as soon as my eye caught a glimpse on't. I'd go," says he, "Major, east of sun-rise any day to see sich a place." The General was tickled to pieces, and I thought I should go myself right through my shirt-collar—for, you see, the General never see sich a sight afore. Seth Sprague had put the children all on the school-house—you couldn't see an atom of the roof—with green boughs, and singing a set piece he had made; and when I and the General passed by they made it all ring agin, I tell you; whether it was his facing the sun or what, but he looked as if he was e'eny jist a going to cry (for he is a mazin tender-hearted crittur). Jist then Sargent Joel, who had charge of the field-piece in front of the meetin'-hous, touched her off; and didn't she speak! This composed the General in a minute—says he, "Major, I shouldn't want nothing better than a dozen of them guns to change the boundary-line along here jist to suit you."—pp. 18—22.

Then follows a report of Seth Sprague's harangue and the President's response:—

'Here the General was goin to stop, but says I in his ear, "You must given 'em a little Latin, Doctor." Here he off hat agin—"E pluribus unum," says he, "sine qua non." "That'll do, General," says I; and then we turn'd to, and shook all the folks round till dinner time, and then we made the bake beans and salt pork fly, and the cider too, I tell you.'

The learned general appears to still greater advantage in the evening festivities of the drawing-room: the beauty and fashion of Downingville are all of course on the *qui vive* for his Excellency's notice:—

'Miss Willoby, the deacon's eldest darter, is sprucin up for it. She is rather too old to be handsome, but she is a keen crittur. The General and Mr. Van Buren both talk about her considerable. If the General don't keep a sharp look out, Mr. Van Buren will go clean a-head

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a-head on him on that tack; for he is the perlitest cretur amongst the women you ever see.

'Arter the quiltn, they cleared away the kiverlids and knock'd up a dance. The Ginerall led off the old deacon's darter, and afore he got half down he began to smoke; so he off coat and at it agin, and went clean through.'

Some jealousies now began to peep out among the party; and we could, but for the Major's dialect, almost suppose ourselves reading one of my Lord Brougham's despatches from 'the north countrie' to his friends and admirers of last autumn in Windsor Castle.

'We had all been drinking putty considerable of switchel, and cider, and egg-pop, with a little New England in it, and felt good-natur'd and wrathly just as it turn'd up, and come plaguy nigh having a fight right off. However, I thought I wouldn't spile sport, seein I was to hum, and they all strangers.'

The good-natured officer accordingly did his best to prevent an open explosion on this interesting occasion; and a candid bystander is obliged to admit—

'He's a master crittur to put things to rights; and when we all got in that plaguy snarl there, he cut and shuffled them up, and afore we could say *Jack Robinson*, all the troublesome fellers were shuffled out. He's a master hand at it, sure enuff.'

The end of the scene, too, has some touches of the Caledonian atmosphere;—

'As there was an eend of the dance, all the galls off shoes and stockings, and went hum, caze it was kinder muddy; and we all went to the tavern, and the Ginerall went to bed. We all then began to plan for the next day, but some of the folks was plaguy crusty. Seth Sprague wanted to show his school-house; Zekil Bigelow wanted all on us to go to his packin-yard; and the deacon said he would like to show us his fullin-mill, and give a kinder thanksgivin; but nothin seemed to go right.'—pp. 29—32.

The prevailing annoyance of the government tourists arose, as we may easily fancy, from the difficulty of pleasing all these provincial doctors and professors of useful knowledge. It was, therefore, a great relief when they made shift, on one occasion, to get a steam-boat all to themselves:—

'We have a fine cool time here, and ain't bothered with seekers; we can see e'm in droves all along shore, waitin for a chance. One fellow swam off last night to get appointed to some office—the Ginerall thinks of making him minister to the King of the Sandwich Islands, on account of their being all good swimmers there.'

On the whole, however, the general and his aide-de-camp seem to have returned in very good spirits to Washington. The bothera-

tion of *quiltings*, and deputations, and *sine quâ non* orations, was all forgotten when they found themselves once more in the *White-House*.

'If it warnt for Congress meetin, we could jest go about putty much where we pleas'd, and keep things strait too; and I begin to think now, with the Ginerall, that arter all, there is no great shakes in managin the affairs of the nation. *We have putty much all on us ben joggin about now since last grass, and things are jest as strait and clear now, as they was then.*

There is something very *naïf* in the following *postscript* of the official subaltern:—

'It is plaguy curious to hear him talk about millions and thousands; and I got as glib too at it as he is; and how on earth I shall git back again to ninepences and fourpence-happenies I can't tell.'

The style of doing business in the ultra-democratical cabinet offices is thus described by Mr. Under-Secretary or Private-Secretary Downing:—

'Every day, jest arter breakfast, the Ginerall lights his pipe, and begins to think putty hard, and I and Major Donaldson begin to open letters for him; and there is more than three bushels every day, and all the while coming. We don't git through more than a bushel a day; and never trouble long ones, unless they come from some of our great folks. Then we sort 'em out, jest as Zakil Bigelow does the mackerel at his packin-yard, for tho' there are plaguy many more sorts than he finds among fish, we only make three sorts, and keep three big baskets, one marked "*not red*," another "*red*, and worth nothin," and another "*red, and to be answered*." And then all the Ginerall has to do, is to say, "Major, I reckon we best say so and so to that," and I say "jest so," or not, jest as the notion takes me—and then we go at it. We keep all the *secretaries, and distrid attorneys, and a good many more of our folks moving about*; and they tell us jest how the cat jumps. And, as I said afore, if it warnt for Congress meetin we'd put the Government in a one-horse waggon, and go jest where we liked.'—pp. 55-57.

We have already reminded our readers that the effect of altering the banking system in the United States was to produce almost as great a confusion in that country as the Reform Bill did in our own,—as wanton a destruction of property,—and ultimately as rueful a mass of disappointment among those who had been its blind instruments. These tools, indeed, are at an early period appreciated by the sagacious Major,—who thus writes to the 'Ginerall' from Philadelphia:—

'The crowd was so great, I was eny most mashed to a slab. All on 'em callin out, "there's the Major,"—and all wantin to shake hands with me, and to know how you was, and what was goin to be done with the bank. Some fellers had only one shoe on, and eny most

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most no' shirt—and they too wanted to know about the bank. I never see sich a mess of fellers as they have here all the while; there is all kind of critters, jamming and scrouging folks, and one another; they don't seem to do nothin, and half on 'em think, when we come to nock the bank down, *they are to git the money.*'

They did not get the money when the bank was knocked down; and forthwith we hear not a little, from both General and Major, about 'the pressure from without'—but still 'the government' kept up their spirits.

'It was nigh upon midnight when I got to the White House, and the General was abed; and as I knew he wanted to see me dreadfully, I went right into his room and woke him up. "Why," says he, "Major, is that raly you?—for I have been dreamin about you. I'm glad you are back agin, for things are gittin putty stormy here; *so do you come to bed, and we'll talk about it.*" As soon as I got alongside the General—"There now," says he, "Major, I don't care for all the rest of the Government, except Mr. Van Buren; and if we three ain't a match for all creation, I'm mistaken.'

A good deal of annoyance now springs from certain untimely scruples of Mr. Van Buren, described as an ancient rat of at least three tails,* who had been, it seems, a strenuous supporter of the bank overthrow, but, on second thoughts, began to insinuate that the thing had been carried too far; and that, at all events, no more experiments of the same sort ought to be dreamt of—in short, that 'it would not do to have a new revolution every year;—

'One day when I was busy doin up *some writin for the General*, he was called out, and had a long talk with Mr. Van Buren and some more on 'em; and when he came back, says he, "Major, I wish you and I was at the Hermitage."† "Why," says I, "how so, General?" "Well, I don't know exactly why," says he, "but I don't see," says he, "what use there is in my bein here, for things are gittin now so mixed up, that I can't tell exactly what is best to do! Do you know, Major," says he, "that Mr. Van Buren says he don't think it was right to move the deposits." "Why, how you talk!" says I, "didn't he advise it?" "Well, so I thought," says the General; "but he says it would be best only to hold it up by the tail, as you do a fox, and keep all the dogs barking for it; for as soon as you throw the fox in the crowd, a few old jowlers grab hold, and the rest don't git a mouthful; and then comes

* 'Mr. Van Buren would stand a good chance in a race, when a good many are runnin, and if the ground is muddy and slippery; for he is a master hand at trippin folks. But I'm afraid he'd stand a slim chance over a clear field. And it ain't fair to make him run so. Any man can catch a rat in a strait race, because he ain't used to it; but give him a few old barrels and logs to dodge round, then, I tell you, it's pretty tuff work.'—p. 112.

† This is General Jackson's country-seat, at which he had made great improvements since he came into office.

trouble." "Well," says I, "Gineral, that's true enuff, and that's jest the way we are doin now with the minister to England, and some other appointments; we must keep the folks smellin round, and one vacancy *to fill*," says I, "is worth a dozen filled up." "But, Major, that ain't the worst trouble now," says the Gineral; and he got up and stomped about, and then came back and filled his pipe, and stomped about agin, without lightin it. I see there was trouble brewin.

"Do you know," says he, "Major, that some of these fellows about me here, had the impudence to tell me tother day, I was runnin the risk of bein turned out of the White House?" "Why," says I, "you don't say so?" "Yes," says he, "it's a fact; but," says he, "Major, they don't know nothin about racoon huntin." "No," says I, "nor skunkin neither." And then he and I turned to, and told stories one arter another about racoonin and skunkin. *I expect my next will be a Proclamation, but I don't know. We are putty busy about every-thing.*—pp. 93, 94.

We must now drop the personal adventures of the Gineral and his subalterns, and afford our readers a specimen or two of the style in which Major Downing is made to expound questions of political economy to the Yankee public. English people may be surprised to find that some of the subjects most dwelt upon should have been thought to require any elucidation at all; but the author of the 'Stranger in America' has various anecdotes which prove that the small Yankee farmers are to this day in a state of the most primeval ignorance as to matters, even money matters, which one would have supposed must be thoroughly understood wherever the English language, even in the most abominable of its dialects, is spoken. We begin with a colloquy, which occurs at an early period of the bank affair, between a knowing stickler for the old system, Ezekiel Bigelow by name, and our friend the Major, who, at this particular time, shows some symptoms of abjuring the *Movement*.

"Says I, "Zekel, we must spring to it, and let the Gineral know, as soon as we can, all about mony matters here." "Well," says he, "Major, I'll tell you putty much all about it; and its jest as true now as the sun." And with that he slick'd his hair down from his eye-brows clean to the eend of his kew, and went at it. Zekel has got a curious notion of tellin a thing—he begins away back to a—b—abb's, and then he comes up along, and ev'ry once and a while he gives his head and hair a slicken down, and he is so earnest, and looks as if he could see right through an inch plank. I couldn't tell you one half he said, if I was to write a week about it. I'll only tell you a little here and there—he says there is two kinds of mony; hard mony and paper mony. One is always good; and the other is sometimes good, and then agin it ain't good for nothin. He says, there is jist about so much hard mony all the while—and it keeps goin round and round, all about creation;

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creation; and they git the most on't who are the most industrious and cute in inventin things. He says that paper mony is jest as good, and a leetle better than hard mony, if folks don't shell out too much on't: and the natur of paper-mony makers is always to git off as much as they can, and if it warn't for somethin to check it, it would be as bad as old continental times.

'He says, there is two ways to make mony scarce—one is by sendin hard mony away out of the country, to pay for notions we can't pay for any other way; and the other is, by sending Amos Kindle round tellin folks "The Government" is goin to do something, folks don't know exactly what, nor he nuther. Then ev'rybody grabs all he can git, and holds on; and things are jest as bad as if there wasn't "no money:" and then the brokers go at it, and lather and shave;—says they, "can only give you a little"—"hard times"—the fellows figer interest for an hour as easy as nothin, and jest so with the pottecarys—only tell the folks kolery is comin, and they go at it mixin paragoric and kamfire, and chalk it up like gold dust. Zekel says on the hull, that mony matters, and banks, and trade, is all as curious as one of Bissel's clocks; and folks hadn't ought to meddle in regelatin or alterin on't, without knowin all about it. "And now," says he, "Major, I'm a good mind to spile my watch, to show you my notion why I think trouble will come if the Ginerál nocks down the U. S. bank." Zekel is one of them 'ere folks, and always was, who would spile a horn, or make a spoon; and with that he out with his old watch, as big as a tea-cup, wound her up, and then clapt her to my ear. "She is as true," says he, "as the tides." He then opened it—"Now," says he, "Major, do you see that 'ere chain pullin all the while? and then do you see a lot of leetle wheels, and springs, and screws? And here on top is a big wheel, that's all the while goin round one way, and back agin, and jest so fast and no faster—that's the clicker," says he, "and if it warn't for that, you'd see trouble in it, and I'll show you—but I know it will all go to bits"—and so he twitched out the big wheel, and the old watch did whiz, I tell you. Some of them leetle wheels went so fast, you couldn't see nothin. One keel'd up, and another got some teeth nock'd out—she stopp'd a spell, then a spring snapp'd, and whiz it went agin, and the splinters flew, and by-and-by it all stopp'd; and Zekel gin his kew another sicken—and says he, "Major, we've spil'd the old watch; but I don't value the loss on't, seeing you got a notion by it"—and with that he scraped it all together, and wrapp'd it up in the Washington Globe—"there," says he, "Major, send that to 'The Government,' and tell the Ginerál there is more there than folks think on, who want to meddle with banks and mony matters; and to-morrow we'll go into Wall-street, and you'll see all I tell'd you is jest so"—and then we took a glass of switchel and went to bed.'

Into Wall-street they went accordingly; and then follows a most rich account of the conversation that there took place between Squire Biddle, the President of the United States' Bank, and the

the envoy of the great President of the United States themselves :—we must be contented with a fragment of it :—

"Now," says I, "Mr. Biddle, I've got one more question to put to you, and then I'm through. You say your bills are better than hard dollars ; this puzzles me, and the General too.—Now how is this ?" "Well," says he, "Major, I'll tell you ; suppose you have a bushel of potatoes in Downingville, and you wanted to send them to Washington, how much would it cost you to get them there ?" "Well," says I, "about two shillings lawful—for I sent a barrel there to the General last fall, and that cost me a dollar freight." "Well," says he, "suppose I've got potatoes in Washington just as good as yours, and I take your potatoes in Downingville, and give you an order to receive a bushel of potatoes in Washington, wouldn't you save two shillings lawful by that ? We sometimes charge," says he, "a trifle for drafts when the places are distant, but never as much as it would cost to carry the dollars ;" and with that we looked into the accounts agin, and there it was. Says I, "Squire Biddle, I see it now as clear as a whistle."

"But" (says he) "some on you say the bank has too much power, and that *Squire Biddle* might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well there is my old friend Capt. Elihu S. Bunker, of the steamboat President, runnin twixt New York and Providence—he's got about sich another monster—there is no tellin what a "dangerous monopoly" of power that crittur's got in that ere boat. If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two mortal big copper kittles, and blow his bellesses a spell, he would smash everything for more than fifty acres round. Does anybody want to know why he don't do it ?—he has ben in a steam-boat as long as the Bank's ben goin, and hain't scalded nobody—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses. Well, I'll tell you why he don't—it *ain't his interest*. Capt. Bunker knows, if he hurts anybody with his boat, he'd run a chance of hurtin himself too."—p. 177.

We have not room for more specimens—and those which we have given, our choice being necessarily influenced by considerations of brevity, will, we fear, afford a very inadequate notion of Major Downing's merits. We hope some London bookseller may think it worth his while to reprint the volume as it stands—not forgetting the wood-cuts.

ART. VI.—*Principles of Geology : being an Inquiry how far the former changes of the Earth's Surface are referable to causes now in operation.* By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., President of the Geological Society of London. Third Edition. In 4 vols. 12mo. 1835.

THE publication of a third edition of Mr. Lyell's '*Principles of Geology*' reminds us of our having omitted as yet to notice the concluding volume of the first edition. In remarking, therefore,

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fore, the improvements which the work exhibits in its new dress, we shall take occasion to comment on the matter of the latter part of the book, which has hitherto not been approached by us.

The appearance of this work will always form an epoch in the history of geology. Up to that time the doctrine which supposed an order of things to have anciently prevailed entirely different from the present—which assumed the causes of change, whether of a destroying or productive character, actually in progress on the surface of the globe, to be utterly inadequate to explain, scarcely even to illustrate, the earlier changes of which that surface exhibits such striking traces—the doctrine which referred all these latter phenomena to vaguely-imagined revolutions and convulsions, deluges or cataclysms (as they were styled), proper to the infancy of the globe, when

‘ Nature

Wanton’d as in her prime, and played at will
Her virgin fancies,’—

this doctrine held almost undisputed sway in the geological circles. The powerful arguments brought forward by Professor Playfair in support of the undiminished vigour of the natural causes still in operation, were slighted by many as the rhapsodies of a romance-writer, rather than the authorized speculations of a man of science. In our assumed ignorance of the order of things which prevailed in early geological periods, inquiries into *causes* were too often discountenanced, and, in short, the science of the history of the globe had shrunk into little else than a barren descriptive arrangement of the rocks which coat our planet, their superficial extent and relative superposition. Perhaps, however, this was the best thing that could have happened. The earlier geologists, in their ardour for explaining every thing, had neglected to make themselves sufficiently acquainted with the facts to be explained. It was well for the science, that for a time theory was *tabooed* by common consent, and the indefatigable labours of its votaries confined to the laying up a store of materials for some comprehensive mind to work upon at a later period. The foundation was in fact thus laid by Messrs. Greenough, MacCulloch, Buckland, Conybeare, and other active members of the Geological Society, for the building which Mr. Lyell, in a happy moment, undertook to raise. Thinking, apparently, that the ground had been sufficiently prepared for the purpose, and warmed by the descriptions brought from the continent by Scrope, Daubeny, and other writers, of the vast powers of destruction and reproduction now in activity among the volcanized districts of the south of Europe, and of those extinct volcanoes which offer the intervening link between the products of recent eruption and the trap-rocks of earlier ages, he applied himself

himself to the elucidation of the existing causes of change, and of their probable influence on the older geological formations, with an industry and research* which, being joined to the happiest powers of description and command of language, have enabled him to produce a work not only of the highest interest to the scientific world, but of the most popular and fascinating nature to the general reader.

For who is there that does not feel an intense interest in the study of those operations which are going forward before our eyes in the workshop of nature—operations of the minutest as of the grandest character, from the rolling of a pebble to the destruction of a coast—from the formation of a sand-bank to the foundation of a continent—from the rise of a bubble of gas in a mineral source to the elevation of a mountain? Who does not find a pleasure in thus watching nature in the very act of creation, and in examining the results of her similar labours through past ages, which, as we gaze, retire from our eager sight in endless perspective?

If the contemplation of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as they now show themselves in all their rich and varied profusion, is an employment gratifying to almost every mind, surely it is not less so to study the changes which organized existence seems gradually to have undergone in the lapse of countless centuries—to ransack the sepulchres of former races, and trace the progressive extinction of old and appearance of entirely new species—to picture to ourselves, as the study of Mr. Lyell's work enables us to do with something like confidence, the geography of our continents before one half of their present area had emerged from the deep, their form and structure, the character of their vegetation, and the figures and habits of the living beings that roamed over their surface or gambolled in their waters,—

‘Ere Adam was, or Eve the apple ate.’

If the moral and economical history of man be supremely interesting to all his family, it must be a subject, of minor perhaps, but still of intense curiosity, to ascertain the leading facts in the history of the globe which has been given to him as his residence, and of which he seems to consider himself the proprietor—to discover through what changes its surface had been brought at length into a fit state for his reception, and by what succession of secondary causes its Great Author and Designer gradually moulded and fashioned it to his use.

* In the dedication and preface to his third volume, Mr. Lyell acknowledges with warm gratefulness his obligations to Mr. Murchison, who accompanied him in the earlier parts of his continental investigation, and materially contributed to his accounts of Auvergne, the Velay, and Piedmont.

We are not, therefore, surprised that Mr. Lyell's book, by which this wide and pleasing, but till now almost untrodden, field was first opened to the public, should have been admitted to popular favour, and reproduced to satisfy the demand in a cheap and portable form. In this last edition the author has likewise introduced much new matter, availing himself of the result of his own later researches and of the progress which the science has generally made since the commencement of his publication. He has also profited by some of the suggestions and criticisms with which both friends and opponents have liberally supplied him, to modify some of his theories, and to strengthen the arguments adduced in support of others. The summary of the contents of the work given in this edition will prove useful as a guide to its readers, who might otherwise lose sight of the bearing and connexion of its general argument, while engaged in the examination of the many interesting discussions on controverted points, and curious descriptions of natural phenomena with which its pages abound. In the historical sketch of the progress of geological opinion which begins the book, some additional instances are adduced of the very remarkable sagacity with which the Arabian writers of the tenth century pointed out the leading causes of change in the structure of the earth, and the relative position of land and water. In a fragment of Avicenna, 'On the Cause of Mountains,' he ascribes the formation of some to 'violent earthquakes by which land is elevated,' and others to 'the excavating power of water, by which cavities are produced, and adjoining lands made to stand out and form eminences.' Mr. Lyell himself could scarcely express more concisely and correctly the modern theory of mountains to which we are again brought back after the lapse of eight centuries. So true is the sentiment expressed by the proverb, 'There is nothing new, but what has been forgotten.'

The Huttonian theory of the alternations of land and water on the same spot through the lapse of ages is curiously illustrated by the following beautiful allegory, extracted from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, 'On the Wonders of Nature,' by an Arabian writer of the thirteenth century—

'I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded. "It is indeed a mighty city," replied he; "we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves." Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed. "In sooth, a strange question!" replied he. "The ground here has never been different from what you now behold it."—"Was there not of old," said I, "a splendid city here?"—"Never,"

"Never," answered he, "so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such." On my return there, 500 years afterwards, *I found the sea in the same place*, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters? "Is this a question," said they, "for a man like you? this spot has always been what it is now." I again returned, 500 years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared; I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time, and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, "Its rise is lost in remote antiquity: we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."—vol. i., pp. 32, 33.

The chapters on the prejudices which have retarded the progress of sound geological opinions, and on the errors and absurdities to which the assumed discordance of the ancient and existing causes of change naturally led, are improved by the introduction of several happy illustrative arguments. The prepossessions in favour of the limited duration of past time have at length yielded to decisive evidence afforded by the organic remains preserved in the various sedimentary formations, which exhibit the memorials of an almost endless succession of inhabitants living and dying tranquilly upon the same spot. TIME is, in truth, the master-key to the problems of geology. And the concession of an unlimited period for the working of the existing powers of nature has permitted us to dispense with the comets, deluges, and other prodigies which were once brought forward, *ad libitum*, to solve every difficulty in the path of the speculating geologist.

The extreme variations of both local and general climate, which may have been produced on the surface of the earth by changes in the relative position of land and sea, are well illustrated by a map, showing how certain changes in the position of the existing continents and islands would produce the extremes of heat and cold throughout the globe, from that which might destroy all animal and vegetable life, and case even the inter-tropical seas with thick-ribbed ice, to that which would bring back the climate of the tropics to the arctic circle, and cause those genera of plants and animals to return, of which the memorials are preserved in the ancient rocks of our northern continents—when the huge iguanodon might re-appear in the woods of Sussex, and the ichthyosaur once more disport itself in Torbay, while the pterodactyle might flit again through umbrageous groves of fern-trees on the shores of the Severn. 'Then might coral reefs be prolonged once more beyond

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beyond the arctic circle, where the whale and the narwhal now abound; and turtles might again deposit their eggs in the sand of the sea-beach where now the walrus sleeps, and where the seal is drifted along on floating fields of ice.'—(vol. i. p. 183.) It is easily proved, that by a repetition of an indefinite number of local revolutions due to volcanic and various other causes of change still operating on the earth's crust, a general change of climate even to this extent might be hereafter brought about, and therefore may reasonably be supposed to have already occurred, should the facts that come under observation lead to any such conclusion.

Mr. Lyell endeavours to show that the geographical features of the northern hemisphere at the period of the deposition of the coal strata were, in fact, such as must, according to this theory, have given rise to an extremely hot climate. The geological characters of the rocks of these latitudes—the subaqueous aspect of their igneous products—the nature of their organic remains—the basin-shaped disposition of the fragmentary rocks—the absence of large fluviatile and of land quadrupeds—the insular character of the flora—all concur with wonderful harmony to establish the fact of the former prevalence throughout the northern hemisphere of a great ocean interspersed with small isles—in short, of a physical geography such as is now to be seen in the Pacific, with its numerous submarine insular volcanoes, and archipelagoes of coral islands rising among reefs, not dissimilar in composition and structure from the compact limestone beds of North America and Europe, and greatly exceeding them in superficial extent. Subsequently to the deposition of the coal strata under these circumstances, there is satisfactory evidence in their disturbance and dislocation that, by reiterated subterranean convulsions, new lands from time to time emerged from the deep. The vegetation of the period during which the sedimentary formations, from the lias to the chalk inclusive (secondary rocks), were deposited, seems to have resembled that of the larger islands of the equatorial zone, as, for example, our West Indian archipelago. These islands appear to have been drained by rivers of considerable size, inhabited by crocodiles and other gigantic oviparous reptiles, both herbivorous and carnivorous, belonging, for the most part, to extinct genera. The land supported flying reptiles, insects, and small mammifera, allied to the opossum.

But in proportion as we examine the more modern strata, we find a gradual increase of animals and plants fitted to our present climate. During the periods of the successive deposition of the tertiary formations, there are signs of a great increase of land in European latitudes, which may perhaps have been compensated by the disappearance of continents nearer the line. The secondary
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and tertiary formations, considered generally, offer strong contrast of character—the first appearing to have been deposited extensively over the bottom of wide and open seas; the latter, in regions where dry land, lakes, bays, and inland seas abounded. The former is almost exclusively marine; the latter, even the oldest part, contains lacustrine strata, and not unfrequently fresh-water and marine beds alternating. In many places, the former boundary of the tertiary sea may still be traced, and the line of its ancient cliffs and shores defined.

Such are some of the glimpses which we are enabled to obtain of the former condition of the European continent. Following the example of M. Boué, Mr. Lyell brings them more vividly before our eyes in a map, showing the extent of surface in Europe which was yet covered with water at the commencement of the tertiary period. At that time, the British islands, with the exception of the basins of London, the Isle of Wight, and Norfolk, had wholly emerged from the deep. But a third part of France was still under water. Italy consisted only of a long and narrow ridgy peninsula, branching off from the Alps near Savona. Turkey and Greece, south of the Danube, were laid dry; and a tract of land extended from the Vosges, through central Germany, Bohemia, and the north of Hungary, perhaps to the Balkan. But the whole of the north of Europe and Asia, from Holland eastward to central Tartary, and from Saxony and the Carpathians northward to Sweden, Lapland, and the Oural chain, lay beneath the ocean. The same subterranean movements, which have subsequently raised the wide plains of our northern continents above the sea-level, have given great additional elevation to the then existing land. Thus the Alps have certainly acquired an increased height of from 2000 to 4000 feet since the commencement of the tertiary period. The Pyrenees, whose highest ridge consists of marine calcareous beds, of the age of our chalk and green sand series, while the tertiary strata at their foot are horizontal, and reach only the height of a few hundred feet above the sea, seem to have been entirely upheaved in the comparatively brief interval between the deposition of the chalk and these tertiary strata. The Jura, also, owe a great part of their present elevation to convulsions which happened after the deposition of the tertiary groups. On the other hand, it is possible that some mountain-chains may have been lowered by subsidence, as well as by meteoric degradation, during the same series of ages, in this quarter of the globe; and on some points, shallows may have been depressed into deep abysses. But, on the whole, everything tends to show that the great predominance of land which now distinguishes the northern hemisphere has been brought

brought about only at a recent period. And Mr. Lyell, we think, satisfactorily proves that such shifting of the position of continents, at successive epochs, from one part of the globe to another, is adequate to account for the variations of climate, which are attested by the nature of the organic remains preserved in strata of different ages.

Many geologists, it is well known, refer these alterations of climate to the supposed central heat of the globe; others, to astronomical causes; whilst some attribute them to chemical, some to electrical forces. Indeed it would seem, that the favourite principle of all trades—'Nothing like leather'—is adopted quite as generally among men of science as by more vulgar artists; and just as the dairy-maid believes the moon to be a great cheese, so the astronomer fancies our globe a condensed nebula; the chemist, an oxydized ball of aluminium and potassium; the electromagnetician, a galvanic battery; the mineralogist, a prodigious crystal—'one entire chrysolite;' and the zoologist, an enormous animal—a thing of life and heat, with volcanoes for nostrils, lava for blood, and earthquakes for pulsations. The more sober geologists, however, differ in opinion as to the cause and nature of that powerful subterranean agency, the existence of which no one any longer doubts, whereby the stratified bed of the ocean is, as we have seen, gradually, or by shocks of more or less violence, raised into the open air, mountain-chains thrust up to towering elevations, and the rocks of which they are composed, fractured, twisted, and toppled over in the manner we find them. It is, indeed, admitted by all, that this unknown cause is the same which gives occasion to the phenomena of thermal springs and of volcanoes, and to the protrusion of those more solid masses of crystalline rock, the granites and traps, whose appearance seems always to be accompanied by so much disturbance and dislocation among the stratified formations. And it is something to have obtained a general concordance of opinion within the last few years to this extent.

Moreover, that the expansive power of heat is the immediate agent of this mighty movement to which the crust of the earth is everywhere more or less subjected, no one disputes, since no other force would be equal to the production of the effects, and its general and constant action is amply attested by the incandescent lavas that boil beneath every volcanic aperture in the crust of the earth—the hot springs and discharges of steam that rise through its minor fissures—the signs of fusion presented by so many of the crystalline rocks, and the increase of temperature in mines as we descend below the surface. But at this point opinions diverge. Some see the source of this heat in the occasional

sional oxydation of the metallic bases of the earths, of which, to suit their purpose, they fancy the nucleus of the globe composed. This is the chemical theory first started by Sir Humphry Davy, though afterwards admitted by him to be rather ingenious than probable. It has been since pursued by Professor Daubeny in this country, and by M. Ampère in France. Some writers imagine the whole mass of the globe beneath its outer crust to be still in a state of fusion, or, at least, to possess an intense temperature, far exceeding that at which the earths would be fused under the pressure of the atmosphere alone. They consider the escape of heat continually taking place by radiation, and through the volcanic spiracles and hot-springs, to occasion a gradual cooling down of the planet, and a consequent diminution in its bulk, which would necessarily give rise to the fracture and contortion and gradual thickening of its solid crust. This is the 'Theory of Central Heat,' espoused by Cordier and other French geologists. M. De la Bèche, in his late ingenious and able publication on Theoretical Geology, seems to adopt both ideas, and to imagine that some of the phenomena are best accounted for by the hypothesis of central heat, some by that of a metallic oxydizable nucleus. Though there is nothing incompatible in the two hypotheses, yet as both are sufficiently problematical, we do not think it very philosophical to resort to both, when either one or the other would be sufficient for the purpose. A third suggestion is that the heat may be owing to the circulation of electro-magnetic currents through the parts of the globe which immediately underlie the surface; and this is the theory to which Mr. Lyell now seems inclined to give in his adhesion.

Perhaps when we take into consideration our almost total ignorance of the nature and causes of heat in general, and our perfect ignorance of the composition, structure, or condition of any thing more of the substance of our planet than a portion of its envelope, not so thick, in comparison to its bulk, as the skin of an apple to the entire fruit, we may be convinced that we have not the data for solving this problem—and rest satisfied with the knowledge of the undisputed fact, that the solid crust of the earth is subjected to the more or less constant and general communication of intense heat from below, whereby many of the rocks of which it is composed are variously altered in their mineral composition and character, expanded, fractured, displaced, and protruded, sometimes in a solid, sometimes in a liquefied state, at a white heat, and in that state discharging various gases and vapours, especially steam.

If, however, we were called upon to offer an opinion on the relative pretensions of these contending theories we must own that

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Mr. Lyell's arguments in favour of the electro-magnetic influence have very little weight with us ; and also that we still remain, as when we commented upon it in our notice of his first volume, very sceptical upon the chemical theory of the metallic nucleus, whose oxydization is supposed to be effected by robbing the atmosphere and ocean of its oxygen through fissures, which, from all we know of such openings, are more likely to transmit gases and vapours from below upwards, than to admit of their passage downwards towards the region of intense subterranean heat. We think it far more probable that the gases and water, with all their mineral ingredients, which are now found on the surface of the globe, have themselves been derived from below, whence every hour fresh volumes of them are discharged before our eyes, than that they are undergoing continual diminution by penetrating that surface, and entering into combination with internal masses of metal, the existence of which anywhere is a pure hypothesis. We lean, therefore, if to any, rather to the notion that the globe is gradually cooling down, and still retains an intense temperature below its surface ; a temperature which, however great, by no means implies a state of fusion, since the incumbent pressure of the crust may, and probably would, wholly prevent this condition, except partially and temporarily, where the yielding of the overlying rocks, or the opening of fissures, by diminishing the local pressure, may permit portions of the heated matter to expand, and perhaps to boil upwards and find its way out on the surface, or among the broken strata of that surface, in a liquid form. It must be recollected, that the early fluidity of the surface of the globe, which is inferred, with much apparent force of reasoning, from the figure it has assumed, does not by any means imply its complete fluidity throughout. A solid ball, or block of any irregular figure, launched into space at an intense temperature, and with the motion of the earth round its axis, would be superficially liquefied, and probably reduced to vapour to a certain depth, its projecting angles being rounded off, and the change of place of its liquefied parts communicating to the body the figure determined by its rotatory motion. But at a certain depth the influence of gravity would counteract the liquefying tendency of the temperature, however great, and retain the nucleus in a solid form. Thus the theory of the igneous fluidity of the surface of the globe at its origin does not necessarily imply that its nucleus is or ever was in a similar state.

But leaving these speculations—which belong rather to cosmogony than to legitimate geology, and, in the present condition of our knowledge, may justly be considered as premature—we will follow Mr. Lyell in his description of the changes now
habitually

habitually taking place on the earth's surface. These, it will be recollected by our readers, are divided into two classes, those of igneous and those of aqueous agency. We select some examples of each of these classes. Most of our readers are aware that geologists are puzzled to account for the numerous great rounded blocks (boulders) of granite, gneiss, and other hard crystalline rocks, which are scattered over the plains of the north of Europe, of the Po, and the Danube; and which, in many cases, have evidently been derived from mountain-chains that are now not only very distant, but separated from them by deep arms of the sea, lakes, or valleys.

The striking passage which we are about to transcribe, offers a very satisfactory solution of a problem which cannot fail to have attracted the attention of every traveller in the countries we have named:—

Effects of ice in removing stones.—In mountainous regions and high northern latitudes, the moving of heavy stones by water is greatly assisted by the ice which adheres to them, and which, forming together with the rock a mass of less specific gravity, is readily borne along. The snow which falls on the summits of the Alps throughout nine months of the year is drifted into the higher valleys, and being pressed downward by its own weight, forms those masses of ice and snow called *glaciers*. Large portions of these often descend into the lower valleys, where they are seen in the midst of forests and green pastures. The mean depth of the glaciers descending from Mont Blanc is from 80 to 100 feet, and in some chasms is seen to amount to 600 feet. The surface of the moving mass is usually loaded with sand, and large stones, derived from the disintegration of the surrounding rocks acted upon by frost. These transported materials are generally arranged in long ridges or mounds, sometimes 30 or 40 feet high. They are often two, three, or even more in number, like so many lines of intrenchment, and consist of the debris which have been brought in by lateral glaciers. The whole accumulation is called in Switzerland “the moraine.” Being slowly conveyed to inferior valleys, it is there thrown down, when the snow and ice melt upon the plain, where the larger blocks remain, and the smaller are swept away by the stream to which the melting of the ice gives rise. This stream flows along the bottom of each glacier, issuing from an arch at its lower extremity.

‘In northern latitudes, where glaciers descend into valleys terminating in the sea, great masses of ice, on arriving at the shore, are occasionally detached and floated off together with their “moraine.” The currents of the ocean are then often instrumental in transporting them to great distances. Scoresby counted 500 icebergs drifting along in latitude 69° and 70° north, which rose above the surface from the height of one to two hundred feet, and measured from a few yards to a mile in circumference. Many of these contained strata of

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earth and stones, or were loaded with beds of rock of great thickness, of which the weight was conjectured to be from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand tons. Such bergs must be of great magnitude; because the mass of ice below the level of the water is between seven and eight times greater than that above. Wherever they are dissolved, it is evident that the "moraine" will fall to the bottom of the sea. In this manner may sub-marine valleys, mountains, and platforms become strewed over with scattered blocks of foreign rock, of a nature perfectly dissimilar from all in the vicinity, and which may have been transported across unfathomable abysses. We have before stated, that some ice-islands have been known to drift from Baffin's Bay to the Azores, and from the South Pole to the immediate neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope.—Vol. i. p. 255.

It is not necessary, however, to suppose all the erratic blocks of the north of Europe to have floated to their present position on ice-bergs, for the powerful action of the tides and currents off the coast of Shetland, where blocks of granite, porphyry, and serpentine, of enormous dimensions, are continually detached from wasting cliffs during storms, and carried, in a few hours, to a distance of many hundred yards from the parent rocks, and even up considerable slopes,* proves the prodigious drifting force occasionally exerted at the bottom of the sea by the motion which winds or currents communicate to its waters—a force almost alone sufficient to have strewed the wreck of the Scandinavian mountains over the plains of Poland, whilst that country lay yet beneath the ocean. Should the floor of the German sea ever rise above the waters, we may expect to find much of it covered by similar fragments, which are certainly now being largely distributed over it.

Where, as on the slopes of the Jura, these blocks are found at considerable heights, it is probable that the hills on which they rest have been much uplifted since their deposition. A remarkable example of this, not mentioned by Mr. Lyell, occurs in the high platform which rises between the forked arms of the Lake of Como. This platform is strewed over with blocks derived from the high Alps, from which it is entirely cut off by the two chasms, several thousand feet in depth, which the lake occupies. These alluvial deposits are of so recent a date, geologically speaking, that it is interesting to meet with indisputable proofs of such stupendous phenomena as the rise of a large part of the Alps having taken place since their formation. We thus find these 'primeval mountains' to be actually of more recent origin than the pebbles that clothe their sides and summit.

The phenomena of overflowing, or *Artesian wells*—so called by the French, from having been long known and practised in Artois—are interesting to the inhabitants of this metropolis, in

* Lyell, book iv. ch. 11.

whose neighbourhood several such wells have of late years been successfully formed, and who may justly expect, from their multiplication, a supply of purer water than is usually to be had in or near London.

The rise and overflow of the water in these wells is referred, with apparent reason, to the same principles as the play of an artificial fountain. Let our readers imagine a somewhat basin-shaped bed of sand, chalk, or any rock of a porous nature, to lie upon a stratum of clay impermeable to water, and to be covered by another stratum equally impermeable. The former bed, being saturated to a great extent by the water which flows into it from its higher and exposed edges—a hilly region, perhaps, where rain falls in abundance—becomes a reservoir which, if an opening is bored down into it through the overlying clay, will discharge its waters upwards with a force and to a height determined by the level at which they are kept in the reservoir, the rate at which they can percolate through its substance, and the size of the orifice. In fact such a well is an artificial spring, fed precisely in the same manner as those which break forth spontaneously from natural fissures. And when the multiplication of these wells for the supply of all London is suggested, we must not forget that every artificial spring so opened in the lower levels of the London basin must rob some natural spring or springs in the higher levels of precisely the same quantity of water as it abstracts from the common subterranean reservoir. The springs which feed the brooks and rivulets of Middlesex, Surrey, and Essex, are only the overflowings of the water which saturates the upper strata of chalk that underlie the clay-basin of London; and in proportion as this reservoir is *tapped* by the borer, must the supply it affords on its upper margin be diminished. The owners of mills and water-meadows along the course of our streams have thus a strong interest in hindering the multiplication of these Artesian channels for conducting to other districts the rills on whose permanence they have so much valuable property dependent.

We wish we could afford space to follow Mr. Lyell through his most interesting descriptions of the changes in progress on the surface of the earth from the wearing away of its solid parts by frost, rain, torrents, rivers, waves, and currents; while the matter thus abstracted is carried off and deposited, under various circumstances influencing the nature of the resulting bed of marl, clay, sand, gravel, or rock, in the bottoms of river-valleys, the beds of lakes, or the floor of the ocean. Not less instructive is the precipitation of beds of salt, of gypsum, of carbonate of lime, nay, of solid marble, from mineral springs—products so analogous to many of the older strata.

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The igneous agents of change, especially the volcano and the earthquake, are perhaps yet more striking to the observer of nature. The face of the globe is traversed in various directions by lengthened bands which are habitually penetrated by volcanic eruptions, or shaken by earthquakes, and apparently indicate corresponding fissures in the crust of the planet through which the subterranean force (whatever it be) habitually finds vent. One of the best defined of these regions is that of the Andes. It traverses America from south to north, reaching from Terra del Fuego to California, and probably even farther north to the Aleutian isles, where it joins a similar train of volcanic vents which stretches from Kamskatcha southward through Japan, the Philippines and Moluccas, to Java and Sumatra. Thus the entire Pacific is almost girdled by a volcanic belt, while its interior is thickly studded with coral islands, not only indicating volcanic action by their abundant supply of carbonate of lime, but, in numerous instances, by their circular form, attesting the existence of the crater-shaped summit of a volcanic mountain beneath. The volcanic region which stretches east and west across the south of Europe, from the Caspian to the Azores, through Greece, southern Italy, Sicily, southern Spain, and Portugal, is to us an object of still greater interest. Of this line it may be observed, that there is a central tract where the greatest subterranean violence is felt, where rocks are shattered by earthquakes, mountains rent, the surface elevated or depressed, cities laid in ruins, and volcanic outbursts frequent. On each side of this line of greatest commotion are parallel bands of country where the shocks are less violent. At a still greater distance (as in northern Italy, for example), there are spaces where the shocks are more feeble, yet possibly of force sufficient to cause, by continued repetition, some appreciable alteration in the external form of the country. Beyond these limits again all countries are liable to slight tremors at distant intervals of time, when some great crisis of subterranean movement agitates an adjoining volcanic region; but these may be considered as mere vibrations, propagated mechanically through the external covering of the globe, as sound travels almost to indefinite distances through the air.

Mr. Lyell seems now to have come round to the opinion expressed by us in the review of his first volume, that the characteristic phenomena of earthquakes, the wavelike oscillations of the earth, are in reality nothing but the vibratory jar occasioned in the rocks which form the solid crust of the globe by their sudden and violent disruption. The expansive force of subterranean heat is the primary cause of the fracture; the elevation of one or other of the edges of the rent, perhaps of both, the immediate and permanent

result: the earthquake is merely an incident, and the volcanic eruption a casual accompaniment, which takes place only when the fracture is sufficiently deep and wide, or the reservoir of subterranean heat sufficiently near the surface, to permit the escape of some of the ebullient matter, or the discharge of its elastic vapour. But the main fractures in the crust of the globe which are indicated by the linear bands of subterranean disturbance we have mentioned are evidently of a compound character. The space they occupy is traversed in various directions by minor lines of volcanic vents, marking out secondary lines of fracture. It would seem that the intensely heated and intumescent matter that is the primary cause of all these phenomena, after shattering and forcing upwards large portions of the shell of the earth along the principal lines of disturbance, has established itself in several minor and habitual centres or lines of action, which probably communicate more or less with each other—one of them, when in habitual activity, operating as a sort of safety-valve to discharge the subterranean heat of the common focus. A comparison of the history of the convulsions of these tracts confirms this opinion. Thus, Ischia has been in a state of repose ever since Vesuvius has been so continually active; and it is therefore probable that the two vents communicate with a common focus at a certain distance from the surface, and that each affords relief alternately to elastic fluids and lava there generated. So, to extend the remark to a wider district, it appears that from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, Asia Minor, Syria, and Judea were in a state of tranquillity, while the Archipelago and southern Italy and Sicily suffered much from earthquakes. Since that period the state of things has been reversed. The latter regions have been comparatively tranquil, while the Asiatic portion of this volcanic band has been almost continually convulsed. We may therefore suppose southern Italy and Syria to be connected at a much greater depth with the same principal focus, whose energies sometimes find vent at one part of the main fractures, sometimes at another, according to the relative resistance of the obstructions that accumulate in the several ducts or on the overlying surface. The phenomena of volcanoes, hot springs, and earthquakes, amply demonstrate the unceasing discharge of subterranean heat from the interior of the globe. To this is probably owing the *general* tranquillity enjoyed on its surface. The occasional convulsions that occur seem to arise from the temporary and casual stoppage of the channels by which the heat is transmitted outwards. The passage of caloric from below upwards is aptly compared by Mr. Lyell

* to the descent of water from the continents to the sea; and as a partial interruption to the drainage of a country causes a flood, so any obstruction

obstruction to the discharge of volcanic heat may give rise to an earthquake or eruption.'

The volcanic action going on in the vicinity of Naples, where all its phenomena can be so conveniently and agreeably watched affords a valuable field of observation to the student of natural dynamics. Here not only is Vesuvius, as well as the neighbouring vent of Stromboli, and the nobler cone of *Ætna*, in almost continual and very energetic activity, but the traces of former action at various periods lie scattered around in profusion, and are mingled in a most interesting manner with the vestiges of man's occupation of the same fertile and delicious sites. The relics of human art and natural phenomena are every where intermixed, and mutually illustrate each other. We gather as much knowledge of the past history of Vesuvius from the disinterment of Pompeii and Herculaneum, as we do of the history and manners of their former inhabitants. The beautiful temple of Jupiter Serapis at Pozzuoli is quite as interesting to the geologist as to the antiquary. While its rich pavements and marble baths open curious glimpses to the latter of the habits and conveniences of ancient life, they afford to the former equally curious and novel views of the vicissitudes to which the surface of the earth is liable. The letter of Pliny the Younger describing the destruction of his uncle during the eruption of the neighbouring mountain, is perused with the same zest upon the spot where the event occurred by the scholar and the naturalist; and we speak from experience when we say, that the combination of both studies, and the degree to which each is often found unexpectedly to assist the other, afford a gratification of the most intense character, quite peculiar to this favoured and favourite district. We can never forget the luxury of geologizing in the extinct craters of the Elysian Fields, with a Virgil in one hand and a hammer in the other—now penetrating the grot of the Sibyl beneath the curious lava-rock of Cumæ,

‘ubi Dædalus exiit alas’—

now exploring the cup-shaped crater of the ‘*Gaurus inanis*,’ still clothed, as in the time of Juvenal, with vineyards,—now climbing that most remarkable volcanic cone the Monte Nuovo, which was thrown up in 1538 from the bosom of the Lucrine lake, without disturbing the temple of Apollo that yet adorns its margin,—now standing on the promontory of Misenum, surrounded by the written monuments of classical antiquity, and viewing, through the transparent medium of that delicious atmosphere, Vesuvius and the Solfatara yet smoking, with a hundred circling hills that mark out so many extinct volcanoes, whose craters and sides are studded with relics of Roman villas and Grecian cities,—Baia and Puteoli, Neapolis and Pæstum.

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Mr. Lyell aptly employs, in support of his main argument—the undiminished vigour of the existing forces of nature—the proofs which that country presents of the coincidence, during many ages, of great superficial changes with such an average tranquillity as did not prevent its continued occupation by man. Ischia is said to have been twice depopulated by the tremendous convulsions to which it was subjected; but each time its fertile surface was speedily reoccupied. On the flanks of Vesuvius towns have risen successively one above the other, as the first were overwhelmed by lavas or cinders thrown out by the impending volcano. Such geologists as assume that in former periods the laws of nature differed from those established in their own time,

‘when they consider the numerous proofs of reiterated catastrophes to which the district around Naples has been subject, may, perhaps, commiserate the unhappy fate of beings condemned to inhabit a planet during its nascent and chaotic state, and feel grateful that their favoured race has escaped such scenes of anarchy and misrule. Yet what was the real condition of Campania during those years of dire convulsion? “A climate where heaven’s breath smells sweet and woefully—a vigorous and luxuriant nature unparalleled in its productions—a coast which was once the fairy land of poets, and the favourite retreat of great men. Even the tyrants of the creation loved this alluring region, spared it, adorned it, lived in it, died in it.” The inhabitants, indeed, have enjoyed no immunity from the calamities which are the lot of mankind; but the principal evils which they have suffered must be attributed to moral, not to physical, causes—to disastrous events over which man might have exercised a control, rather than to the inevitable catastrophes which result from subterranean agency. When Spartacus encamped his army of ten thousand gladiators in the old extinct crater of Vesuvius, the volcano was more justly a subject of terror to Campania than it has ever been since the rekindling of its fires.’—vol. ii., p. 110.

Of recent volcanic phenomena few have been more instructive than the formation of the ephemeral island which made its appearance in July, 1831, off the south coast of Sicily, in a spot where Captain Smyth had a few years before sounded a depth of more than a hundred fathoms water. The continuance of explosions for about three weeks created a circular island, with a central crater—(the summit of course of a much larger submarine cone)—rising two hundred feet above the sea-level, and three miles in circumference. As soon as the cessation of the eruption permitted an approach, naturalists and navigators hastened to visit and examine this new island which had sprung, as if by enchantment, like Delos of old,—and doubtless the god who raised up Delos for the benefit of Latona employed the same secondary agents,—from the bosom of the deep. Crews of English, French, Sicilian,

Sicilian, and we know not how many other vessels, landed in turn, each planting their national standard on the crumbling peak of the mountain, and claiming its possession for their respective governments. No less than seven different names were given to it by its contending discoverers. And how far these rival pretensions would have extended, and whether the peace of Europe might not have been broken in the contest, it is difficult to say:—but the waves in the interim took the matter in hand, and by undermining and breaching the loose and fragmentary strata of which it was composed, made very short work of the disputed territory. At the end of October, that is about three months from its first appearance, the entire island had vanished. The whole had been levelled with the sea, and not a vestige remained of it except a small and dangerous reef of black rock, probably, as Mr. Lyell observes, the upper part of the body of lava from which the explosions proceeded, and which rose at no time higher than the sea-level, but now offers a solid buttress to prop the surrounding beds of loose materials, and retard their further dispersion by the waves and currents. Drawings were taken of this island at various periods of its formation and destruction, which are instructive as proving its entire conformity in figure, and the arrangement of its beds, to so many volcanic isles of the Mediterranean and other seas, whose mode of formation is not yet thoroughly understood by many geologists.

It is lamentable to find the far-fetched and untenable theory of *Erhebung's cratern*, or Elevation craters, still pertinaciously maintained by Von Buch and his disciples, with reference to Santorini, Palma, and many other volcanic mountains or islands. We know of few circumstances in the history of science more disparaging to the character of its followers, than this obstinate perseverance by men of note and authority in a theory unsupported by argument or evidence of the slightest weight, after the full exposure of its weakness by Mr. Lyell and others. The question is, as to the mode of formation of certain conical mountains composed of beds of interstratified lavas and conglomerates, all sloping gradually and regularly from the circular ridge of a central crater: As if on purpose to gratify our curiosity, nature produces before our eyes, on many different occasions, and in as many different spots, several mountains of this precise character in every particular, composed of similar materials, arranged in exactly the same manner; nay, in some instances, these recent hills have been actually thrown up *on the same spot*, within the central enclosure of the older circular hill whose origin is in dispute, as at Vesuvius, Barren Island, and Santorini. Can it be credited, that there are philosophers who, instead of referring the formation

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of the older hills to the process which has formed its analogues within our own time, choose to refer it to an unexampled and purely imaginary operation, invented by themselves for the purpose, and to which nothing at all similar has ever been witnessed, or shown by probable argument to have occurred! It is really disheartening to find stumbling-blocks placed so gratuitously in the path of science.

On the other hand, we are not for extending our conclusions from analogy beyond the limits of our own planet, or we should be tempted to refer the mountains of the *moon* to the same mode of formation as those of which we have been speaking. A contemporary astronomer, of splendid reputation, has indeed ventured upon this speculation.

'The generality of them,' says Sir John Herschel, 'present a striking uniformity and singularity of aspect. They are wonderfully numerous, occupying by far the larger portion of the surface, and almost universally of an exactly circular or cup-shaped form, foreshortened, however, into ellipses towards the limb; but the larger have, for the most part, flat bottoms within, from which rises centrally a small, steep, conical hill. They offer, in short, in its highest perfection, the true *volcanic* character, as it may be seen in the crater of Vesuvius, and in a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegreæi, or the Puy de Dôme. And in some of the principal ones, decisive marks of volcanic stratification, arising from successive deposits of ejected matter, may be clearly traced with powerful telescopes.'

Our readers will recollect how convincingly Mr. Lyell demonstrates the unstable character of the surface of our continents, which we are apt to consider immoveable, from a review of the various earthquakes that have been recorded by competent observers within the last half century alone; some of which, as that of Cutch, in 1819, and Chili, in 1822, perceptibly elevated or depressed vast tracts of country, stretching over some thousands of square miles, by at least several feet perpendicular.

The force of this argument is much heightened by a simple note now appended to this chapter, in which the author is obliged to apologize for not continuing his catalogue of these convulsions up to the present time, owing to the difficulty of affording room for the number that have occurred in the two or three years since the publication of his first edition. Every month is in fact signalized by one or more such occurrence in some quarter of the globe; and it is impossible to deny that the supposition of a series of these movements continued, with more or less occasional violence, through a period of ages, will suffice to explain all the marks of disturbance and elevation which characterize the superficial

facial strata of our continents ; marks which, in all their varieties of faults, fissures, dikes, veins, and contortions, the formation of valleys and hills, the deflexion or drying up of rivers, the production of lakes, and so forth, are to be found most correctly exemplified in the effects of earthquakes witnessed within our own times.

Let us stop for a moment to contemplate the influence of these operations carried on by an agent of whose gigantic power we can scarcely entertain the conception, upon the puny works of man, when he happens to be within their range. The Calabrian earthquake of 1783 affords an interesting example of this nature. By that convulsion whole towns were thrown prostrate, and their population nearly annihilated. Forty thousand persons are stated by Sir W. Hamilton to have perished on the moment, while about twenty thousand more died from epidemics, occasioned by the consequent scarcity of food, exposure to the atmosphere, and malaria, arising from the newly-formed lakes and pools of stagnant water. The destruction of the aged Prince of Scilla, who, with all his people, to the number of 1430, was swept at once into the sea by an enormous wave, which, during one of the shocks, rushed impetuously upon the shore where they were standing, and carried them away in its retreat, is a well-known incident of this catastrophe. Others, less notorious, are related by Mr. Lyell, from the account of Dolomieu, who visited the country immediately after the event.

‘ He describes the city of Messina as still presenting, at least at a distance, an imperfect image of its ancient splendour. Every house was injured, but the walls were standing : the whole population had taken refuge in wooden huts in the neighbourhood, and all was solitude and silence in the streets : it seemed as if the city had been desolated by the plague, and the impression made upon his feelings was that of melancholy and sadness. “ But when I passed over to Calabria, and first beheld Polistena, the scene of horror almost deprived me of my faculties ; my mind was filled with mingled compassion and terror : nothing had escaped ; all was levelled with the dust ; not a single house or piece of wall remained ; on all sides were heaps of stones so destitute of form, that they could give no conception of there ever having been a town on the spot. The stench of the dead bodies still rose from the ruins. I conversed with many persons who had been buried for three, four, and even for five days ; I questioned them respecting their sensations in so dreadful a situation, and they agreed that, of all the physical evils they endured, thirst was the most intolerable ; and that their mental agony was increased by the idea that they were abandoned by their friends, who might have rendered them assistance.”

‘ It is supposed that about a fourth part of the inhabitants of Polistena,

tena, and of some other towns, were buried alive, and might have been saved had there been no want of hands; but in so general a calamity, where each was occupied with his own misfortunes, or those of his family, aid could rarely be obtained. Neither tears, nor supplications, nor promises of high rewards, were listened to. Many acts of self-devotion, prompted by parental and conjugal tenderness, or by friendship, or the gratitude of faithful servants, are recorded; but individual exertions were, for the most part, ineffectual. It frequently happened that persons in search of those most dear to them could hear their moans,—could recognize their voices,—were certain of the exact spot where they lay buried beneath their feet, yet could afford them no succour. The piled mass resisted all their strength, and rendered their efforts of no avail.

Notwithstanding these instances of human suffering, our author justly proves that the general tendency of subterranean movements, when their effects are considered for a sufficient lapse of time, is eminently beneficial even to man himself. They constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the most useful characters of the habitable surface are preserved, and the very existence and perpetuation of dry land is secured.

'Why the working of this same machinery should be attended with so much evil, is a mystery far beyond the reach of our philosophy, and must probably remain so until we are permitted to investigate, not our planet alone and its inhabitants, but other parts of the moral and material universe with which they may be connected. Could our survey embrace other worlds, and the events, not of a few centuries only, but of periods as indefinite as those with which geology renders us familiar, some apparent contradictions might be reconciled, and some difficulties would doubtless be cleared up. But even then, as our capacities are finite, while the scheme of the universe may be infinite, both in time and space, it is presumptuous to suppose that all sources of doubt and perplexity would ever be removed. On the contrary, they might, perhaps, go on augmenting in number, for it has been justly said, that the greater the circle of light, the greater the boundary of darkness by which it is surrounded.'—vol. ii., pp. 233, 234.

We must not indulge ourselves in following Mr. Lyell through the part of his work which treats of the changes now in progress in the organic world, though there is much new matter likewise introduced into this branch of the general subject, and considerable improvement in its management. A most instructive mass of evidence is brought to bear upon the all-important question as to the real existence and permanence of species, in opposition to the theory of transmutation proposed by Lamarck. And the author discusses, with much ingenuity and appropriate illustration, the several questions of the causes and limits of the variation of species, the laws according to which they are dispersed and geographically

phically distributed over the earth's surface, the influence of certain fluctuating and temporary conditions of that surface upon their continuance, their successive disappearance and extermination under unfavourable circumstances, and the probability of new animals and plants being created from time to time to supply their place.

We hasten, however, to that part of our author's work which formed the third and concluding volume of his first edition, and which has hitherto remained unnoticed by us. It relates chiefly to geology *proper*, and unites a general description and classification of the rocks open to our view on the earth's surface, with a reference to the circumstances under which they appear to have been produced or modified, when considered by the light of that knowledge as to the existing causes of change which we have acquired from the preceding treatises.

In the infancy of geology, the relative superposition of the stratified rocks was considered the single test of their antiquity—it being assumed that the upper beds had invariably been deposited as sediments or precipitates from water *upon* the lower. But as it was very possible that a recent bed might be formed in immediate contact with a very ancient one, where the latter was superficially denuded, and all the series which on other spots intervened between the two were locally absent, some other test of age was obviously wanting; and this was sought for, and happily discovered in the fossil organic remains of the different strata. The upper or newest beds were found to contain plants and animals, whether terrestrial or marine, identical for the most part with the species which still inhabit the neighbouring land or waters. On the other hand, the beds which underlay these in some spots, though in others showing themselves on the surface, contained fewer remains of existing species, with a larger proportion of species now apparently extinct; and the strata of still greater age, according to the order of superposition, exhibited numberless species and genera having no living analogues whatever. Thus the law of successive appearance of species was brought most usefully to confirm the general conclusions derivable from the order of superposition, and to supply its frequent deficiencies.

But besides the strata evidently of aqueous origin, a very large class of rocks occur generally of a highly crystalline texture, which, from their analogy to the lavas of recent volcanos, are now recognised to be of igneous or subterranean origin; and with reference to them, since they were protruded from below upwards, it is clear that no conclusion could be drawn as to their age, or the period at which they first took their present position, from their relations of superposition to other masses. On the contrary, it is in fact ascertained,

tained, that, among rocks of this class, the lowest are often the most recent, since they are found to send up veins or ramifications into cracks of the upper beds, showing that they were forced into their present situation in a state more or less of liquefaction, perhaps of fusion, long after these upper beds had become consolidated. Now this is, in truth, just what a review of the changes in progress upon the crust of the globe would have suggested as most likely to occur—the natural result of that struggling up of heated and intumescent matter *from below* the crust, and deposition of fragmentary, sedimental, and chemically precipitated matters *from above* it, which we have ascertained to be constantly and simultaneously going on at present, and, in the absence of proof to the contrary, must suppose to have been always taking place. The infinite variety of influential circumstances under which these operations were carried on in different times and places—whether in the depths of the ocean, or on shallow shores—in spots agitated by tides, waves, or currents, or in still water—in the estuaries of rivers, in inland lakes, salt or fresh, or on dry land occasionally flooded—whether again in regions often convulsed by earthquakes, or in a state of superficial repose—whether on the site or in the vicinity of mineral springs, or of volcanic vents, bringing forth lavas and their fragmentary ejections of different kinds—all these, and other various and often complicated circumstances, which must necessarily have affected the result of the operation, will amply account for all the varieties of character and position assumed by the mineral beds of the earth's surface. When, indeed, to these is added the amount of alteration to which they must have been subjected since their formation by the slow action of chemical forces between their component particles, under various conditions of temperature and pressure—by the infiltration of water or vapours charged with foreign substances—by the destroying power of aqueous or atmospheric agency—and by the interference or disruptive violence of subterranean heat—it becomes a matter of surprise, not that the composition and configuration of the solid surface of the earth is so varied as we find it, but rather that it is not more complicated—that there remain any traces of the order in which its parts were formed—that it is not an absolute chaos, defying all research into its history, and all classification of its contents.

The leading division of rocks hitherto adopted by geologists, into three principal groups, primary, secondary, and tertiary, in the order of their presumed age, has not been rejected by Mr. Lyell. But in commencing, as he properly does, with the newest or tertiary formations, he shows the necessity of a subdivision of this series, which in the progress of geology has proved to be so much

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much more important and extensive than had been previously imagined. The arrangement proposed rests of course on the evidence afforded by their fossil organic contents, and especially the shells which they generally contain in great abundance and high preservation. He says:—

‘Although the bones of mammalia in the tertiary strata, and those of reptiles in the secondary, afford us instruction of the most interesting kind, yet the species are too few, and confined to too small a number of localities, to be of much value in characterising the subdivisions of geological formations. Skeletons of fish are by no means frequent in a good state of preservation, and the science of ichthyology must be farther advanced before we can hope to determine their specific character with precision. The same may be said of fossil botany, notwithstanding the great progress that has been recently made in that department; and even in regard to zoophytes, which are so much more abundant in a fossil state than any of the classes above enumerated, we are still impeded in our endeavour to classify strata by their aid, in consequence of the smallness of the number of recent species which have been examined from those tropical seas where they occur in the greatest profusion.

‘The testacea then are by far the most important class of organic beings which have left their spoils in the sub-aqueous deposits; and they have been truly said to be the medals which nature has chiefly selected to record the history of the former changes of the globe. There is scarcely any great series of strata that does not contain some marine or fresh-water shells, and these fossils are often found so entire, especially in the tertiary formations, that when disengaged from the matrix, they have all the appearance of having been just procured from the sea. Their colour, indeed, is usually wanting, but the parts whereon specific characters are founded remain unimpaired; and though the animals themselves are gone, their form and habits can generally be inferred from the shell which covered them.

‘The utility of the testacea in geological classification is greatly enhanced by the circumstance, that some forms are proper to the sea, others to the land, and others to fresh water. Rivers scarcely ever fail to carry down into their deltas some land shells, together with species which are at once fluviatile and lacustrine. The Rhone, for example, receives annually from the Durance many shells which are drifted in an entire state from the higher Alps of Dauphiny, and these species, such as *Bulinus montanus*, are carried down into the delta of the Rhone to a climate very different from that of their native habitation. The young hermit crabs may often be seen on the shores of the Mediterranean, near the mouth of the Rhone, inhabiting these univalves, brought down to them from so great a distance. At the same time that some fresh-water and land shells are carried into the sea, other individuals of the same species become fossil in inland lakes, and by this means we learn what species of fresh-water and marine testacea coexisted at particular eras. We also make out the connexion

connexion between various plants and mammifers imbedded in those lacustrine deposits, and the testacea which lived at the same time in the ocean.'

Since this was written, M. Agassiz, of Neufchatel, has presented geologists with some of the results of his extended analytical inquiry into the distribution and characters of fossil fishes, a work fostered and warmly patronized by the illustrious Cuvier. This able Swiss naturalist has shown, that fishes are more exact evidences than testacea of the chronology of rocks in which they are imbedded. But they are comparatively of such rare occurrence, that shells must ever be considered as the geologist's best practical guides.

The subdivisions of the tertiary epoch which Mr. Lyell proposes on this basis are four in number. Though professing a reluctance to the employment of new names, he finds it impossible to avoid them on the present occasion, and his nomenclature, suggested to him by Professor Whewell, may perhaps answer as well as any other that could have been devised. His four eras are called newer and older Pliocene, Miocene, and Eocene. Their distinction consists in the greater or less proportions they contain of *recent* shells—that is, of shells now found with living inhabitants; and the words, of Greek derivation, express this at least as well as plain things are commonly expressed in the technical dialect of modern naturalists. The term *pliocene* is applied to formations in which *the larger half* of the imbedded shells are generally of recent species; *miocene*, to those in which the proportion of recent to extinct species is much *less than half*; *eocene*, to such as, containing a very small number of living species, indicate the *dawn* or commencement of the existing state of the animate creation. Those of our readers who have not paid much attention to fossil conchology will be surprised to learn that the number of distinct species of fossil shells which have been found in the several tertiary formations and catalogued by M. Deshayes, amounts to upwards of *three thousand*. Of these 777 are found in strata of the pliocene period, 1021 in the miocene, 1238 in the eocene. The pliocene era is subdivided by Mr. Lyell into newer and older. The first is found to contain from 90 to 95 per cent. of *recent* shells. The second from 35 to 50 per cent. The miocene beds contain about 18 per cent.; the eocene not more than 3½ per cent. Only seventeen species of shells have been found in all the four groups; and of these thirteen are still met with in a living state. These fortunate tribes which have survived so many hundred races of their former contemporaries, may be compared to the Clintons, the Berkeleys, and the Nevilles, among our aristocracy—the few families that can trace back their lineage to an ancestor of whose existence

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existence in the dawn of our history any record remains. They have had the luck to outlive several successive states of the organic world, just as Nestor survived three generations of men.

Though the eocene, or oldest tertiary, strata contain a small proportion of living shells, none of the associated *mammiferous* remains belong to species which now exist in Europe or elsewhere. Some of them equalled the horse and others the rhinoceros in size; and they could not possibly have escaped observation, had they survived down to our time. More than forty of these eocene mammalia belong to a small section of the order *pachydermata*, which has now only four living representatives on the globe; viz., three tapirs, and the Daman of the Cape.

In the miocene mammalia, a few of the generic forms most frequent in the eocene strata are found associated with some of those now existing; and in the pliocene there is a considerable intermixture of extinct and recent species of quadrupeds. Thus there is an accordance between the results deducible from a separate examination of the fossil shells and mammifera in these several formations. But the latter occur so rarely as to be comparatively valueless in the general classification of strata.

Mr. Lyell describes the principal examples of these several formations, many of which he was the first to examine and report upon. The most recent or newer pliocene is largely developed in the Val di Noto, a district which intervenes between Etna and the southern promontory of Sicily. Here is a considerable tract, chiefly consisting of an elevated platform, from one to three thousand feet in height, entirely composed of limestone, marl, sandstone, and associated volcanic rocks. The uppermost bed, which forms the summit of the platform, and of nearly every hill, is a mass of solid limestone, sometimes seven or eight hundred feet thick, very similar in aspect to the *calcaire grossier*, or yellowish-white limestone of Paris. In the ravine-like valleys that intersect it, it is seen in nearly horizontal strata, as solid and as regularly bedded as the greater part of our secondary formations. It abounds in natural caverns, which in many places have been enlarged by artificial excavations. The celebrated quarries of Syracuse, which were anciently used as prisons, and through which the Ear of Dionysius is perforated (or rather what is supposed to have been that contrivance), are excavated in this rock, as well as the tombs of the ancient and the catacombs of the later inhabitants of that country. The cliffs bordering on some valleys are completely honeycombed with holes and galleries, which were evidently long in use as habitations by a numerous people. The stone cuts so readily with the axe, that, as is the case still with the similar limestone strata bordering the Loire in Touraine, the inhabitants found
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it easier to carve out a dwelling in the rock than to form one by laying stone upon stone in the open air. This white rock has all the appearance of having been precipitated from the waters of mineral springs, such as rise up frequently still at the bottom of the sea in the volcanic regions of the Mediterranean. And the occasional intermixture with it of lavas and volcanic breccias lends probability to this idea. Below this limestone are beds of calcareous sandstone, conglomerate, and blue marl. And the whole of the group contains shells, fish, and zoophytes, *nearly all of which are species now inhabiting the contiguous sea.* Of 226 species, brought by Mr. Lyell from this formation, 216 were recognized by M. Deshayes as still living; only ten belonging to extinct or unknown species. Nevertheless, the antiquity of the newer pliocene strata of Sicily, as contrasted with our most remote *historical* eras, must be very great; embracing perhaps, Mr. Lyell observes, myriads of years. The proofs of their gradual accumulation are of a convincing nature.

‘In one part of the great limestone formation near Lentini, I found some imbedded volcanic pebbles, covered with full-grown serpulæ, supplying a beautiful proof of a considerable interval of time having elapsed between the rounding of these pebbles and their enclosure in a solid stratum. I also observed, not far from Vizzini, a very striking illustration of the length of the intervals which occasionally separated the distinct lava currents. A bed of oysters, perfectly identifiable with our common eatable species, no less than *twenty feet in thickness*, is there seen resting upon a current of basaltic lava; upon the oyster-bed again is superimposed a second mass of lava, together with tuff or peperino. Near Galieri, not far from the same locality, a horizontal bed, about a foot and a half in thickness, composed entirely of a common Mediterranean coral (*Caryophyllia cespitosa*, Lam.) is also seen in the midst of the same series of alternating igneous and aqueous formations. These corals stand erect as they grew; and after being traced for hundreds of yards are again found at a corresponding height on the opposite side of the valley.’—vol. iii. pp. 329, 330.

The rise of this great tract from the Mediterranean was occasioned, doubtless, by the development of the same subterranean force which threw up the intermixed volcanic rocks, and of which Etna itself is the more recent product. This entire mountain seems to have been formed by volcanic eruptions breaking through the pliocene strata, and pouring forth on their surface repeated streams of lava and showers of cinders, which in the lapse of ages have accumulated to their present height and bulk. The modern lavas of the volcano are continually extending their area, and covering, from time to time, a larger portion of the marine strata around its base. Traces of protruded rocks, where the sea washes it

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the eastern foot of the mountain, render it probable, that at the period when the sedimentary strata and volcanic rocks of the Val di Noto were formed, Etna existed as a small insular volcano, the summit of the cone alone projecting above the level of the waters, as is now the case with Stromboli. Possibly also a group of similar islets, like the Lipari isles, then existed to the south, where the Val di Noto now stands. The rapid destruction of Graham's Island, which was thrown up off the neighbouring coast in 1831, shows the process by which the materials of such volcanic islands would, by the influence of waves and currents, be naturally distributed into beds of breccias and peperinos, such as occur in great abundance throughout the south of Sicily.

Mr. Lyell's description of the Val de Buè, a vast hollow on one side of the mountain, which he is inclined to attribute to subsidence, but which is more probably an ancient crater drilled through the mass of the mountain by some former paroxysmal eruption, is full of interest. We can attest its accuracy, and shall never ourselves forget the union of the horrible and the beautiful offered by this vast volcanic amphitheatre, encircled by gloomy precipices, which might fittingly wall in the infernal regions, and flooded by black and bristling lava-streams, which seem to have just flowed out of some such source. Yet the lava has here and there left uninjured broad strips of green herbage, and hillocks clothed with the remains of primeval forests. On these islands of the desert graze the herds from which the valley has its name; whilst, as in the days of Theocritus, the herdsman pipes or sings to them from some pointed rock. The stern and gloomy desolation of the general scene enhances the beauty of these Arcadian pictures, like a dark setting to a gem.

In 1819, a stream of lava poured in a cascade of fire over the lofty cliff which bounds this vast hollow. When it was visited a few months later in the same year, the stream was still slowly advancing along the bottom of the vale; and though the surface of the lava forming the cascade had coagulated in mid air, like a frozen waterfall, its interior was probably still flowing on, for at night a glowing heat was perceivable through the outer crevices.

Mr. Lyell speculates on the antiquity of Etna; but the data for computing it are most imperfect. All that can be said is, that its structure, as shown in the precipices of the Val de Buè, and other deep ravines, proves it to have been formed by the successive accumulation of one lava stream and one shower of sand and scoria above another, forming so many irregular conical envelopes to the original nucleus. There are eighty conspicuous minor cones rising upon its flanks, each the product of a separate eruption; but as fast as fresh hills of this nature are formed, older ones are

gradually obliterated by flows of lava or the fall of cinders around them. Nothing indicates that the lava currents of remote periods were greater in volume than those of modern times; and it must tend to raise our conceptions of the antiquity of the mountain, when we consider that considerable eruptions occur only at an interval of many years, and that, as the base of Etna is ninety miles in circumference, it would need ninety flows of lava, each a mile in breadth at its termination, to raise the present foot of the volcano by a few feet, the average height of one current. On these grounds we must infer that a mass, eight or nine thousand feet in thickness, must have required an immense series of ages, anterior to our historical periods, for its growth. And yet the whole must be regarded as the product of a *modern* portion of the *newer* pliocene period. It is thus that volcanic formations confirm the evidence afforded by the sedimentary strata, of the immense antiquity and lengthened duration of even the most recent geological eras. In the mean time, no devastating wave of a diluvial character can be supposed to have swept over this region, such as is assumed by some to have characterized the epoch of the Noachian deluge, or the regular and symmetrical growth of the cone would have been disturbed, and its loose materials scattered over the surface of Sicily, where not a fragment of them is to be found.

But while these changes have been taking place on the surface now occupied by a part of Sicily, what, Mr. Lyell asks, has been going on below, and out of sight?

When we remember that the tertiary strata of the Val di Noto have attained the height of from fifty to two thousand feet, and in the central parts of Sicily, as at Castrogiovanni, an elevation of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, are we prepared to suppose a solid support of igneous rock, equal in volume to the upraised tract, to have been generated below since the newer pliocene strata were formed? In reply to this question I may remark, that the entire mass of Iceland is said to be volcanic, an island 260 miles long by 200 in breadth, and which rises, in some spots, to the height of six thousand feet. Had the melted matter in this case been prevented from reaching the surface by the weight and tenacity of superincumbent rocks, it might, perhaps, have heaved up a district three times as extensive as Sicily. But whether we adopt this or any other hypothesis as the cause of elevation, whether we introduce the evolution of gases, the liquefaction of rocks, or their expansion by heat, or any other mode of operation, it is still impossible to escape from the conclusion, that some very extraordinary change has taken place in part of the earth's crust immediately underneath Sicily, since the Mediterranean was inhabited by the existing species of testacea. We must surely admit that the permanent upheaving of a country two or three

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three thousand square miles in area, to an additional height of several hundred yards, implies either the intrusion of new mineral matter into the fundamental rocks, or a modification in their character. . . . The result of these operations may one day be exposed to view; but a great lapse of time will probably be required before masses formed or altered at great depths can be brought up to the surface.

Quicquid sub terrâ est in apicem proferet ætas,

Defodiet condetque nitentia.' —vol. iii., pp. 369, 370.

Other examples of the *newer pliocene* marine deposits are adduced from the West India islands, Madeira, Nice, the Red Sea, and the ancient shelly beaches of the Norwegian coast, which rise two hundred feet or more above the sea-level. Freshwater and alluvial strata of the same era occur in the valley of the Elsa, in Tuscany, the Campagna, the Rhine basin, &c. But the *older pliocene* is the more important formation, being developed on a very large scale in many parts of Europe. The sub-apennine strata, so well described and illustrated by the lamented Brocchi, are particularly interesting from their magnitude and extent, the height to which they have been upraised on either side of the older ridge of the Apennines against which they lean, and the number, variety, and perfect state of the fossils they contain. In England, the crag of Norfolk and Suffolk is referred by Mr. Lyell to the same period. An examination of the shells it contains, by M. Deshayes, afforded, out of one hundred and eleven species, sixty-six which are extinct or unknown, to forty-five recent—these last, with only *one* exception, being now inhabitants of the German Ocean.

Mr. Lyell refers the extinct volcanoes of Olot, in Catalonia, and of the Eiffel and Rhine district, to the older *pliocene* age. It is evident that the land or fresh-water shells that are found interbedded with successive strata of volcanic origin afford a very safe clue to the age of such rocks.

Extensive marine formations of the *miocene* period are found in Touraine, in the basin of the Loire, and in the south of France, between the Pyrenees and the Gironde; in Piedmont, near Turin; and in several parts of the basin of the Danube. To this age are referred the great tertiary formations of Styria, so admirably described by Sedgwick and Murchison, one member of which, a coralline and concretionary limestone, occasionally attains a thickness of four hundred feet, and exceeds, therefore, some of the most considerable of our secondary groups in England.

But of all the divisions of the tertiary strata the most ancient, or *eocone*, is developed on the largest scale. No less than one thousand four hundred species of shells have been discovered in the beds of this age, out of which only three and a half per cent.

are still found in existence. The fresh-water formations of France are the best examples. In Auvergne these consist of marls and sandstone, more than a thousand feet in thickness. The latter often puts on the precise appearance of the new red sandstone of the west of England. The whole has been evidently deposited in the basins of several lakes, probably communicating one with the other, and pouring their overplus of water into the still lower lake-basin of Paris. The waste of the granite rocks which border the upper basins supplied the materials of the clays and sandstones; mineral springs, of which several still break out on various points, and were probably far more abundant when the neighbouring volcanoes were in activity, provided the carbonate of lime.

The marls separate into flakes, often as thin as paper, and this is attributed by Mr. Lyell to the countless myriads of minute shells of the genus *cypris*, a flattish bivalve, which they contain. Since this character extends throughout a series of beds several hundred feet thick, no more striking proof could be given of the extreme tranquillity and clearness of the waters, and the gradual and lengthened process by which the lake was filled up with successive films of this fine calcareous sediment. A still more interesting proof of the same general fact is afforded by another remarkable form of fresh-water limestone, occurring in Auvergne, called

“indusial,” from the cases, or *indusæ*, of the larvæ of *Phryganea*, great heaps of which have been encrusted, as they lay, by hard travertin, and formed into a rock. We may often see, in our ponds, some of the living species of these insects, covered with small fresh-water shells, which they have the power of fixing to the outside of their tubular cases, in order, probably, to give them weight and strength. In the same manner, a large species which swarmed in the Eocene lakes of Auvergne was accustomed to attach to its dwelling the shells of a small spiral univalve of the genus *Paludina*. A hundred of these minute shells are sometimes seen arranged around one tube, part of the central cavity of which is often empty, the rest being filled up with thin concentric layers of travertin. The cases have been thrown together confusedly, and often lie at right angles one to the other. When we consider that ten or twelve tubes are packed within the compass of a cubic inch, that some single strata of this limestone are six feet thick, and that such strata repeated one over the other may be traced over a considerable area, we may form some idea of the countless number of insects and mollusca which contributed their integuments and shells to compose this singularly constructed rock. It is unnecessary to suppose that the *Phryganea* lived on the spots where their cases are now found; they may have multiplied in the shallows near the margin of the lake, or in the streams by which it was fed, and their buoyant cases may have been drifted by a current far into the deep water.”—vol. iv. pp. 100, 101.

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The fresh-water strata of the Cantal are remarkable for their resemblance to our chalk, containing similar beds of flint.

By what means, then, can the geologist at once decide that the limestone and silex of Aurillac are referrible to an epoch entirely distinct from that of the English chalk? It is not by reference to position, for we can merely say of the lacustrine beds, as we should have been able to declare of the true chalk had it been present, that they overlie the granitic rocks of this part of France. It is from the organic remains only that we are able to pronounce the formation to belong to the Eocene tertiary period. Instead of the marine *Alcyonia* of our cretaceous system, the silicified seed-vessels of the *Chara*, a plant which grows at the bottom of lakes, abound in the flints of Aurillac, both in those which are *in situ* and those forming the gravel. Instead of the Echini and marine testacea of the chalk, we find in these marls and limestones the shells of the *Planorbis*, and other lacustrine testacea, all of them, like the gyrogonites, agreeing specifically with species of the Eocene type.

Some sections of the foliated marls in the valley of the Cer, near Aurillac, attest, in the most unequivocal manner, the extreme slowness with which the materials of the lacustrine series were amassed. In the hill of Barrat, for example, we find an assemblage of calcareous and siliceous marls, in which, for a depth of at least sixty feet, the layers are so thin, that thirty are sometimes contained in the thickness of an inch; and when they are separated we see preserved in every one of them the flattened stems of *Charæ*, or other plants, or sometimes myriads of small *paludineæ* and other freshwater shells. These minute foliations of the marl resemble precisely some of the recent laminated beds of the Scotch marl lakes, and may be compared to the pages of a book, each containing a history of a certain period of the past. . . . We find several hills in the neighbourhood of Aurillac composed of such materials for the height of more than two hundred feet from their base, the whole sometimes covered by rocky currents of trachytic or basaltic lava.

Thus wonderfully minute are the separate parts of which some of the most massive geological monuments are made up! When we desire to classify, it is necessary to contemplate entire groups of strata in the aggregate; but if we wish to understand the mode of their formation, and to explain their origin, we must think only of the minute subdivisions of which each mass is composed. We must bear in mind how many thin, leaf-like seams of matter, each containing the remains of myriads of testacea and plants, frequently enter into the composition of a single stratum, and how vast a succession of these strata unite to form a single group! We must remember, also, that volcanos like the Plomb du Cantal, which rises in the immediate neighbourhood of Aurillac, are themselves equally the result of successive accumulation, consisting of reiterated flows of lava and showers of scorice; and I have shown, when treating of the high antiquity of Etna, how many distinct lava-currents and heaps of ejected substances are

are required to make up one of the numerous conical envelopes whereof a volcano is composed.—Lastly, we must not forget that continents and mountain-chains, colossal as are their dimensions, are nothing more than an assemblage of many such igneous and aqueous groups, formed in succession during an indefinite lapse of ages, and superimposed upon each other.—vol. iv. pp. 108-110.

The remarkable facts of the Paris basin, the first and the most minutely described of the tertiary formations, are satisfactorily explained by Mr. Lyell. Instead of the successive irruptions and retreats of the sea, and changes in the chemical nature of the fluid, and other speculations of the earlier geologists, we are now simply called upon to imagine a gulph, into one extremity of which the sea entered, and at the other a large river, bringing down gypseous and marly sediment from the more southern lakes or highlands, and occasionally shifting its channel of discharge, whereby an indefinite number of local alternations of marine and fresh-water beds would be occasioned. It is, however, probable that considerable subsidences and elevations affected this district during the *active* period of the volcanoes of central France. The marshy shores of the gulf were frequented by numerous land quadrupeds, of whose remains nearly fifty different species, *all now extinct*, have been found in the gypsum quarries of Montmartre, together with many species of birds, fish, and reptiles, including crocodiles and tortoises. Of one thousand one hundred and twenty-two species of fossil testacea obtained from the Paris basin, only thirty-eight can be identified with species still living.

It will be seen, from the above sketch of the French tertiary formations, that geologists have already gained a considerable insight into the state of the physical geography of part of Europe during the Eocene period.

‘We can point to some districts where lakes and rivers then existed, and to the site of some of the lands encircling those lakes, and to the position of a great bay of the sea, into which their surplus waters were discharged. We can also show the points where some volcanic eruptions took place. Much information has been acquired respecting the quadrupeds which inhabited the land at that period, and concerning the reptiles, fishes, and testacea which swarmed in the waters of lakes and rivers; and we have a collection of the marine Eocene shells *more complete* than has yet been obtained from any existing sea of equal extent in Europe. Nor are the contemporary fossil plants altogether unknown to us, which, like the animals, are of extinct species, and indicate a warmer climate than that now prevailing in the same latitudes.

‘When we reflect on the tranquil state of the earth, implied by some of the lacustrine and marine deposits of this age, and consider the fulness of all the different classes of the animal kingdom, as de-

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duced from the study of the fossil remains, we are naturally led to conclude, that the earth was at that period in a perfectly settled state, and already fitted for the habitation of man.

'The heat of European latitudes during the Eocene period does not seem to have been superior, if equal, to that now experienced between the tropics: some *living* species of molluscous animals, both of the land, the lake, and the sea, existed when the strata of the Paris basin were formed, and the contrast in the organization of the various tribes of Eocene animals, when compared to those now co-existing with man, although striking, is not, perhaps, so great as between the living Australian and European types.'—vol. iv. pp. 128, 129.

The tertiary basins of London and Hampshire belong to the Eocene period. A great number of the shells of the London clay have been identified with those of the Paris basin. Few remains of land animals are found here, but skeletons of crocodiles and turtles are not uncommon, and prove the former contiguity of land; as do also the numerous seed-vessels, and fruits, many of them resembling the cocoa-nut, and other spices of tropical regions, which are found fossil in great profusion in the Isle of Sheppy.

Mr. Lyell employs several chapters in an endeavour to account for the remarkable geological circumstances of the south-east of England, and particularly of the several *anticlinal* valleys, including the great vale of the Weald, which penetrate the chalk and some older secondary beds. The conclusions at which he arrives are—that the land of this portion of England gradually rose from below the sea during the Eocene period—that the denudation of the Weald, and other similar valleys, was effected by the slow agency of the waves and currents of the sea during the same period—and that the wreck was drifted through the transverse fissures which now drain these valleys to the *outside* of the lateral chalk ridges, and went to form the eocene strata which were then being deposited in the contiguous basins of London and Hampshire—the continuance of the elevatory process bringing at length these latter strata to their present height above the sea-level. This theory, we own, seems to us to present many difficulties. That the immense mass of materials which once covered the Weald valley, on the supposition that the chalk was continuous over its whole extent, could have been carried out through the few narrow gorges in the chalk that now drain this district, seems inconceivable.

But why is it necessary to suppose the chalk to have at any time extended over this part of England? Why are we not at liberty to suppose that the Weald clay and Hastings sand had been elevated above the sea *before* the deposition of the chalk, and
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formed a ridgy island in that sea? These latter beds must have been formed above the sea-level, since they contain only organic remains of land and fresh-water animals, and plants. If it must be admitted that they subsequently sank in some degree, so as to allow the marine formations of the green sand to over-lap their edges, at least it is not necessary to suppose such an amount of subsidence, as would have clothed their whole surface with the entire thickness of the green sand, gault, and chalk formations—the latter, especially, having the character of a deposit formed only in deep water. There does not appear any reason for introducing the sea into the Weald valley, as Mr. Lyell does, for the purpose of effecting its denudation, and the removal of the materials of its ancient strata. The agency of rain and rivers acting through an indefinite time may have alone accomplished this. And since no traces of marine deposits of the eocene, or any later age, are met with throughout the whole basin, we must hesitate to believe that the sea covered it during any part of the tertiary period.

Few discoveries in geology have brought to light facts of greater interest than those which we owe to the late researches of Dr. Fitton and Mr. Mantell, on the Weald clay and Hastings sand. Here is a succession of beds, extending apparently over an area that embraces much of the south of England, and some part of the north of France, and containing incontrovertible proofs of their having been formed at the mouth of some great river, which swept down from the neighbouring land, with its clays and sands, the remains of the plants and animals that inhabited it. Of these the reptiles are the most remarkable. Some belong to the turtles, such as the *trionyx*, a genus now occurring in fresh water in tropical regions. Of saurian lizards there are at least five genera; the crocodile, *plesiosaur*, *megalosaur*, *hylæosaur*, and *iguanodon*. The last, of which the remains was discovered by Mr. Mantell, was an herbivorous animal; but for which, as Dr. Buckland humorously said, one might have supposed him the real prototype of the Dragon of Wantley, his length being computed at not less than seventy feet, while his well-worn teeth attest a corresponding appetite. We must suppose his food to have been the gigantic tree-ferns, of which the remains are frequent in the same strata. The very lowest bed of this great fresh-water formation is a layer of dark vegetable soil, upon which are found a great number of silicified trunks of coniferous trees, and plants allied to the recent *cycas* and *zamia*. Many of the stems are erect, as if growing still undisturbed in their native forest, having their roots in the soil while their trunks extend into the superincumbent strata of limestone. This bed, which forcibly recalls the submarine forests yet to be seen on some parts of our coast, rests upon the marine strata

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strata of the upper oolite. Thus, a great fresh-water formation, calculated to be, in some parts, no less than two thousand feet thick, is found to intervene between the marine deposits of one period (the oolite), and those of another (the green sand and chalk), attesting, in a most striking manner, the great extent of former revolutions in the position of sea and land.

The chalk formation is a remarkable one. In England, France, Denmark, and generally throughout the north of Europe, it maintains a considerable uniformity of character. But in other parts it varies very much in mineral character, and is only to be recognised by its peculiar organic remains. These are extremely copious, amounting to about a thousand species of shells alone. And it is most remarkable that in this large number, *not one* has been identified with any of the two or three thousand species found in the overlying tertiary strata! Thus a *complete* break is established between the *oldest tertiary* and the *newest secondary* formations. Was this owing to some violent and sudden change, which at that epoch produced a complete revolution in the circumstances of the animate creation of this part of the globe, extinguishing all the older species and occasioning the appearance of a new set—as some geologists maintain?—or, according to Mr. Lyell's belief, was the change gradual? Though we have not ourselves been fortunate enough to observe any of the connecting links, it seems to have been proved by Messrs. Sedgwick and Murchison, that, in the Valley of Gosau and other places of the Austrian Alps, *there does exist* a complete passage from the cretaceous into the tertiary deposits; hence, these distinguished geologists conclude that the *lacuna* observable in England and other tracts is only a partial phenomenon;—and the subsequent inquiries of M. Dufresnoy, in the south of France, appear to have added confirmation to their views.

The oolite, or Jura limestone formation, occurs next in order of antiquity among the marine formations. It consists of limestone, clay, marl, and sand, which, considered in the aggregate, retain the same lithological character throughout a considerable part of England, France, and Germany. The coral rag and analogous zoophytic limestones of this period, occurring in different parts of Europe, bear the greatest resemblance to the coralline formations now in progress in the seas of warm latitudes, and have every appearance of having been formed under similar circumstances. The Stonesfield slate; and the lithographic limestone of Solenhofen, subordinate beds of this series, contain quite a museum of organic remains, where marine shells and plants are associated with a great variety of species of *flying* lizards, or pterodactyls, saurians, tortoises, fish, crustacea, and insects. Many of these have

have left their impressions preserved, in the most perfect manner, upon the fine sediment on which they were deposited. Some of the smooth beds appear scored over in all directions by the foot- tracks of crustaceous animals, as sharp and fresh as those which at low-tide may be observed left by animals of the same order on the soft sand of our coasts; while the ridgy undulations, or *ripple-marks*, of the surface complete the resemblance, and connect, in the most vivid and striking manner, the present moment of the earth's existence with those incalculably remote ages when the oolitic strata were washed up on the shores of the scattered islets, which then alone broke the waves of the northern ocean, where Europe and its connected islands now stretch their extensive and thickly-peopled plains.

Below the oolite group is found that of the lias, though there does not seem any sufficient reason, either from its mineral or organic characters, to separate the two. The new red sandstone is next in age. Where it contains organic remains, which is usually only in some interstratified limestone, they belong to species perfectly distinct from the fossils of the lias, and equally so from those of the carboniferous era. Mr. Lyell might likewise have mentioned the magnesian limestone (*zechstein* of Germany) as a group having a distinct zoological type, since this appears now to be fully established, through the labours of Professor Sedgwick.

The carboniferous group comprises the coal measures, the mountain limestone, and old red sandstone. Of the several hundred species of plants that have been found in the strata associated with the coal, all are, with few exceptions, of species bearing a tropical character, and widely differing from the vegetation of other eras.

The greywacke or transition formations consist of sandstone, conglomerate, shale, and limestone, and cannot be distinguished from many of the newer rocks, except by their fossils contents. Zoophytes and crinoidea abound in them. The trilobite and orthoceras are characteristic of this era. The only vertebrated remains hitherto found are the bones of a few fishes.*

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* These ancient fossiliferous deposits have as yet little engaged the attention of practical geologists. We learn, however, from the Proceedings of the Geological Society, that within the last three years Mr. Murchison has devoted himself exclusively to the study of these dark pages of the volume of nature; and we rejoice to find that his toil has been amply repaid. He informs us that in Salop, Hereford, and South Wales, there exists a complete succession of rocks, teeming with as great an abundance of organic beings as most of the overlying secondary deposits—that the youngest of these (the Ludlow Rocks) rise up from beneath the old red sandstone, whilst the lowest pass down into the old greywacke slates—that each of these formations has a peculiar lithological and zoological type—that the animal remains, consisting of trilobites, orthoceratites, crinoidea, corals, and a variety of testacea,

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We cannot afford space to pursue our author into his examination of the theory of M. de Beaumont on the epochal elevation of the several mountain-chains, which we agree in thinking exaggerated and inconsistent even with itself, especially that part of it which affects to establish the contemporaneous origin of all parallel ranges.

The primary class of rocks offers for discussion many interesting problems. Those which are unstratified, and bear an analogy to volcanic lavas, as granite and porphyry, may naturally be supposed to owe their peculiar texture and mineral character to the circumstances under which they have been generated, perhaps through repeated fusion and solidification under enormous pressure at great depths below the surface. The stratified primary rocks, gneiss and mica-schist, clay-slate, primary limestone, quartz-rock, &c., Mr. Lyell considers to be sedimentary deposits, altered in the lapse of ages by the action of subterranean heat. This is the theory of Hutton, and is supported by the occasional passage of these rocks into granite, and other rocks unquestionably of igneous origin, and their frequent resemblance to them in texture and mineral composition, while, on the other hand, their stratification and gradations into the overlying strata connect them as decidedly with undoubted aqueous deposits. The occasional alteration of the latter beds, where they come in contact with dykes or intruded masses of igneous rock, seems to strengthen this view of the question. If the vicinity of a heated vein of lava, as is proved by several examples, has converted common chalk or argillaceous limestone into granular and crystalline marble containing garnets, sandstone into solid quartz, and shale into hornblende-schist, it is certainly not impossible that the same changes may have taken place on the large scale, when strata of limestones, shales, and sandstones have been subjected for ages to the vicinity of enormous masses of intensely heated rock, at great depths and under vast pressure. The experiments of Watt prove that a rock need not be perfectly melted in order that a re-arrangement of its component particles should take place and a more crystalline structure ensue. 'We may easily suppose therefore,' says Mr. Lyell, 'that all traces of shells and other organic remains may be destroyed, and that new chemical combinations may arise, without the mass being so fused as that the lines of stratification should be wholly obliterated.'

'According to these views, gneiss and mica-schist may be nothing

testacea, are different in each descending stage—and that, though fishes are found in the upper portion, they entirely disappear in the lowest strata. Thus working from a well-defined base line, the old red sandstone, Mr. Murchison has traced downwards formations which, though hitherto undescribed, are, it appears, expanded over a large portion of our island.

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more than micaceous and argillaceous sandstones altered by heat; and certainly, in their mode of stratification and lamination, they correspond most exactly. Granular quartz may have been derived from siliceous sandstone, compact quartz from the same. Clay-slate may be altered shale, and shale appears to be clay which has been subjected to great pressure. Granular marble has probably originated in the form of ordinary limestone, having in many instances been replete with shells and corals now obliterated, while calcareous sands and marls have been changed into impure crystalline limestones.' . .

'Associated with the rocks termed primary, we meet with anthracite, just as we find beds of coal in sedimentary formations; and we know that, in the vicinity of some trap-dykes, coal is converted into anthracite.'—pp. 288-9.

In accordance with this theory, Mr. Lyell, giving the name of *hypogene* to the class of rocks formerly called *primary*—(the latter term being rejected as conveying a false notion of their age, while the former correctly expresses their leading character, namely *formation below the surface of the earth*)—and he separates this class into two divisions—the Plutonic, or unstratified, and the Metamorphic, or altered stratified rocks.

Our author enters into very little detail in explanation or support of this *metamorphic* theory, which is rather thrown out by him as a suggestion than insisted upon as capable of demonstration. We are certainly no converts to it as yet. The main argument in its favour is the stratification or rather laminated structure of these rocks, gneiss, mica and clay-slates, &c. But besides that their mode of stratification is not very similar to that of the secondary sandstones, shales, and marls, from which they are said to be formed, it would seem to us, that the liquefaction and alteration by volcanic heat, which are supposed to have effaced all traces of organic remains in them, would equally or still more effectually have obliterated their lines of stratification, which in secondary sandstones, marls, &c. are very evanescent. Now, we believe it may be affirmed as a general fact, that the degree of lamination presented by the rocks in question is in direct proportion to the quantity and more or less parallel disposition of that extremely lamellar mineral, mica, which is disseminated through them. Their laminar structure seems clearly to be owing to the abundance and parallelism of the plates of mica they contain. But Mr. Lyell's theory supposes all this mica to have crystallized where it occurs, *since* the rock assumed its laminated structure; in other words, that the effect preceded its obvious cause.

We do not wish to advance any rival theory of our own, but content ourselves with observing, that, if the stratification of these rocks prove them to partake of a sedimentary character, it is such

as might be expected to proceed from the subsidence of the crystalline minerals they are at present composed of, viz., mica, quartz, felspar, &c. from a body of agitated and perhaps intensely-heated water, in which these substances, the materials, be it recollected, of the contemporaneous plutonic rocks, were suspended. If we imagine a mass of granite to be forcibly protruded at the bottom of a deep sea, at an intense temperature, the tremendous conflict that must ensue between the two elements may be supposed to occasion such agitation and turbulence in the contiguous waters as would disintegrate and sweep off much of the superficial granite, to be deposited in calmer spots around the scene of conflict, and, as the eruption subsided, upon its site. The result would be some rocks very like gneiss, in the immediate neighbourhood of the erupted granite; mica-slate at a little distance, where the filmy plates of mica subsided in abundance; and clay-slate at a greater distance, where the finer particles, which would remain longest in suspension, at length sank to the bottom. The heat of the water would retain much of the quartz in solution, and account for the half-worn, half-melted character which its grains and nodules exhibit in these rocks. If Mr. Lyell will recollect his own relation of the extreme difficulty of distinguishing some of the tertiary sandstone of the edges of the Limagne basin, from the gneiss and granite of whose disintegrated materials it consists, and into which it actually seems to graduate, he will see that there is no occasion for imagining the crystals of a stratified granite to have been formed subsequently to its deposition. That the intense heat under which the rocks in question were produced powerfully affected their character, we have no doubt. They may have been also more or less modified by it subsequently, though this we see no reason for concluding. The *friction* they have sustained during their elevation from the depths in which they were formed, we cannot but think likely to have still further influenced their peculiar structure. No rocks are so twisted or folded into such intricate curves as these, and their flexures and contortions are usually the greater, the greater the quantity of *mica* they contain. Now this peculiarly flexible and lamellar mineral, the plates of which *slide* with great ease upon one another, must, where it abounded, have conferred a proportionate flexibility and internal mobility of particles to the laminae of the rock, inducing it to yield readily to the squeezes it was subjected to under enormous conflicting and irregular pressures, and to be drawn out into those long lamellar folds which characterize these rocks, mica-slate especially; and which are perhaps quite as much owing to this internal movement as to their original subsidence in parallel

parallel flakes from aqueous suspension. In some of the pearlstone lavas, which no one can suspect to be sedimentary, internal friction of this kind has given rise to just the appearance which characterizes gneiss—the disintegrated crystals of felspar, mica, and hornblende, being drawn out in lengthened stripes and layers, in the direction of the motion communicated to the mass.

Let Mr. Lyell imagine sedimentary beds of the disintegrated materials of granite to be formed at the bottom of a deep ocean, under the circumstances we have described, and subsequently exposed to intense pressure and internal motion, as they were gradually thrust upwards to their present situation, and perhaps he will allow that the resulting rocks must partake very much of the character of his metamorphic class. We throw this hint out for his consideration, against the time which, we are sure, cannot be far distant, when a new edition will be required of his work.

Mr. Lyell winds up his book by a defence from the charge which he considers us to have brought against him on a former occasion,* of endeavouring to establish the proposition, 'that the existing causes of change have operated with absolute uniformity from all eternity.' The unfairness of the charge, he observes, was pointed out by Playfair, who said, 'that it was one thing to declare that we had not yet discovered the traces of a beginning, and another to deny that the earth ever had a beginning.' Now had Mr. Lyell contented himself with declaring, that we had not yet discovered traces of a beginning to the present general condition of the world, we should have found no fault with the tendency of his argument, though we might have disputed its correctness. But he went farther, and declared it to be unphilosophical to look for traces of a beginning, or to imagine it possible that we should discover such.

We argued, that as the different states of the earth's surface, and the different species by which it has been inhabited, have all had their origin, and many of them their termination, so the entire series may have commenced at a certain period—that, as we admit the creation of *man* to have occurred at a comparatively modern epoch—so also we may conceive the first creation of the planet itself; that, as astronomy has proved this planet to be a mere speck in the immensity of space, so geology may prove that, like the mineral and organic forms and species it contains, it has had a beginning, and will probably therefore have an end.

Mr. Lyell, admitting the weight of this reasoning, still contends, that 'though it may strengthen our conviction, that the present system of change has not gone on from all eternity, it cannot war-

* Quarterly Review, No. LXXXVI., p. 464, Oct. 1830.

rant us in presuming that we may be permitted to behold the signs of the earth's origin, or the evidence of the first introduction into it of organic beings'—that 'to assume that the evidence of the beginning or end of so vast a scheme as is comprehended in this globe, with all its animate and inanimate contents, lies within the reach of our philosophical inquiries, or even of our speculations, appears to be inconsistent with a just estimate of the relations which subsist between the finite powers of man and the attributes of an infinite and eternal Being.'

Undoubtedly, we should not be warranted in *assuming* that we have discovered, or shall ever discover and identify, the first-formed strata; but we may surely seek for them without irreverence. If we believed in Mr. Lyell's subterranean cookery of sedimentary strata into granite, we should consider the search hopeless one; but certainly no more a profane inquiry into hidden mysteries than any one of Mr. Lyell's own speculations. To an 'eternal and infinite Being,' the countless ages through which Mr. Lyell traces back the history of the earth are but as one day—the globe, with all that it inherits, is but as a point in the space occupied by his works. His 'attributes' are not degraded, but rather exalted, by the supposition that, at his fiat, new worlds, arrayed in gorgeous beauty and teeming with wondrous contrivances, are called into existence; while others, in turn, decay and become extinct. Such an idea is in no way inconsistent with the 'perfect harmony of design and unity of purpose,' which is exemplified in all we have yet been permitted to know of the universal creation. We must retort then upon Mr. Lyell himself the charge of unwarranted assumption which he has levelled at us, though in the same friendly spirit in which he has met our remarks. We must aver, that 'to assume that the evidence of any beginning or end to the present state of the globe we inhabit, lies *without* the reach of our philosophical speculations, is inconsistent with a just estimate of our own powers and of the attributes of the eternal and infinite Creator.'

The practical difference between ourselves and our author is simply upon the question, whether or not there *are* traces on the earth's surface of former changes of a more violent and tumultuary character than such as habitually occur at present—whether the present order of change is *cyclical*, and uniform in amount through equal periods, or progressive and, on the whole, diminishing in violence. The latter supposition does not, we before remarked, involve any doubt (as Mr. Lyell seems to imagine) of the permanency of the existing laws of nature. The theory, for example, of the gradual refrigeration of the globe does not suppose

pose any former deviation from the existing laws of heat, light, or gravity. Mr. Lyell mistakes the essential character of his own argument. It is not the constancy of the laws of nature which he is contending for; this no one disputes. His real theory is, that there has been no progressive variation in the intensity of the forces which modify the earth's crust—but that a cyclical succession of such changes, of equal amount in equal periods, has been going on throughout all time, so far as geology enables us to explore its abysses. And on this point Mr. Lyell must be content to join issue with other geologists, under the disadvantage of all analogy being against him: from which, as we have shown, it is presumable, *a priori*, that the series of geological mutations to which the earth is subject, is a progressive, not a stationary or recurring series—that our planet, like every individual form within it, is subject to the law of integration and disintegration, has had a beginning, and will have an end.

We have deemed it due to Mr. Lyell to express fairly our opinion on this topic; but it is not less due to him than to our readers, that we should observe, in conclusion, how distinctly the general tendency of these volumes is to open up new, interesting, and expansive views of the mighty work of Creative Intelligence. The work is, in this respect, a fit prelude to the Bridgewater Treatise on Geology, which we are expecting from the pen of Dr. Buckland. Though not, like the latter treatise, devoted specially to their illustration, no reader can peruse it without being deeply impressed by the fresh and striking proofs it affords, in every page, of the Almighty Power, Wisdom, and Goodness—proofs, multiplied through countless ages of the globe's history, equally conspicuous in the microscopic fossil and the massive mountain-chain, in the falling rain-drop as in the swelling ocean, in the destroying agency of the volcano and earthquake no less than in the luxuriant productiveness of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, whose limits both in duration and extent have been so indefinitely enlarged by the discoveries of modern geology.

ART. VII.—*The Georgian Era: Memoirs of the most Eminent Persons who have flourished in Great Britain from the Accession of George the First to the Demise of George the Fourth.*
In 4 vols. London, 1832-1834.

OUR first impressions of this work were favourable. The plan, as opened in the preface, is plausible:—first the editor proposes to exhibit in one view the eminent men who have flourished

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in the reigns of the four Georges, which he designates as the *Georgian Era*, in contradistinction, as he says, to the eras of *Elizabeth* or *Anne*;—in the next place, abandoning the alphabetical form of the Biographical Dictionaries, he classes his subjects under the separate heads of the Royal Family—the Senate—the Church—the Army—the Navy—Science—Literature—Painting, Sculpture—Architecture—Music—and the Stage; and he arranges the individuals of each class in the chronological order of their births. By '*entirely re-writing*' all the lives, and adjusting them in a *consecutive series*, he escapes from the necessity of *repeating* the same public transactions where many individuals bore a share—which, in common biographical dictionaries, cannot be avoided, and which tends to increase the size without adding to the substance of such works. He also professes to have consulted the *original materials*, and says:—

'Every possible exertion has been made, both on the part of the Editor and his assistants, to elucidate doubtful points, to reconcile conflicting authorities, and to *rectify the errors* of preceding writers. No public event, or private anecdote of interest or importance, has been either negligently omitted or wilfully concealed; so that, it is hoped, the volumes may be said to form at once a *work of entertainment and reference*. Reliance has never been placed on any single biography; various authorities have invariably been consulted, and existing memoirs of contemporary characters have been *corrected by careful comparison with each other*. A *judicious use* has also been made of the valuable diaries, autobiographies, and original letters of eminent persons, which have recently been brought to light. Wherever information was suspected to lurk, there it has been diligently sought; in addition to the more grave and obvious sources, anecdotal, miscellaneous, and periodical works,—even fugitive pieces, and foreign literature,—have been *adventurously explored*. In many cases, reference has been made, with material advantage, to the existing relatives of departed *worthies*; and, in some, an inspection of important family papers has been obtained. The Editor *fearlessly* asserts an *unimpeachable* claim to strict impartiality; in summing up the characters, he has acted under no influence but that of his own judgment. Not only has he spurned any truckling to party feeling, but that *lamentable transmission of error*, as well with regard to opinion as matter of fact, from generation to generation, *which arises from the ready faith reposed in the statements of distinguished authors*, he has, in numerous cases, *successfully checked*. Laurels, originally awarded by private friendship, bigoted admiration, or political partisanship, are, in the present work, torn from the brows of the undeserving, and transferred to those of such meritorious individuals as have been visited with obloquy, either through ignorance of their merits, personal pique, public clamour, or party bitterness. Many persons of great abilities have met with no literary advocates; while others, of doubtful claims, have

had their "nothings monstered" by adulatory biographers, although treated with apathetic indifference by those who were most competent to judge of their qualities;—an attempt has been made to remedy such evils in these volumes; the judgment pronounced on each individual being, it is sincerely hoped, commensurate with his merits, however it may differ from his standard reputation.'—*Preface*, pp. 5, 6.

To these—not very modest—pretensions we must add that the typographical execution of the work is exceedingly neat, and that so much care in the mechanical part afforded us a reasonable expectation that not only would great and substantial mistakes be avoided, but that we should not have had to complain of the minor errors of transcription and of the press, which so generally impair the utility of works of this nature; and on the whole we hoped that we had here, in a light and luminous form, a combination of history and biography,—for public events, personal anecdotes, and impartial criticism—of a period, taken altogether, the most illustrious of our annals! We regret to say, that all these expectations have been most grievously, most utterly disappointed; the plan of the work turns out to be, in some important points, impracticable;—and the execution exhibits such a mass of ignorance, vulgarity, negligence, and falsehood of all kinds, as the genius of Grubstreet never before, we believe, collected into the same compass.

First let us consider the general design. The author begins by distinguishing the *Georgian Era* from that of *Anne*; but his list of Georgian 'worthies,' as he calls them, comprises every name (almost without exception) of those who have conferred on the reign of Anne the title of the 'AUGUSTAN' age of England,—Tennison, Burnet, Atterbury, Berkeley, South, Bentley, Harley, Bolingbroke, Wyndham, Marlborough, Peterborough, Somers, Harcourt, Newton, Radcliffe, Halley, Arbuthnot, Garth, Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Sheffield, Kneller, Gibbons, Wren, Vanburgh, &c. To be sure, these all *died* after the accession of the House of Hanover, and some of them acquired new laurels subsequently to that event,—but if *they* were *not* the worthies of Queen Anne's reign, we should like to know to *whom* our author would give that title? and if they were, we ask what becomes of his *distinction* between the reign of Queen Anne and the Georgian era? We, however, do not complain of this,—the distinction made in his preface is frivolous—that's all—and as these eminent men all *died* within the limit of his era, he had a perfect right to include them. But mark his consistency: when he comes to the other end of his tether, he reckons not by the death but by the birth, and a great portion of the work is occupied by persons—who being alive and merry at the demise of George IV.—should, according to the principle on which he set out, be

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reserved for the era,—the *Reform Era*, or whatever it may be hereafter called,—which commenced on the death of the late king. Of this incongruity, again, we do not complain: but we perceive that the author himself was so sensible of it, that he hit on a most amusing expedient for palliating the error. His whole *show* is suddenly stopped at the very moment of the death of George IV.—fifteen minutes past three o'clock of the morning of the 26th of June, 1830:—and like some pantomime that we have seen, all his *dramatis personæ* stand petrified—motionless and lifeless—in the same positions, attitudes, and habiliments in which they happened to be at that fatal hour. His Majesty King William is congealed as Duke of Clarence; the Duke of Wellington remains the immovable Prime Minister; Lord Chief Justice Tenterden still dispenses law in the King's Bench; the last line of the article on Mr. Brougham leaves him and the reader in a state of most painful suspense for the health of that gentleman's daughter,

'who is said to be in a state which gives her father, who is extremely fond of her, much uneasiness.'—vol. ii. p. 358.

And, what is not more ludicrous than literally true, Lord Grey is '*left speaking*' in defence of his '*ORDER*,'—and Lord John Russell is in the act of uttering a conservative speech against Mr. O'Connell's wild projects of Parliamentary Reform:—

'His lordship's last important speech in parliament previously to the demise of George IV., was in opposition to Mr. O'Connell's motion for universal suffrage, declaring that he was *no friend to sweeping measures*, but an advocate *ONLY* for moderate reform.'—vol. i., p. 420.

Those readers, therefore, who put their sole trust in the *Georgian Era* must wait till another age shall produce a continuation of the work, before their feelings can be gratified, or their wonder excited, by hearing that Miss Brougham grew up to be a fine young woman,—that Lord Grey became hand and glove with Mr. Carpue and Mr. Place,—and that Lord John Russell turned out so *sweeping* a reformer as to throw even Hunt and Cobbett far into the rear!

Such inconsistencies and imperfections are inseparable from the awkward jumble of the dead and the living in one biographical work,—of which we believe this to be nearly the first specimen, as we are fully sure it will be the last. We have had some biographies of *living men*, and our neighbours the French have many; and very useful manuals they are; but they are essentially of a temporary nature, and should never be mingled with general biography; because works of reference, particularly when costly and voluminous, should be perfect in themselves, and not liable to

be turned into waste paper—(as the *Georgian Era* will assuredly be)—by the lapse of a very few years. But again—what can be more absurd than to assign to any work, which treats of the general current of human affairs, limits so purely accidental as the name of the prince on the throne.

‘What’s in a name? That which we call a *George*

By any other name had *reigned* as well.’

If Frederick Prince of Wales had outlived George II., and so intervened, as the course of nature seemed to promise, between his father and his son, we should never have heard of the ‘*Georgian Era*,’—though all the persons recorded in this ‘*Georgian Era*’ would have equally written, spoken, fought, pleaded and acted. Yet upon this mere accident of a *name*, this work is founded, and we verily believe that the book was made for the title, and not the title for the book.

But passing over these objections, which are inherent in the scheme itself, we revert to the advantage promised by the plan of placing the lives in classes and chronological order—which, however, the editor has contrived to defeat,—first, by an erroneous principle of arrangement, and secondly, by the most bungling and unpardonable negligence in the execution of that principle.

Although he includes many persons born as far back as the reign of Charles I., because they *died* under George I., he assumes, as the general basis of his chronological order, not the *deaths* but the *births*: this—having once committed the mistake of introducing living men into his catacombs—we admit that he could not avoid; but it seems to us that, for such a work as this affects to be, the arrangement by the order of *deaths* would be the most convenient, as best preserving the continuity of history. The busy and important time of men’s lives is, generally speaking, nearer their deaths than their births, and, by continuing the story from the death of one eminent person in any walk of life, to the death of another, you carry on, without confusion or repetition, the general narrative. Let us take, for instance, four consecutive prime ministers, in whose history we read that of the nation for a most important period—Walpole, Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, George Grenville. The order of their deaths was the same as that of their administrations,* and the relation would, if they had been thus arranged, have naturally proceeded from one to the other; but, placed, as they are, in the *Georgian Era*, by order of birth, when we part from Walpole, in 1744, we jump to Newcastle’s administration, in 1754; we follow that to

* Not, if we believed the chronology of the *Georgian Era*, which places Mr. Pelham’s death in 1764, instead of 1754—and the Duke of Newcastle’s in July, 1776, instead of November, 1768!

its close, in 1761; we then fall back upon Pelham, in 1743, and then spring forward twenty years to Mr. Grenville, in 1763. Derangements of this kind are, we are well aware, not to be altogether avoided, in any attempt to combine history with biography, but we are confident they would be less frequent and less serious, if the order of *death* was followed rather than that of *birth*.

We have thrown out these observations only for the consideration of those who may now or hereafter be engaged in such works; for as to the editor before us, though he affects to proceed by the order of birth, he has ingeniously contrived to keep no order at all. It may seem rather difficult to go astray in so plain a matter, but he has happily accomplished it; for when you have read through about three-fourths of every volume, and finished, as you think, all the classes it contains, you arrive at a page inscribed with the word *Appendix*, and then you begin again with another series of names arranged in similar order and under the same classes. This whimsical departure from the author's avowed principle is thus accounted for, in the preface to the first volume:—

'A few memoirs of eminent persons, *accidentally* omitted in the body of the work, are located in Appendices to the respective classes, at the end of each volume, among summary sketches of those who have been *mere satellites* to their more illustrious contemporaries.'—
p. v.

This excuse, which appeared in the preface to the *first* volume, dated January, 1832, might be admitted for a hasty work, of which the materials were scattered and difficult of access, and in which it might be of little importance whether a particular piece of information was to be found in the body of the book or in the appendix; but for a work got up with so much apparent care—nine-tenths of the materials of which were already in print, and professing, as its *special distinction*, that every name was carefully arranged in chronological order—the apology is obviously insufficient. But what shall be said when we find the *second* volume, published at the interval of a year, with an advertisement stating that the delay had been occasioned by the editor's 'great anxiety for correctness'—what shall be said, when we find *this* volume also disfigured by a *wen* of appendix larger than the first—and when we find the *third* and *fourth* volumes, also published after another year's interval, each with appendices still more enormous—equivalent on the whole, in bulk, to not less than *one-fifth* of the entire work?

But these appendices contain, we are told, only 'a few eminent names *accidentally omitted*,' and their '*satellites*.' The editor and we might differ, perhaps, as to who should be called *eminent* and who

who *satellites*; but let us take, for example, a class in which eminence may be tolerably well measured, by tests on which there can be little dispute—the class of the Law. The *text* contains 50 lawyers, the *Appendix* no fewer than 53. Of these numbers—chancellors or chief judges of their respective courts, the *text* has 27, the *Appendix* 26; of puisne judges, the *text* has 7, the *Appendix* 8; and of eminent barristers, who had not attained the bench, the *text* has 16, and the *Appendix* 19. This affords, we think, a tolerable contradiction to the apologetical paragraph of the preface; and we need not pursue this part of the subject further than to state that, having taken the trouble of reckoning up all the articles in the *text* and the *appendices* respectively, we were astonished, as no doubt our readers will be, to find that the whole body of the work has but 844 names, while the *few, omitted by accident*, in the *Appendix* are no less than 1005!!! Verily the editor's veracity is quite equal to his modesty and diligence.

But all this inconsistency and confusion in the arrangement of the work, serious as they are, fade into nothing, before, as we stated in the outset, the incredible negligence, stupidity, arrogance, and ignorance with which the editor has put his materials together. He says he has *re-written all the articles*; if by this is meant that he has not borrowed and copied from the published biographies, the assertion is utterly untrue: he *has* borrowed and copied wholesale and retail; but if it only means to say that there are few of the lives in which he has not left indubitable traces of his own exquisite handywork, we admit the fact, and shall proceed to amuse our readers with some specimens of such '*adventurous exploring*,' '*judicious*' selection, '*unimpeachable impartiality*,' and '*laborious anxiety to secure the utmost possible correctness*,' as they most assuredly have never met with before.

We will not waste time in complaining of what may—by any possibility—be supposed to be mere errors of the press, such as the confusion of dates—1764 for 1754, 1770 for 1768—even though of events so important as the death of prime ministers,—or the disfiguring of names, as *Hough* for *Slough*, *Trenor* twice over for *Trevor*, *Hinchcliffe* six times for *Hinchliffe*—'*daughter of Jarius*'—*Buckingham* administration for *Rockingham* administration—*Jesuits' college at Lorraine* for *Louvain*—*Locheink* for *Loch Erroch*. Such mistakes, always vexatious, become really serious in works professedly biographical, to which one is in the habit of appealing for accuracy in names and dates; and they were certainly least to be expected, and are least pardonable, in a work of such extraordinary typographical neatness as these pages exhibit. We shall, however, not further notice this inferior, though not unimportant,

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class of errors, but shall proceed to, we were about to say *graver*, but we should rather call them more *ridiculous*, though less excusable blunders.

We have not heard, nor have we the least guess, who or what 'the editor' and 'his assistants' are; we can see obvious traces of a variety of hands, though there is certainly one master-blunderer, whose genius pervades the whole work—*omne tetigit, nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. Till we had proceeded a little way in his book, we really had no conception that any one not indebted—according to honest Dogberry's hypothesis—to nature alone for, his reading and writing, could have been so entirely ignorant of the very rudiments of our national history, and of our vernacular literature. The compiler of the 'Lives of the Kit-Cat Club,' reviewed in our Twenty-sixth volume, p. 424, 'was a very pretty fellow in his way,' and made as good a hash as any one could do, of two or three dozen of names; but our present author has taken a larger field, and with a more than proportionate success—his work being fifty times more extensive, and an hundred times more erroneous and absurd. In selecting for our readers' amazement and amusement some specimens of this portentous mass of blunders, we hardly know where to begin, or how to present, in any thing like order, the disorderly profusion of the man's ignorance. We shall commence, however, with his *chronology*. The book being, in its substance and foundation, chronological, and professing to be a work of *reference*, we might expect that, at least, some slight attention had been paid to this point, particularly in cases where no '*adventurous exploring*' was necessary, and where the editor had only to make '*a judicious use*' of his eyes and fingers, in selecting from the learned stores of the *Biographical Dictionary*, and the recondite tomes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Nor shall the editor have to complain that we arraign him for small mistakes about obscure persons, for errors in lives before unwritten, or for distortion of anecdotes recently brought to light. Our examples shall be derived from well-known anecdotes of well-known men.

For instance, this editor states that the success of Sir Richard Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, published in 1695,

'raised the animosity of Dryden, Pope, and in fact of almost all the literati of the age, who exerted their utmost talents to decry it.'—vol. iii. p. 243.

Pope tells us that 'he lisped in numbers,' but he must have done something still more wonderful in this instance, for he was but seven years old when our author represents him as thus leaguings with Dryden to decry 'Prince Arthur.' Equally precocious was his malignity against Bentley, for we are told (vol. iii. p. 253) that,

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at the breaking out of the Phalaris controversy, Pope entered into 'a confederacy with Swift' and others to ridicule the great critic, Pope being at this time an unknown schoolboy about nine years old.

'Dr. Delany became, at a proper age, a sizar of Trinity College, Dublin, where he formed a strict intimacy with Swift, who is said to have been much attached to him, on account of his playful disposition.'—vol. i. p. 496.

Our ingenious editor here gives us to understand, that the proper age for entering Dublin College is under two years,—for he had just stated that Delany was born in 1686, and Swift left Dublin in 1688. No wonder that Swift should have been amused by such a playful little academic.

'About the year 1759, Burke obtained an introduction to Mr. Gerard Hamilton, whose celebrated single speech was attributed to the powerful pen of Burke; but no good reason has been offered against the *primâ facie* presumption of its having been composed by the man who delivered it.'—vol. i. p. 320.

A most judicious observation—which we are delighted to corroborate, by stating that the said celebrated speech was delivered in 1755—years, by his own statement, before Hamilton and Burke were even acquainted.

The editor seems to give credit to Thomas Hollis for great sagacity, in having '*prophesied*, in 1764, the *promotion* of Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham) to be Secretary of State.'—vol. iii. p. 24. Mr. Pitt had already been Secretary of State in 1756, and never resumed that office.

Our Editor seems incapable even of researches so little '*adventurous*' as the '*exploring*' Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. He tells us that Lord Grenville obtained the auditorship of the Exchequer 'when Mr. Pitt returned to power' in 1804—(vol. i. p. 393)—his Lordship's being auditor of the Exchequer made a considerable noise in 1806; but he had held the office ever since 1794. We are also told, that Henry the present Marquis of Lansdowne 'seldom engaged in those violent debates which were occasioned by the French Revolution'—(vol. i. p. 416)—very naturally—he did not become Marquis of Lansdowne till 1809, and was not even in the House of Commons till after Mr. Pitt's death in 1805;—so that he was rather late for the debates occasioned by the French Revolution. We should have been willing to suspect a misprint, when it is said that Lord Grey,

'in 1811, charged Lord Eldon with having set the great seal to a commission for the opening of parliament in 1789, while the king was under medical advice' (vol. i., p. 396).

We supposed that even this editor must have known that Lord Eldon

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Eldon did not hold the great seal till *twelve years* after the alleged abuse;—but the context and a reference to the parliamentary debates for what Lord Grey *did* say oblige us to conclude that our author really believed that Lord Eldon was Chancellor in 1789.

Whenever he mentions Ireland, his blunders are *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*. After stating Mr. Grattan's great popularity for his services in effecting the independence of Ireland in 1782, and Mr. Flood's opinion that Mr. Grattan had betrayed the national dignity, by contenting himself with the *simple repeal* of the obnoxious acts, he proceeds:—

'The Irish people eagerly adopted Flood's opinion, and Grattan soon found that his popularity was on the wane—the rival orators, during the political contest, descended to the most debasing scurrility and abuse. While Grattan animadverted on the broken beak and disastrous countenance of his opponent, Flood broadly insinuated that Grattan had betrayed his country for gold, and for prompt payment had sold himself to the minister. Lord Chancellor Clare denounced him as an infernal demagogue; the corporation of Dublin tore down his portrait with which they had previously adorned their hall, and indignantly expelled him from their body. He was, at length, by common consent, stigmatized as a traitor to liberty; and to complete the climax, the corporation of Cork decided "that the street which had been named *Grattan Street*, should in future be called *Duncan Street*." In 1785, Grattan successfully opposed the propositions of a Mr. Ord,' &c.—vol. i. p. 362.

This really is marvellous! The disgraceful squabble between Flood and Grattan took place on the 28th Oct., 1783, and Mr. Grattan's popularity was certainly for some months impaired, though it was soon revived to its full extent by his opposition to the propositions produced in the House of Commons, in 1785, by Mr. Secretary Ord—(a Mr. Ord!). But the invective of Lord Clare—the censures of the corporations of Dublin and Cork, and the public disapprobation, by this writer attributed to the *simple repeal* question in 1783, were, in fact, the consequence of Mr. Grattan's indiscreet political conduct previous to and during the Irish rebellion of 1798,—the Georgian Era has only transposed the events fifteen years. If the editor was ignorant of all the Irish part of the story, we wonder that he should not have recollected that *Duncan's* victory, after which *Grattan Street* received its new name, was not achieved till 1797.

The life of Mr. Curran had been written by his son, but it has been '*re-written*' in a very original style by one of the authors of the Georgian Era.

'Mr. Curran's professional career was chiefly distinguished by his defence of the leaders of the *rebellion* in 1798. His most celebrated speeches

speeches were in defence of Patrick Finney, Oliver Bond, the brothers Sheares, Theobald Wolfe Tone, and Major Rowan.'—vol. ii., p. 309.

Now the order here assigned to these 'celebrated speeches' is, in every instance, inaccurate—nay, the *very last* was the *very first*—and no one who knew anything of the history of the times would have confounded the speech for Mr. Hamilton Rowan in 1794 with those pronounced on the trials for the rebellion in 1798. Next comes an anecdote of Curran's visiting the *Count d'Artois* (Charles X.) in Paris in 1802!!! (vol. ii., p. 310.) We should have passed this by as an error of the press for 1814 or 1816—but the context most carefully determines the circumstance to have occurred in Curran's SECOND visit to Paris, and that second visit to have been in 1802, and, *expressly*, previous to his celebrated speech in defence of Kirwan in 1803!—so that, beyond all doubt, the editor of the Georgian Era believes that the *Count d'Artois* passed the summer of 1802 in Paris!—and, with an equal attention to modern history, he, in another place (vol. iii. p. 296), states, and involves the assertion in elaborate details, that Buonaparte returned from Elba in 1813. But the conclusion of the article on Mr. Curran is a perfect specimen of the style of *reasoning* as well as of the *facts* of this wonderful book. After having stated that Curran died in 1817, at the not very immature age of sixty-eight, of a combination of '*hypochondriasis—rapid decline, paralysis, and apoplexy*'—he winds up with the following passage:

'His death is supposed to have been HASTENED by the mortification he felt on being obliged, through the enmity of Lord Clare, to abandon his practice at the chancery bar.'—vol. ii., p. 313.

Now it had been just before stated that Curran's difference with Lord Clare, and consequent retirement from the chancery bar, took place about 1789—*eight-and-twenty* years before Curran's death, who himself survived Lord Clare sixteen years:—this is truly an Irish mode of *hastening a man's death*. Of this strange ignorance about Irish statesmen and Irish politics, we shall add but one more instance. He gravely tells us of Mr. Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury of facetious memory, that—

'his Tory principles procured him the patronage of Lord Castlereagh, &c., through whose influence he obtained, in 1789, the office of Irish Solicitor-General.'—vol. ii. p. 301.

Mr. Robert Stewart, afterwards Lord Castlereagh, did not enter parliament till 1791, when he was barely of age, and so far from being of Tory principles, was for many years a violent Whig, and in decided opposition to the government of which Mr. Toler was a member, with whose promotion Lord Castlereagh had just as much to do as with that of Cardinal Wolsey.

But

But there is another class of anachronisms equally wonderful, but rather more deliberately erroneous, which pervert not merely dates and facts, but sometimes confound the personal identity of very different parties.

The college friendship which the editor creates (i. 402) between Mr. Canning and the *first* Lord Liverpool, who had left college near twenty years before Canning was born, might be a slip of the pen of *first* for *second*, but such blunders as the following must be those of ignorance prepense. He confounds John Methuen, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died in 1706, with his son, Sir Paul Methuen, Knight of the Bath, who died in 1757—(i. 533.) He confounds the elder Craggs—the Postmaster General—with his son, the Secretary of State—(i. 536.) He confounds (i. 220) Chief Justice Foster, who died about 1720, with Mr. Foster, last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, who died in 1828. We are aware, that into this last error he was led by a former biographer; but he had undertaken '*to rectify the errors of preceding writers*,'—instead of which, he has in almost every case repeated and enhanced them.

On the trial of Lord Lovat (1747), '*Lord Chancellor Talbot*' is represented as pronouncing a high panegyric on Lord Mansfield, then Mr. Murray, one of the managers of the prosecution—(ii. 280.) Of all the compliments ever paid to Lord Mansfield, and no one has received more, this was certainly the greatest, for Lord Chancellor Talbot must have risen from the dead to pronounce it. We regret, for the sake of Lord Mansfield's fame, to be obliged to explain, that the observation in question was made by the son of Lord Chancellor Talbot, some ten years after his father's decease.

'*Before proceeding to Constantinople*, Lady M. Wortley Montague made an experiment on her own children of inoculation for the small pox, a practice which she first introduced into *London*.'—vol. iii. p. 12.

Whether the editor supposed that Lady Mary inoculated her child (not children) before she left England, or only while on her way to Constantinople, we know not; but either supposition would be equally an error, though not of the same magnitude; for we have it under Lady Mary's own hand, that she inoculated her son after her *arrival at Constantinople*, in her country-house near that city:—what shall we think of an historian of the Georgian Era who has not read Lady Mary's Letters? Lady Mary was, he admits, an extraordinary woman, so much so that 'Mrs. Montague, her mother-in-law, used to describe her as one who neither thought, spoke, nor acted like any one else.'—vol. i., p. 13.

The Mrs. Montague who said this was also an extraordinary woman, but we do not see how she could have managed to be the mother

mother of Lady Mary's husband, who was at least thirty years older than herself. Here the editor has been led by his good nature into a slight mistake, and, because the *Biographical Dictionary* calls Mrs. Montague 'Lady Mary's amiable relative,' he thought, in '*entirely re-writing the lives*,' it might conduce to the honour of both parties, and could do no harm to any one, to represent her as her *mother-in-law*.

In the same style, 'Henry Bathurst, the present Bishop of Norwich,'—(who, by the way, is introduced into this collection of 'eminent persons' with the strange observation 'that he has no pretensions to eminence')—

'is the son of the Right Honourable Bragge Bathurst, and was born in 1748.'—vol. i., p. 516.

Now here are no obscure persons—a cabinet minister, but lately deceased, and a living bishop—but, so far from being father and son as is stated, they were not even paternally of the same name or family; Mr. Charles Bragge having only, in 1804, assumed the name of Bathurst on the death of a maternal uncle's widow.

The minute accuracy with which Dr. Johnson's life is known, does not save even him from the Editor's omnipotent ignorance. He states, that in 1770, Doctors Stinton and Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London, published Archbishop Secker's Lectures, 'with a Memoir of the Author's Life, written entirely by Porteus; which, on being reprinted separately, with additions, in 1798, is said to have been honoured with the approbation of Dr. Samuel Johnson.'—vol. i. p. 249.

Every one else knows that Dr. Samuel Johnson, as our editor so accurately designates him, died in 1784, fourteen years before the separate publication of Porteus's Life of Secker; and what the Doctor did say, on the appearance of the original work, was not so much in approbation of *Porteus's Memoir* as of Archbishop Secker's life. 'It is a life well written, and which *deserves to be recorded*.'—Croker's Boswell, iv. 261.

We can conceive how the preceding mistake was made; but we cannot imagine how such complicated blunders as the following could have been invented.

'HENRY KETT published the "Elements of General Knowledge," a book of which Johnson said that the tutor would be deficient in his duty who neglected to put it into the hands of his pupils.'—vol. i., p. 522.

Johnson has confessed that he was willing to believe in the *second sight*—but here we find that he actually possessed it, for he, who died in December, 1784, had, it seems, a distinct vision of Kett's '*Elements of General Knowledge*,' which were not published till 1802.

But

But if our poor friend Kett was thus honoured by *anticipated* praise, we find—as all things in this world seem to be distributed on a system of *compensation*—that he was, equally unexpectedly, visited by some *posthumous* ridicule, for our author informs us, that Kett having

‘in 1793 published a volume of poems which he afterwards took great pains to suppress, as they were calculated, in the opinion of his friends, to injure rather than enhance his literary reputation—in allusion to this circumstance, his fellow-collegian, Thomas Warton, wrote the following epigram, the point of which turns on a nasal peculiarity of Kett—

“Our Kett not a poet!—why how can you say so,
For if he’s no Ovid, I’m sure he’s a Naso!”—vol. i., p. 522.

Here can be, at least, no error of the press, for Kett’s ‘*Juvenile Poems*’ were certainly published in 1793; while Thomas Warton—we have never heard of more than one poet of that name—died, as even the ‘*Georgian Era*’ states (vol. iii., p. 350), in 1790. But our author is sadly at sea about these Wartons—as indeed he is about everybody—for he describes Joseph Warton—whom he places in the Appendix amongst ‘*the satellites*’—as ‘*the son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry at Oxford*’—(vol. iii., p. 542). Joseph was born, he adds, in 1722; yet he had told us a few pages before that his father aforesaid ‘*Thomas, Professor of Poetry*,’ was born in 1728, six years after his imputed son. We, and all the rest of the world, had hitherto supposed that Thomas was the younger brother of Joseph.

We have in our notes a *hundred* similar instances of anachronism, but our limits warn us to proceed to specimens of some other classes of our editor’s merits, and we shall begin with exhibiting his acquaintance with English literature, as evinced in his version of some of the most notorious and commonplace facts of our literary history.

In the account of Sir Richard Steele’s life and works, he states, ‘that the *Guardian* succeeded the *Tatler* in 1713,’—ignorant, it appears, that the *Spectator* intervened, nay—incredible as it may seem—ignorant that Steele had anything to do with the *Spectator*, to which—his best title to fame—the *only allusion* made in his biography is

‘that in the play of the “*Tender Husband*,” which appeared in 1704,*

* Even this is wrong—the ‘*Tender Husband*’ was first acted on the 23d of April, 1705. We notice this, because the ‘*Biographia Dramatica*’ and the ‘*Biographical Dictionary*’ date its appearance in 1703. Our authority is the voluminous ‘*History of the Stage*,’ to which we once before alluded (*Quarterly Review*, vol. lii., p. 171), and which it is but fair to say—(although we wonder that any one should have had the patience to compile, and the boldness to print, such a huge pandect of play-bills)—is very useful in settling small points of chronology.

Steele was materially assisted by the *author of the Spectator*?—vol. iii., p. 269.

But *who* the *author of the Spectator* was (except that he was *not* Steele), and why that anonymous person should be so called seven years before the 'Spectator' began, we are not informed! But our author proceeds to tell us that Steele (after having been expelled) returned to parliament in 1714, which it is notorious that he did *not* do, and *could* not have done, till the general election in 1715, 'after which,' adds our judicious author, and 'up to 1717, he continued to write pamphlets in favour of *King WILLIAM!!!*'

In another passage (to which we have mislaid our reference) concerning 'the celebrated *Athenian Letters* published by Lord Hardwicke in (we think) 1792,' it was clear to us, as we read the passage, that he had not the slightest idea of the history and nature of 'the *Athenian Letters*;' and in a subsequent article he states that 'Charles Yorke wrote a *small portion* of the *Athenian Letters* published by his brother Philip'—(vol. ii., p. 537). Everything that is stated about the *Athenian Letters* is erroneous. They were *not published*, as is twice over alleged, by Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke; a few copies were printed originally in 1741, and again in 1784, for distribution among the authors and their private friends, but the work was not *published* till after the death of Philip—nor was he in any sense the mere *publisher*; nor did Charles write only a *small portion*. Philip and Charles were the authors of the work as much as Addison and Steele were the authors of the *Spectator*. While youths at college, they planned and, with some contributions from their fellow-academics, executed these ingenious and elegant letters; the total number of which is 179, of which Philip Yorke wrote 72, Charles 46, ten other contributors 60, and Dr. Heberden—who alone of all the minor contributors is mentioned by the Georgian Era (vol. ii., p. 383) as having 'written some of the *Athenian Letters*,—wrote *one*!' Thus the principal author becomes only the *publisher*—the second is stated to have been a *small* contributor—and the only other person mentioned as having written some of these letters wrote but *one*. But ignorance about the *Athenian Letters*, however blameable in such a work as this, is less startling than the finding Phillips's '*Splendid Shilling*' attributed (vol. iii., p. 536) to Somerville—Fielding's '*Tom Thumb*' to Mr. Kane O'Hara* (vol. iii., p. 531)—and the satirical poem of '*All the Talents*,' which made some noise in 1807, to Mr. Canning. Did our readers believe that there was a grocer's apprentice in London who did not know the authors of the '*Splendid Shilling*' and '*Tom Thumb*?'

* Mr. O'Hara, as others had done before him, added music and songs to Fielding's original piece.

In the account of Lord Treasurer Oxford, it is stated that he was 'an author himself, having published three *polemical* pamphlets, and "A Letter to Swift for correcting and improving the English Language."—vol. i. p. 267.

Harley never wrote any *polemical* pamphlet; three *political* ones are, indeed, attributed to him. But our readers will wonder what is meant by Lord Oxford's publishing 'A Letter to Swift for correcting and improving the Language.' We think we can explain the enigma. It happens that the 'Biographical Dictionary,' in giving the titles of Lord Oxford's pamphlets, adds, as a further proof of his literary taste, that Swift addressed to him 'A Letter, &c.' Our editor, in his mode of 're-writing all these lives from *original materials*,' glanced his eye over the passage in the 'Dictionary,' and finding, amidst Oxford's productions, mention of 'A Letter for correcting, &c.' and having unfortunately never heard of the matter before, he boldly enrols Swift's Essay among the works of the Earl of Oxford! Much in the same way, having found in the same 'Biographical Dictionary' that Lord Oxford had been a patron and governor of the South Sea Company, he sagaciously observes,

'that Harley's *famous project* of the South Sea Company, which he fondly imagined would have relieved the nation from her difficulties, proves that he was not a wise man.'—vol. i., p. 267.

Thus confounding the South Sea *bubble*—which, many years after Harley had left public life, was concocted by some of his most virulent political opponents—with the institution of the *Company* which exists to this hour in the manner and for the purposes for which it was incorporated in 1710.

He talks of Dean Swift's '*work* on the Trinity,'—the Dean's *work* is only one sermon—an admirable one indeed—printed in the general collection of his works.

In the life of Warburton, he tells us—

'that his *next GREAT* work (after the "Divine Legation") was, "A Dissertation on the Origin of Books of Chivalry," relative to which, Pope, in a letter to the author, used the following expression, "I had not read two clauses before I cried out *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus*,"'—vol. i. p. 230.

If the editor had looked at the passage he quotes from Pope, he would have found that this *great* work of Bishop Warburton's was only a *sheet added to Jervis's Preface to Don Quixote*.—See *Pope's Letter*, 28th Dec. 1742.

A still more wonderful blunder is the following:—

'Gilbert Wakefield next (after 1795) published a first volume of an
edition

edition of Pope, but being *anticipated by Warburton*, proceeded no farther.'—vol. iii. p. 408.

Anticipated indeed!—why, Warburton's edition was published before Wakefield was born!

If there be any man of whom ignorance is more unpardonable than another, it is Horace Walpole. He is the oracle of literary gossip, and not to know him argues oneself not merely unknown, but unworthy to be known. We have still amongst us the intimates of Horace Walpole: his profusion of letters have rendered even the internal details of his life familiar to every one. The writers in the Georgian Era alone know nothing about him, though they affect to re-write his life, and on twenty occasions to quote or copy him. We really almost doubt whether some of the *hands* knew who he was. For instance, it is said 'that the following story is related by Lord Orford in the *Works of Walpole*.' (ii. 286.) This writer seems not to know that Orford and Walpole were the same person; but if he did, the *bibliographical* mistake would be as great as the *biographical* one, for it does so happen that the story was *not* related by him as Lord Orford, but as Horace Walpole; and the *Works*, when published, were not called those of Horace Walpole, but very properly by his last designation of Lord Orford. Small as this matter may seem, it required no small ingenuity to involve it in so great a confusion.

A most important era of his (Horace Walpole's) life was the purchase of his villa at Strawberry Hill in 1747: here he occupied himself in the collection of paintings and curiosities; and having adorned and extended the size of his house, it became a very fashionable resort for the *litterati of the metropolis*, to whom every summer he gave a *daily conversazione*.—vol. iii. p. 333.

Now if there was any one thing which Walpole professed more than another to hate, it was the *litterati of the metropolis*; and as to treating them with a *daily conversazione in summer*, he would much rather have kept a daily academy of dancing dogs, or have burned down Strawberry Hill. His absurdity on this point was extreme and ridiculous: what must be the absurdity of those who attribute to him a practice so entirely opposite to all his tastes and feelings? But to proceed:—

'In his habits he was somewhat *effeminate and luxurious*. When his friends used to smile at the *care he took of his person*, he would say, "My back is the same with my face, and my neck is like my nose."—vol. iii. p. 335.

The unintelligible nonsense of this passage is attributable not to Walpole but to the writer, who has taken the story by the wrong end, and blundered it into the *very reverse* of what was meant. Walpole was indeed effeminate in his air and manners, but he was

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in some personal respects very *hardy*, and when his friends, seeing him walk about in all weathers without a hat and sit in drafts of air that would have given ordinary folks colds and rheumatisms, would notice his hardihood, he would say, 'My back is the same as my face, and my neck is like my nose:' meaning that, by a constant habit of exposure, his back and neck were no more obnoxious to cold than his nose or face. Again: Walpole's indignation at the publication in a newspaper of extracts from his 'Mysterious Mother,'

'seems to have been a piece of *hypocrisy and affectation*, as he had at that time printed the tragedy in the first volume of his collected works.'—*Ib.*

Walpole printed a few copies of this tragedy for his private friends, and no doubt meant that it should be re-published after his decease in his collected works; but is this any proof that his reluctance to see *pilfered extracts* published during his life, in a newspaper, was *affectation and hypocrisy*? Walpole certainly was affected and may have been a hypocrite, but undoubtedly Malagrida himself might be sincere in deprecating such a style of publication of one of his works, and the more sincere if he meditated an authentic, ungarbled publication. Then, the editor characterises Walpole's letter to Woodfall on this occasion, by the *contradictory* epithets of '*contemptuous and indignant*.' On the contrary, any one who will look into the 'Biographical Dictionary,' whence the Georgian Era has transferred and *transformed* the whole anecdote, will see that it was, as it is there stated, characteristic of Walpole's anxiety *to be* and not *to be known* as an author—but assuredly nothing like an expression of either contempt or indignation. In short, the writer in the Georgian Era knows just as much about the Earl of Orford as he does of the Earl of Oxford.

His acquaintance with the most common persons and most ordinary facts of our political history is equally admirable. He writes the life of Mr. Henry Pelham (vol. i. p. 295) without having discovered, and of course without revealing, that important secret, that Mr. Pelham was prime minister of the empire for near eleven years (1744-1754).

He says that on the accession of George II., Sir Robert Walpole, as an act of kindness, drew up the king's speech for Sir Spencer Compton, the intended minister (vol. i. p. 275)—a misstatement of Horace Walpole's anecdote, that Compton's having asked Walpole to do it afforded the latter (on the suggestion of the queen) the opportunity—not of helping Compton, but—of taking the government *for himself*, while Compton was put on the shelf with the title of Wilmington.

He imagines that the proper designation of Lord Anson is *Lord George Anson*, as if that *faber fortunæ suæ* had been the son of a duke or marquis of the patronymic of Anson; and that this is not an error of the press is proved by its being repeated everywhere,—in the title to the life—in the life itself—in the particular index—and in the general index. With historical information quite equal to his heraldic lore, he tells us that Lord George Anson

‘quitted his post at the Admiralty in November, 1756, owing to some strictures which had been made on his conduct relating to the loss of Minorca. He was, however, *honourably acquitted*.’—vol. iii. p. 16.

Who would not suppose that Lord Anson had been forced to resign on personal charges, and, after trial, honourably acquitted? The truth is, that Lord Anson resigned on the general change of ministry in November, 1756—was never acquitted, because he never was tried—nor tried, because he was not accused: and, on another ministerial change, he next year resumed his seat at the head of the Admiralty Board. It is no surprise to us to find this writer repeating the old story, that the ministry of 1757 were such monsters as to execute Byng to cover their own delinquency—(vol. ii. p. 169.) The ministry, in which Lord Anson was first Lord of the Admiralty, and whose delinquency was in question, went out of office, as we have just stated, in November, 1756, and the trial and execution of Byng took place under their successors and political opponents. No event, assuredly, could be less attributable to party vengeance than Byng’s death, for he was accused by one set of ministers, and tried and executed by another.

He tells us that the impeachment of Lord Macclesfield originated in the *malice* of the Prince of Wales, whom he had offended, (vol. ii. p. 275,) though he had just before stated that the charges were true, and confessed that Macclesfield was found guilty without a dissenting voice. He says of the celebrated Lord Bute that ‘he succeeded his father, as Marquis of Bute, in the ninth year of his age,’ yet he adds that he ‘*rose to rank*’ by unworthy means—(vol. i. p. 309.) Lord Bute’s father was not a Marquis,—Lord Bute himself was not a Marquis, and he died in the rank to which he was born!

Though not in general favourable to Episcopacy,
 ‘Even in a bishop he can see desert;’
 and he has the candour to praise Wilson, Bishop of Soder and Man, for having always declined to *take his seat* in the House of Lords, ‘because, as he said, Christ’s kingdom not being of this world, he thought the Church should have nothing to do with the State’—(vol. i. p. 489.) This exalted instance of self-denial,
 however,

however, loses some of its value when we recollect that the Bishop of Soder and Man has no seat in the House of Lords.

But it is not as to public men of the last century only that our editor shows such amazing ignorance—he is equally or indeed more astonishing as to his own contemporaries. He acquaints us 'that Sir George Murray was gazetted Secretary of State on the 21st June, 1828; but that on the 17th September of the same year he became a Commissioner for the affairs of India; and on the 28th October following was elected a *Fellow of the Medico-Botanical Society*.'—vol. ii. p. 114.

The anti-climax is charming:—

'Dalhousie, the great god of war,

Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Mar,'

was promotion compared to this heavy descent,—from being Secretary of State—to the India Board—and thence to the Medico-Botanical Society! but that is not the best of it. Sir George Murray, by being Secretary of State, became, *ipso facto*, one of the Commissioners for the affairs of India, in June, 1828; and the said Gazette of 17th September, though it recited his name with that of all the other *ex officio* members, was the notification *not* of Sir George Murray's but of Lord Ellenborough's appointment to that Board. Ridiculous as this blunder is, another of the same kind, but still more absurd, is made in a more notorious matter, and with regard to a still greater personage.

'On the 10th April, 1830, the Duke of Wellington was gazetted as one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain, and Lord High Treasurer of England.'—vol. ii. p. 138.

The Duke of Wellington had been, as everybody—even the writer of the Georgian Era—knows, gazetted as First Lord of the Treasury in January, 1828, above two years before. The person gazetted as a Lord of the Treasury on the 10th April, 1830, was not the Duke of Wellington, but *George Bankes, Esq.*: on this gentleman's being put into the commission, the names of all his fellow-commissioners, of course, were repeated, and thus this accurate historian was led to confound the Duke of Wellington with Mr. George Bankes, and to perplex his readers by a statement that his Grace became First Lord of the Treasury in April, 1830, though he had held that office ever since January, 1828. We do not here complain of the poor purblind style in which the whole life of the Duke is pilfered from better authorities, and which affords a remarkable instance of the writer's incapacity even to copy with decent resemblance what is before him; we at present are only exhibiting his mode of treating *notorious facts*. We add another blunder of this class, so extravagant as almost to defy belief.

* In 1807 Sir Arthur Wellesley accompanied the Duke of Richmond to Ireland as Chief Secretary. *During his official residence in Ireland he advocated Catholic emancipation.*—vol. ii. p. 116.

The article on Mr. Tierney (i. 378) is very short; and it is well it is so, for it contains a blunder in every sentence: 'George Tierney was born in the year 1756,'—George Tierney was born, according to better authority, in 1761. 'In the duel between him and Mr. Pitt, after discharging their pistols with a lucky perversity of aim, the parties shook hands in the harmless smoke they had created:—the parties fired twice, Mr. Pitt firing his second shot in the air; and they did not shake hands. 'While in office, Tierney procured for his wife a pension of 4000*l.* a year:—he did not procure his wife a pension of 4000*l.* a year, or of any other sum. After his death, the Duke of Wellington, to whom Tierney had been always opposed in politics, procured that respectable lady a pension of 400*l.* on the Civil List, a just and generous tribute to the public services of her husband. 'Until within two or three years of his death he assiduously filled his senatorial duties,'—it was within two or three years of his decease that he became a cabinet minister, and he attended the House of Commons to the last. 'In the month of March, 1830, he was found dead in his library chair:—it was on the 25th of *January*, and a new writ for his vacancy was moved on the 5th of February.

Of his *legal* subjects the editor seems equally uninformed. Of Fearné, the author of an Essay on Contingent Remainders, he says that

'it is *almost incredible* that a man dying at the age of *forty-five* should have *left behind him* such a profound and elaborate work as his Essay on Contingent Remainders.'—vol. ii. p. 544.

We cannot see why it should be almost incredible that a man dying at the age of forty-five should have left behind him *one very small* volume, however clever it may be. But the wonder, if there be any, is much understated, for the book was not *left behind*, but published in 1772, when, according to the Georgian Era's reckoning, the author was but twenty-three years of age; but according to better, and on every account, more credible authorities, Fearné was seven years older, and was near thirty when he published his *Contingent Remainders*, and fifty-two at the time of his death; so that there is nothing '*almost incredible*' in the whole affair, but the absurdity of the new biographer.

* ARTHUR PIGOT attracted the notice of Lord North, who procured him (*prior to 1784*) a seat in parliament, and a silk gown. In 1802, on the death of Lord North, he became a follower of Mr. Fox. As a senator, he distinguished himself particularly on the impeachment of Warren Hastings.'—vol. ii. p. 544.

Lord

Lord North never procured Pigot a seat in Parliament,—he was, we believe, never in Parliament till 1806, fourteen years after Lord North's death, which occurred in 1792, and not in 1802 as here stated. It is unnecessary to add that neither could Pigot have distinguished himself as a *senator* on Hastings's trial, for he was not a senator till eleven years after the conclusion of that tedious process.

Of Sir Lancelot Shadwell, the editor states—

'that he is by no means so distinguished a Vice-Chancellor as *many of his predecessors*,'—vol. ii. 552.

being clearly ignorant that the office is of recent creation, and that Sir Lancelot has had but *two* predecessors.

The following blunder has the merit of being droll. In enumerating the literary publications of the late Right Hon. George Rose, the editor, very characteristically, includes in the list of Mr. Rose's *works*

'thirty-seven volumes of the *Journals of the House of Lords*!'—vol. i. p. 350.

He who rests his own claims to literary merit on such a compilation as the Georgian Era, must look with admiration and envy on the *AUTHOR of thirty-seven volumes of Journals of the House of Lords*. One serious difference, however, there is between these works—*Mr. Rose's* thirty-seven volumes are models of accuracy, while we doubt whether there be one single important article in the Georgian Era which is not disfigured by some flagrant error.

We have, we fear, trespassed upon the patience of our readers; but there is one short topic more on which we think it necessary to say two or three words—the scholarship to which the editor occasionally makes no inconsiderable pretensions.

We have already said that we should not deal with errors which could by possibility be attributed solely to the printer; neither would we impeach our author's learning upon the mere misspelling of a Latin word; but when we find, in a work so neatly printed, so many Latin quotations miserably mangled, we must suspect such prominent and repeated errors to belong to the editor: for instance, *Nunquam antia*, i. 483—*Fuge omnes medicos atque omnimoda Medicamenta*, i. 500—*omnimoda* being clearly, in this writer's judgment, an adjective agreeing with *medicamenta*. He talks of Lye's edition of '*Junius Etymologicon*,' i. 292; and of Archbishop Potter's *Alexandra*, i. 212,—meaning, as we guess, his edition of Clemens Alexandrinus; and amongst Dr. Dodd's voluminous publications he enumerates

'*Synopsis Compendaria*; H. Grotii de Jure belli et pacis; S. Clarkii de Dei Existentiâ et Attributis; et J. Lockii de Intellectu Humano.'—vol. i. p. 247.

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There is, however, one passage which we think conclusively proves that we might safely attribute these blunders to sheer ignorance. It is stated in the Biographical Dictionary, that Tindal the sceptic 'went to Oxford, as boys too often do, a *rasa tabula*'—that is, with his mind a *blank*, and liable to be marked with the first impressions it should receive. When this passage was copied out for our learned editor, it seems to have sorely perplexed him: and, indeed, as he read it, 'a *vasa tabula*,' would have puzzled Cicero himself. The meaning, of course, our editor never attained, but, on turning to his dictionary, he found that *a* in Latin meant *from*, and that in this sense it should have a grave accent over it—thus *à*. He also found that the ablative case following *à* should be marked with a circumflex, thus, *vasâ tabulâ*; and accordingly he so marked it; and then, printing his fabricated Latin in a beautiful *italic type*, he triumphantly exhibits the passage thus—

'coming, as boys do, *à vasâ tabulâ*, to the university,' &c.—iii. 245.

which, it may be expedient to acquaint our female readers, is neither more nor less than utter nonsense.

It is now time to conclude—certainly not from lack of matter. We have on our notes *above two hundred* similar instances of negligence or ignorance, and have no doubt that we could produce three, or four, or five times as many; but we think it enough to have made a selection—from *all* classes and periods comprised in the work—of blunders in chronology, history, politics, and literature, which we believe are quite unparalleled in any other publication. We have been obliged to select our instances, not merely with regard to the intrinsic importance of the individual mistake quoted, but also with reference to its brevity and to its notoriety. In such an abundance it was necessary to select the shortest and most intelligible examples; but even in the most apparently insignificant articles which we have quoted, our readers will, upon consideration, detect a *principle* (if we use the expression) of ignorance and absurdity, more decisive of the character of the work than errors of greater apparent importance might be: for instance, the mistakes about the 'gazetting' the Treasury and India Boards, prove the editor to know nothing whatsoever of political history, of official forms, or of the practical working of our government.

We have neither time, nor space, nor inclination, to examine the truth and tone of the remarks, criticisms, and judgments which the editor has interspersed on books and men. It would be wasting our pages and insulting our readers to examine the superstructure of so rotten a foundation. One single calumny we think it worth while to contradict, as it is stated on pretended *authority*. It is insinuated that Mr. Pitt was guilty of such habitual intemperance

as to have hastened his death; and, it is added, that 'wine at length ceased to afford the necessary excitement, and he had recourse to *laudanum*, of which, an eminent physician has assured us, he sometimes took 200 drops at a dose!' (i. 386.) We boldly pronounce all this to be an *infamous falsehood*—and we dare and *defy* the editor to produce *any* physician, eminent or otherwise, who will state that Mr. Pitt ever took *one drop* of *laudanum* for the purpose of excitement. As to all the rest of his calumnies and misrepresentations, suffice it to say, that his judgment and credibility are quite on a par with his editorial accuracy. His observations are trite and vulgar, when they are not false or foolish—his anecdotes, childish; his temper seems to be sour; his principles, sectarian; and his language a mixture of meagre tautology and muddy bombast. He has a great reluctance to speak well of any noble, eminent, or distinguished person, but joyfully expatiates in praise of mediocrity, vulgarity, and vice.

It will not much alter the opinion which our readers have, probably, already conceived of this writer's truth and taste, to be told that he calls Dean Swift a *villain* (iii. 362)—thinks that, 'stripped of its ornaments, the sentiments of Pope's Essay on Man are commonplace, and the diction bombastic' (iii: 289)—that the Duke of Wellington 'looks pale and cold like an *aristocrat*' (ii. 104)—a word, by the way, used throughout the whole book in an opprobrious sense—that Lord Castlereagh's appearance was 'dull' and 'inelegant' (i. 400)—that King George IV.'s corpulency *diminished* as he advanced in years, but that at the middle period of his life 'he had been so enormously fat, that four life-guardsmen could not without difficulty lift him on horseback' (i. 124)—that an admiral had been engaged in several '*successful victories*,'—that a satirist was '*tremendously bitter*'—that one man was '*averse towards riding* in a coach'—that another '*dressed foppish*'—that a third '*committed* an act of generosity'—that a certain lawyer was '*presented with a silk gown*'—that 'an artist's manners were *boorish*, but *not* unpleasantly so'—that a poem on a *Plate-warmer* 'is more witty than *sublime*.' Every page teems with similar proprieties of sentiment and beauties of language.

It would, however, be unjust to the great number of characters which he grossly mistakes and disparages, if we did not give a few instances of his panegyric and applause:—

'Mr. Hazlitt was one of the most judicious, *able*, and *powerful* writers of his time. He is in his peculiar walk of literature *unrivalled*, and in the *very first* rank of philosophical critics. His essays are full of wisdom.'—vol. iii. p. 397.

To match this unrivalled critic and philosopher, he has a still more transcendent poet.

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'As a poet, Shelley has never been surpassed; and we could point out many passages which are without their equal, even if we looked for their parallel in *Shakspeare* and *Milton*!!'—iii. 454.

A lady (whose name we need not mention, for we really hope and believe that the poor woman was mad) is celebrated for 'a *trembling delicacy of sentiment*'—and for 'a character which, though not affording a *safe model for general imitation*, yet merits our *admiration*,'—and for conduct which did 'certainly not originate in any *indelicacy of mind*'—(vol. iii. p. 418.) Yet we had been previously informed that this *delicate* spinster had, at the mature age of thirty-three, produced a bastard child (whether her *first* is not stated)—that she attempted to drown herself because she found that one of her lovers kept a mistress; and that being picked out of the Thames, she returned to their common lodgings, and modestly consented that the lover, the new mistress, and herself should all live amicably together. 'Trembling sensibility!' 'worthy of admiration!' but still not quite 'a *safe model for general imitation*!'

Of a certain officer—we shall not mention the man's name, for he may be still living—he says

'No *British soldier* was ever more eminent for activity and intrepidity, and it is to be regretted that government should have so ill rewarded the services of one who contributed not a little to the success of the British arms in the Eastern campaigns of his time.'—vol. ii. p. 496.

This hero was a private soldier, who having been for his courage, and to his misfortune, promoted to a commission, was obliged by excessive imprudence to sell it, and again enlisted as a private, and being again raised to his former rank, again lost it by *misconduct*, and was dismissed the service by a court-martial—and the ingratitude of the government was, that it twice over promoted this man, and twice over allowed him to sell commissions which he had not bought, and which he had neither character nor conduct to keep.

One person he distinguishes by the praise of being 'a man of *peculiarly fine sensibility*, and *universally respected* for his amiability and integrity.'—iv. 431.

This being of *exquisite sensibility* was Grimaldi the clown.

Another special favourite, upon whom indeed is bestowed nearly the highest eulogium in the whole work—

'As a tender parent, an affectionate husband, with a mind capable of the most friendly sentiments—a favourite with George III. and Queen Charlotte—and beloved, respected, and regretted, in a manner superior to the dignity of a *TITLE*,'—iv. 215—

was one Ryland, an engraver, who was HANGED for forgery in 1783!!

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By way of affording another and final measure of our author's judgment, we may adduce the relative importance which he assigns to various individuals: the soldier we have just mentioned has a more copious notice than Lord Lynedock, Lord Combermere, or Lord William Bentinck—Grimaldi the clown has about as long an article as Kemble—and a painter of the name of Robson a longer one than Sir Thomas Lawrence—Mr. Tierney is despatched in less time than either Alderman Waithman or Madame Vestris—Mr. Oxberry the player occupies an equal space with Lords Holland and Ripon united—Major Cartwright outweighs Lord Howe, General Wolfe, and Sir Ralph Abercrombie—Owen of Lanark extends over as many pages as Bishops Hoadly, Sherlock, Butler, and Newton—and Mr. Kean occupies a larger share of the Georgian Era than Lord Somers, Lord Townshend, and Lord Rodney, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Dr. James, Dr. Arbuthnot, Horace Walpole, Gray and Crabbe, *all put together*. It is well for those who have been hitherto called illustrious, that they had established their reputation prior to the new *weights and measures* of the 'Georgian Era.'

We have given this silly and impudent production much more space and attention than it intrinsically deserves; but if a work of this pretension, dealing with so many existing persons, were not contradicted and exposed at the moment, it might hereafter obtain a kind of authority, and the silence of contempt might be misconstrued into assent and confirmation.

ART. VIII.—1. *An Address to the Churchwardens, Guardians, Overseers of the Poor, and Rate-Payers of the Wingham Division of St. Augustine, in the County of Kent, on a Resolution adopted at a Meeting held at Wingham, on Thursday the 22d of January. Canterbury. 1835.*

2. *Two-and-Twenty Reasons for refusing Assent to the Proposition for instituting large Unions of Parishes, and the erection of Central Workhouses, particularly in the neighbourhood of Seven Oaks, in the County of Kent. London. 1835.*

3. *An Account of the Foundling Hospital in London, for the Maintenance and Education of Exposed and Deserted Young Children. London. 1835.*

ON the day the Poor-Law Amendment Act passed into a law, it occurred to us, that were we to go personally to any spot where it might be determined to bring the new code at once into operation, we should be enabled calmly to review the old condemned law

law in its full operation, as well as the first strife, struggle, or conflict between it and its infant antagonist. The practical working of the act might possibly prove so different from the theoretical intentions of its framers, that on a point of vital importance to all classes of our society, but especially to the poor, we resolved to judge for ourselves, and gravely to form our opinion on a strict, impartial analysis of facts.

With this serious object in view, we accordingly accompanied the Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner who first sallied forth on his official errantry into one of the most troublesome districts in the country. For four months we never left him for a moment—in fact, we were his shadow. We inspected every poor-house in East Kent—attended all his public meetings of magistrates, parish-officers, and rate-payers—observed how and why he divided the whole of East Kent into unions—remarked by what assistance he succeeded in effecting this object, as well as obtaining the consent in writing of the guardians for the dissolution of all the old existing unions. We pored over his calculations, sifted his data, studied his reports: we listened to the sturdy arguments occasionally raised against him—and with equal impartiality we listened to his replies. By conversing with the magistrates, yeomen, parish-officers, peasantry, and paupers, we made ourselves acquainted with public opinion as well as private interests, and it will now be our endeavour to lay before the public, in the unpretending form of a few unconnected notes, a short review of these proceedings.

To give our readers a full and correct notion of the poor-houses in East Kent would be almost as difficult as to sketch him a picture of the variegated surface of this globe. We will endeavour to commence the task by describing, first, the buildings, and then their inmates. The River workhouse, which is on the great Dover road, about three miles from the town, is a splendid mansion, which Mr. Robins would designate as ‘delightfully situate,’ and fit for the residence of a ‘county-member’ or ‘NOBLEMAN OF RANK.’ Modestly retired from the road, it yet proudly overlooks a meandering stream, and the dignity of its elevation, the elegant chasteness of its architecture, the massive structure of its walls, its broad double staircase, its spacious halls, its lofty bed-rooms, and its large windows, form altogether ‘a delightful retreat,’ splendidly contrasted with the mean little rate-paying hovels at its feet, which, like a group of wheelbarrows round the Lord Mayor’s coach, are lost in the splendour of the gilded spectacle. And though, to be sure, it is not yet paid for—though many of its aged paupers, unable to reach its summit, naturally enough prefer to live ‘cheap and

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and nasty' in a clinker-built shed which adjoins it—yet not a bit the less on that account does it stand a monument of our inexplicable wealth, a top-heavy symbol of our prosperity, a picture of English policy; it is, in short, for the pauper what Greenwich Hospital is for the sailor.

Many of the Kentish poor-houses, which about forty years ago were simultaneously begotten by Gilbert's act, bear a strong family resemblance to the proud hero we have just described. Some are lofty, some low, but all are massive and costly; indeed, it would seem that, provided the plan was sufficiently expensive, no questions were asked. A considerable number of poor-houses, again, are composed of old farm-houses, more or less out of repair. Some are supported by props—many are really unsafe—several living alone in a field seem deserted by all but their own paupers—some stand tottering in a boggy lane, two miles from any dwelling—and in many cases they are so dilapidated, so bent by the prevailing wind, that it seems a problem whether the worn-out aged inmate will survive his wretched hovel, or it him! Without attempting to argue which of all these buildings is the most sensibly adapted to its object, we will only humbly observe, that all cannot be right. We might even say, that, as they are all different, if one should happen to be right, it would follow that all the rest must be wrong. However, bidding adieu to brick walls and mud ones, broad staircases and ladders, slated roofs and thatch, we will now proceed to enter these various dwellings.

In some of the largest of these habitations an attempt has evidently been made to classify and arrange the inmates, and, generally speaking, every apartment is exceedingly clean. In one large room are found sitting in silence a group of motionless worn-out men 'with age grown double,' but neither 'picking dry sticks' nor 'mumblin' to themselves.' With nothing to do—with nothing to cheer them—with nothing in this world to hope for—with nothing to fear—gnarled into all sorts of attitudes, they look more like pieces of ship-timber than men. In another room are seen huddled together in similar attitudes a number of old exhausted women, clean, tidy, but speechless and deserted. Many, we learned, had seen brighter days, and in several instances we were informed that their relations (we will not insult them by calling them *friends*) were 'well off in the world;' but whenever we asked whether they were often visited, we invariably received the same reply, '*Oh, no! people seldom takes any notice of 'em after they once gets here.*'

In large airy bed-rooms (separate of course) were found men and women all bed-ridden. As we passed between two ranges of trestles almost touching each other, nothing was to be seen but a

set

set of wrinkled faces which seemed more dead than alive. Many had been lying there for years—many had been inmates of the poor-house for fourteen, fifteen, and eighteen years—few seemed to have any disorder—they were wanting nothing, asking for nothing, waiting for nothing but their death. As we passed one poor man, he said he knew he was dying, and, raising his head from his pillow, he begged hard that ‘little George’ might be sent for; but the master, accustomed to such scenes, would have considered the request inadmissible, had not the Assistant Commissioner ventured rather strongly to enforce it.

The only instance, in all the poor-houses we visited, of any stranger attending upon its inmates, was in a large room containing about thirty bed-ridden old females. On a trestle there was lying a woman who was not well—she was ill—very ill;—in fact, she was dying. Her face was much flushed, she kept pulling at her bed-clothes, and, excepting in one direction, turn which way she would she seemed restless. The only attitude that appeared for a moment to suit her was when she cast her eyes upon a fine healthy peasant lad, dressed in a smock-frock saturated with brown clay, who sat by her bed-side. It was her son. Syllable by syllable, and with his finger helping him as he proceeded, he was attempting to read to her the Bible. The job was almost more than he could perform—his eyes, however, never left his book for a moment, but her’s occasionally turned upon his face, and then upon the sacred volume in his hand, the sight of both united seeming always to afford her a momentary ease amounting almost to pleasure.

In the Coxheath United-Workhouse we found the following group seated round a small fire:—

David Kettle	aged 99
William Pinson	„ 90
John Hollands	„ 90
Edward Baldwin	„ 76
John Latherby	„ 75

They were all leaning towards the lad Latherby, who, in a monotonous tone of voice, was very slowly reading the following prayer to them, out of a tract published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge:—

‘O Lord Almighty, who givest to thy creatures health and strength, and when thou seest fit visitest them with sickness and infirmity, be pleased to hear the prayers of those who are now afflicted by thy hand. Look down from heaven, behold, visit, and in thine own good time relieve them, and dispose them to place all their trust and confidence in thee, not in the help of man!’

On our taking the pamphlet from his hands to copy the words into our note-book, the five men never altered their attitudes, but

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during the whole operation sat like the frozen corpses which in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow were found still in the attitude of warming their hands round the white dead embers of their departed fire!

From these sad pictures of decrepitude we were generally conducted into the apartment belonging to the able-bodied women; who were ordered to rise from their chairs in honour of the entrance of strangers. In *their* robust outlines certainly no *wrinkles* were to be seen—whatever was their complaint they equally laboured under it all—nature's simplest hieroglyphic sufficiently denoted their state,

'And coming events cast their shadows before.'

Adjoining this room, there was always a den of convalescents—a little land flowing with milk and honey, which is easier imagined than described. On descending the staircase, the next scene was a room full of sturdy labourers out of work. In hob-nailed half-boots and dirty smock-frocks, they were generally sitting round a stove, with their faces scorched and half-roasted: as we passed them they never rose from their seats, and had generally an over-fed, a mutinous, and an insubordinate appearance. A room full of girls from five to sixteen, and another of boys of about the same age, completed the arrangement. In some cases, they were said to be 'completely separated'—that is to say, they could not possibly meet without going up stairs, which 'was forbidden.' In other cases, they were, strange to say, separated only 'till dusk;' and in many instances their rooms were divided, but they met together, whenever it so pleased them, in the yards. Such is the general state of the *large* poor-houses of East Kent.

In the smaller ones, the minute classification we have mentioned has been found impossible: all that is effected is to put the males of all ages into one room, and all the females into another. In these cases, the old are teased by the children, who are growled at when they talk, and scolded when they play, until they become cowed into silence. The able-bodied men are the noisy orators of the room; the children listen to their oaths, and, what is often much worse, to the substance of their conversation, while a poor idiot or two, hideously twisted, stands grinning at the scene, or, in spite of remonstrances, incessantly chattering to himself. In the women's hall, which is generally separated only by a passage from the men's, females of all characters and of all shapes live with infants, children, and young girls of all ages. We could carry the description of these two rooms much farther, but it would be painful to do so.

We forgot to mention that we often found a large attic in the roof, used as a dormitory for '*able-bodied labourers and their wives.*'

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Each bed was separated from its neighbour by an old blanket. In this society of 'low life above stairs,'—in this chance medley of 'les frères et les sœurs de la charité,'—it must be supposed that the ladies first modestly retired to their nests; yet we could not help fancying that if husband A should happen unintentionally to make a mistake, the position of his shoes might perchance throw B, C, D, and the rest of the connubial alphabet, all wrong. Whether such a higgledy-piggledy arrangement be creditable or not to a civilized country it is not our present intention to inquire—suffice it to say, that it only forms part and parcel of a system.

In the small tottering hovels we have mentioned, we generally found seven or eight old people at the point of death, an able-bodied labourer or two, with a boy or a young girl, who, in answer to our inquiries was generally, before its innocent face, said to be 'only a love-child.' Sometimes we discovered but two or three inmates in these diminutive poor-huts:—there was always, however, a being termed 'The Governor;' and in one case we found only two paupers, one being 'His Excellency,' and the other his guest—

* And so his man Friday kept his house neat and tidy,
For you know 'twas his duty to do so,
Like brother and brother, who live one with another,
So lived Friday and Robinson Crusoe.'

In these poor-houses, so falsely called *work*-houses, we found that the cost of keeping the paupers varied as widely as the character of the dwellings. As there at present exist in England about 500,000 in-door poor, the reader can calculate for himself that a single farthing per day, profusely expended upon each, amounts to rather more than 190,000*l.* a-year: this being the case, one would conceive that something like a fixed sum would have been determined upon; but from the reports of 280 parishes which are now lying before us, it appears that the cost of maintaining a pauper in Kent varies from 2*s.* 2*d.* a-week to 4*s.* 6*d.*; and strange to add, these sums are, in general, granted equally for all inmates,—men, women, children, and even infants a month old; sucking babies being, by pauper-law, as costly and as consumptive as full-grown ploughmen. By this arrangement it is evident that it is made the interest of the governor, who is generally the contractor, that there should exist as many babies in his dominion as can conveniently be produced.

However, although there is this wide difference in the cost of the various poor-houses, yet throughout these receptacles the diet differs but little. Almost everywhere the Kentish pauper has what are called three meat-days a-week, in many cases four meat-days, and in some cases five; his bread is many degrees better

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better than that given to our soldiers; he has vegetables at discretion; and especially in the large workhouses, it is declared with great pride that 'there is no stinting,' but that '*we gives 'em as much victuals as ever they can eat.*' It should, however, be observed that we detected a clause in this Act which it is only fair should be explained. It is very true, that the ploughman in the workhouse receives as much as ever he can eat—'*Provided always,*' says the unwritten code, 'that he clears his plate before he asks for more.' In order, therefore, to obtain a third edition of meat, he must previously manage to swallow greens and potatoes enough to choke a pig, and as he is confined to the sty with no other work to perform, our reader will not perhaps be surprised at our previous statement that the able-bodied pauper in the poor-house has the tight appearance of being over-fed.

But casting the ledger aside, admitting that poor-houses of all shapes are equally good,—that it is beneath the dignity of a wealthy nation to care whether the nation pays 2s. 2d. or 4s. 6d. for a pauper's fare, or whether such a being bursts himself or not,—supposing even that the poor-rates of this country were to be paid by our satellite the man in the moon,—let us for a moment consider what is the effect of this system of stall-fed charity, and what truth there is in those lines which pathetically declare

'How wide the limits stand

Between a splendid and a happy land.

We have stated that in viewing with considerable attention some hundred workhouses, we found aged people of all descriptions,—those who had basked in prosperity as well as those who had known of this world nothing but its adversity,—alike deserted; and while they stood or rather lay before our eyes, we could not help feeling at each spot how mistaken had been the kindness which, by the smell of hot joints, had attracted so many poor, helpless parents to enter the gates of their parish poor-house, over which might too justly be inscribed—'*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.*' As we gazed upon the poor dying pauper, lying deserted on his trestle, always (with the solitary exception we have mentioned) had we thought—

'Had he no friend, no daughter dear,
His trembling voice to soothe and cheer?
Had he no son?'

We wished we could have added—

'Aye, once he had,
But he was dead!'

The coarse fact, however, was, that the fellow, far from being dead, was in a beer-shop, pointed out to him by a board which very imperfectly explains to us whether it is the beer or the peasant

sant which is required by Act of Parliament 'TO BE DRUNK ON THE PREMISES.'

The infant must be weaned from its mother, the apron-string that tethers the boy to her side must be cut, but that filial band by which nature binds a man to his aged parent should only be severed by her death,—like the white-wand of Garter King at Arms, it should never be broken until it is dropped into the grave, upon the hollow-sounding coffin-lid of its monarch. It seems, however, consistent with that stall-fed system of English charity, which, as shall soon be shown, possesses fifty-four governors for encouraging women to desert their infant offspring, that there should also exist in the country a premium on the opposite vice, namely, for every ploughman who will consent to desert his aged mother. Were it not for this application of our poor-rates, there can be no doubt that the English peasant, and above all, the Kentish peasant, would feel an honest pride in labouring for the support of his parents, and that, instead of expending his sturdy powers in himself digesting meat, cabbage, and potatoes in a poor-house, he would most willingly wear himself down in the noble duty of providing for his mother's comfort, by re-paying to her in decrepitude the sustenance which in his infancy he had borrowed of her; for, can government beer-shops offer him enjoyment superior to this which nature has implanted in his heart? But to give her five meat-days a-week, to maintain her in the style in which the parish trough feeds its guests, is totally beyond his humble powers, and thus he is actually encouraged to leave her to her fate. When once the filial tie is broken—when once, emigrating from her chimney-corner, she has entered that painted sepulchre the parish poor-house, her son's duties appear to him to be at an end. She has a better dwelling, better clothes, better food, better fires, than he could possibly provide for her; and little does he or she think of that horrid chasm, of those countless hours which, with no ostensible cause of complaint, must intervene between her first parish *meat-day* and her death.

Those who weigh moral happiness against food,—who measure intellectual enjoyment by the imperial gallon,—who consider that misfortune means a half-empty stomach, and that perfect contentment is feeling 'chock full,'—will deny the force of the foregoing arguments; but we hope there are still many who will keenly feel that to end one's career by fourteen or eighteen years' neglected banishment in a poor-house—to close a morning's activity by a long dreary evening of woe,—for the mind to be buried alive so long before the body be interred,—to be degraded in a parish in which it was once one's pride to be distinguished,—to be abandoned by those whose helpless infancy one had laboured to

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support, is not only to be an English 'pauper' but to be 'poor indeed!'

The misfortune to the parent and son is mutual,—both sink; the beer-shop and the poor-house are alike destructive, they play into each other's hands;—the one entices the lad to desert his mother, the other fatally induces the mother to leave her son: absolved from the duty of providing for his parent, *he* tries, encouraged by parliament, to distil happiness from strong beer; *she*, equally encouraged by the parish, expects to extract filial consolation from hot meat; both are deceived,—he becomes brutal, mutinous, demoralized,—she lingers without happiness, and dies deserted. We have painfully witnessed and deeply reflected on the scenes we have described, and we have no hesitation in declaring that in our humble opinion the late pauper system of in-door relief (totally regardless of its enormous expense) has, in the case of our aged poor, created infinitely more misery than it has alleviated.

Firmly believing that there exists on the surface of this earth no soil more congenial to the growth of every domestic virtue than the breast of the English peasant, it is but too true, that if thorns be found growing there instead of fruit,—if the crop be poisonous instead of being nutritive,—our political labourers, not the land, must be cursed. The ancient Greeks revered even the bones of *their* ancestors; we have taught our peasantry to bequeath their parents, blood, body, and bones to the workhouse.

With respect to the manner in which children have been systematically demoralized in many of our small poor-houses, the error, we conceive, speaks so clearly for itself, that we need not offer to be its advocate. A mixture, in about equal parts, (never mind a scruple or two,) of boys and girls, idle men, and abandoned women, can only by a miracle be unproductive of evil to society; we will, therefore, content ourselves with repeating a practical opinion which was thus expressed to us by a governor of twenty years' experience:—

'When children,' said Mr. Cadell, 'have been brought up in a workus, they have never no disposition to shun a workus.'

It appears, therefore, that in all cases where children might have been made to provide for themselves, or might have been thrown on their relations for support, the parish has culpably attracted them to their ruin.

Having now treated of those two extremes—the aged pauper and the children of the poor-house—we will offer a few remarks on the mode by which the Kentish poor-houses cunningly manage to get possession also of their able-bodied inmates.

To induce a fine athletic fellow to barter independence for de-

pendence, to exchange voluntarily liberty for confinement, and honest work for idleness, was not only the last, but the hardest job which stall-fed Charity had to perform; and her exertions to gain this darling object have been proportionally great. To have persuaded the Kentish ploughman to become a pauper, by appealing to his brains, would, she knew, have been hopeless, but his stomach was a house of easier access:—‘*La barriga,*’ she exultingly exclaimed, ‘*leva los pies! tripas llevan pies!*’ She accordingly in Kent, in order to bait the workhouse trap, arranged, printed, and published a bribe, which we consider as one of the most astonishing documents in the pig-sty history of our poor-laws.

Before we submit a few extracts from this ludicrous proclamation, we should mention, that having entered within the last few months a vast number of cottages, having quietly conversed with the inhabitants, and seen and sat down with them at their meals, we are enabled to assure our readers, that we have met with many instances of labourers’ families (we do not allude to those who steal corn for their pigs) subsisting a whole week without meat—nay, of there often being scarcely food enough of any sort for the children. In one instance, wishing to have a model of a workhouse executed, we called upon an artist of considerable merit. He was preparing some works for a public exhibition; and it was evident from his look as well as from the sunken features of his family, that they not only were, but had long been, badly fed. The man of genius, however, was soaring high above his stomach; in fact, his outline, so like our own, showed scarcely any stomach at all. We found it impossible, in fact, to divert this speculator’s conversation from his favourite subject. But while he mounted for a moment into his attic, in search of a new specimen of his art, we quietly observed to his wife, who sat surrounded by four children, that we feared they were badly off. The woman with tears in her eyes, pointed to a basket of potatoes in the corner of the room, and assured us, that excepting a sheep’s-head among them all, they had tasted since Sunday week nothing but potatoes and bread!

We admit this sad picture to be an extreme case, yet, in every country it is unavoidably necessary that the independent (and honest) labourer, who, besides himself, has a large family to support, must, to a certain degree be poorly fed—but on that account, he need not sink in his own estimation, he ought not to be allowed to sink in the estimation of the world. If, however, the pauper be unjustly elevated many degrees above this man, the latter becomes in fact relatively degraded—and he will not feel this the less, although it may be declared by all the political economists in Europe that he has been left untouched and absolutely at rest.

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Now, supposing a large body of labourers, barely able to provide for themselves, should, in going to their work, stop for a moment to read such a proclamation as we lately tore from the walls of one of the Kentish workhouses, we only ask what effect would it produce? With agitations of considerable surprise, our readers shall now learn what a variety of substantives and adjectives are requisite in order to advertise for a pauper's fare:—

' Conditions of Contracts.

' 1. The contractors to furnish *warm, wholesome, sweet, clean, comfortable* beds, bedding, blankets, and sheets, and *good* sufficient shoes, hats, bonnets, caps, and wearing apparel of all kinds, as well linen as woollen; two things of each sort for every poor person admitted into the workhouse, suitable to their age and sex.

' 2. The contractors to provide as many *servants* as shall be necessary for cooking and *serving* up the victuals; for washing, cleaning, and keeping in order the workhouses, and premises, and the poor therein, and *attending on them* when necessary.

' 4. The contractors to provide and supply *good sweet wholesome fat* meat, and other articles of diet, in sufficient quantities for the consumption of the poor. The meat to consist of *good fat* beef, leg of mutton pieces, and chucks of *good* ox beef, and *good* wether mutton.

' 4. The beer to be *good sound* small beer.

' 5. The flour to be the *best* household flour.

' 6. The bread to be the *best* second wheaten bread.

' 7. The cheese to be *good* Gloucester cheese.

' 8. The butter to be *good* and *clean*.

' 9. All the other articles to be *good* in their respective kinds.

' 10. No pork is to be given to the paupers (!) and no salt meat, only such as shall have been salted to preserve it from spoiling, and which shall be dressed within four days from the time of salting.'

But lest the pauper, from becoming tired of this homely fare, should threaten to quit the poor-house, the contractor is occasionally to furnish a nice little variety for him, as follows:—

' For every poor person, the following instead of the usual dinner allowance, shall be provided, viz.:—

' 11. On Christmas-day, fourteen ounces before cooked of *good* baked beef with vegetables—one pint of *strong* beer, and one pound of plum-pudding.

' 12. On two days, in the summer, six ounces of bacon with green peas.

' 15. On two other days, six ounces of bacon with beans.

' 16. On four other days, *good* mackerel.

' 17. On four other days, *good* fresh herrings.

' 18. On six other days, *good* salt fish instead of meat.

' 19. The pea-soup to be made according to the following receipt; and the assistant-overseer to see that the stipulated ingredients are all put in.'

Here follow the weights of the ingredients of this national *soupe maigre*, which is to be made merely of 'beef, peas, potatoes, leeks, onions, and Scotch barley.'

'19. The contractors to provide firing for warming, and candles for lighting the rooms of the workhouse, and *good* coal fires in the general room, from the 1st of October until the 1st of May; and during the time when fires are not stipulated, to keep *good* coal-fires in fourteen rooms, at the usual hour, in the morning and evening, for the paupers to boil the water in their tea-kettles.'

There are about fourteen or fifteen other clauses in this curious contract, which relate to minor luxuries scarcely worth attention, such as,—'22. The contractors to have the paupers' hair cut once in six weeks;' and, '23. The contractors to PROVIDE WIGS for such as wear them or require them.'!!!

A desire to pull down the aristocracy of a country proceeds only from jealousy ignorant of human nature, for he who has ever lived among republics (particularly among those of the new world) has probably been sufficiently convinced that a spit-on-the-carpet equality is very far from desirable; still its advocates may honestly fancy that it might be a blessing;—but to disorganise society by reversing our system—by elevating the pauper above the labourer, is a pot-bellied philanthropy which one cannot sufficiently despise. Of all seductions it is the nastiest, for it is the swinish government of the belly. We read of luxury and effeminacy having created national imbecility and premature decay, but there is no other instance on record of a wealthy country, in rude health, bursting its social band by such false principles of arrant gluttony.

How can we possibly conceive that the lower orders of this country will stand against the storm, how can we expect that they will be foolish enough, *mad enough*, to gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, so long as we publicly notify to them, that there is roast-beef and plum-pudding, bacon and beans, green-peas and mackerel, strong-beer, fresh-herrings, and warm wigs, for those who will cowardly fly from their work? What authority can a parochial officer, the assistant-overseer, have in their eyes, when they find that he is ordered to mix their soup, and to take special care that the Scotch barley, the leeks, the beef, and the onions, are duly congregated?

It happened that when we visited the poor-house of Canterbury, which is conducted under a proclamation very similar to that we have just quoted, we witnessed a scene worth relating. The city is composed of fourteen united parishes, each of which furnishes two citizen-guardians. The government of the poor belongs also to the mayor and corporation, who are, generally speaking, liberal, well-educated

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well-educated men, but as the citizen-guardians out-vote them, they have long agreed to absent themselves from the workhouse Court. The fitting pride of this court is to stuff the pauper at the expense of the lean rate-payer; and on the day of our visiting their workhouse we found that little puddle in a storm. The contractor had happened to furnish a batch of bread, nutritive, wholesome, and to any hungry man most excellent, but a shade darker than was deemed fit for a pauper. We will not say how very many degrees whiter it was than the bread we have eaten with the Russian and Prussian armies—we will merely observe, it was considerably whiter than the '*brown tommy*' of our own soldiers, or than that species of luxury known in our fashionable world by the enticing appellation of brown bread. The Canterbury-guardians, however, had declared it to be unfit for the paupers, and the governor had consequently been obliged to furnish them with white bread from one of the bakers of the town. The Assistant Commissioner not only greedily ate of this bread, but respectfully forwarded a loaf of it to the poor-law board, who probably requested Mr. Chadwick to digest it and report thereon. The contractor, however, having the whole batch on his hands, and from pride not choosing publicly to dispose of it, ordered it to be given to his pigs. On proceeding to the styes we found these sensible animals literally gorged with it. All but one were lying on their sides in their straw, grunting in dreams of plethoric ecstasy—a large hungry pie-bald hog had just received his share, and as, looking at the Poor-Law Commissioner, he stood crunching and munching this nice bread, there was something so irresistibly comic in his eye, something so sarcastic and satirical, something in its twinkle, that seemed to say—*De gustibus non est disputandum!*—'*Citizen-guardians for ever, and down with the poor-law amendment act!*'—that the contractor himself was seen to smile,—

'And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of England's commercial prosperity!'

The general effect produced by this system may be sufficiently explained by a very few instances. Mr. Curling, the governor of Margate workhouse, declared in our hearing—

'I am an eye-witness that, by over-feeding the pauper, we have made the labouring classes discontented.'

He added,—

'During the fashionable season at Margate, the donkey-drivers, the fly-drivers, and hundreds who are employed by the London ladies, generally receive 24s. a week, but it is all spent in beer—there is no prudence, nothing saved; for the cant phrase among them is, *We have always the Mansion-house to go to.*'

We may observe that the cost of 204 in-door paupers at Margate

gate has amounted to about 2000*l.* a year. An overseer near Canterbury told us that a young man had for nearly a year been receiving 1*s.* 6*d.* a week from the parish, every Friday—that he always spent this money in hiring a gun to shoot with on Sunday—and that, whenever he received his money, he returned laughing with it in his hand to his fellow-workmen, saying, with much less elegance than truth, ‘What a set of d—d fools they are!’ Mr. John Davies, the overseer of St. Peter’s, at Sandwich, said—‘They only wants to thrust themselves into the work’us, to get a bellyfull of good victuals and do nothing, *but I won’t let ’em!*’

It will sound incredible, that the overseers themselves, as well as the governors of the workhouses, are perfectly sensible of the vice of this shocking system—but that such is the case the following extracts from certificates, addressed to the Assistant Commissioner by several of the most respectable of the governors, &c., on the 9th of February last, will clearly show:—

‘Having been governor of the poor-house of this parish, and also clerk to the guardians, for fourteen years, I have had an opportunity of witnessing that the paupers in this house live a great deal better than many who are tradespeople, and who help to support them; and I am certain of the fact, that many of the independent labourers do not get meat once a week. The boatmen of this place, at present, are in a very distressed situation; and I think it is very often the case that they have no meat in the course of the week.

(Signed) A. B.’

‘I have been guardian of this parish for seven years, and I am quite sure the paupers in the workhouse live better than one-third of the rate-payers of this parish; and I have very frequently said to parishioners, the people of our house live much too well, and that they are better off than half the inhabitants; but the reply was, “That is no business of yours.”

(Signed) C. D.’

‘Having filled the situation of governor these fourteen years past, as also superintendant of the unemployed poor, I am sure, from the experience that I have had of witnessing much the distress of the industrious rate-payer, that he cannot in any degree live equal, nor have those comforts, the poor in our workhouse have; which I have frequently stated to our board of officers, but the reply has been, “If the parishioners are satisfied, what need you trouble yourself about it.”

(Signed) E. F.’

‘I think that not one half of the rate-payers of our parish live as well as the poor in the house; and none of our out-poor live so well as the in-poor. I have often expressed this opinion in committee.

(Signed) G. H.’

‘I really believe that many of the poor rate-payers do not live better, or have meat so often in their family, as the people in the poor-house, as I have been frequently given to understand by the

different

different collectors of the poor's rates ; and am sure, that, out of the five hundred boatmen, none of them live so well as the people in our workhouse, and very few of the boatmen get meat at all.

(Signed)

K. L.'

But if these letters do not, the Kentish fires throw quite light enough on the effects of this system. In no region it has been our fortune to visit have we ever seen a peasantry so completely disorganised. In no enemy's country that we have seen have we ever encountered the churlish demeanour which these men, as one meets them in their lanes, now assume. Perfectly uneducated—neither mechanics, manufacturers, nor artisans—in point of intellect little better than the horses they drive, they govern in a manner which is not very creditable to their superiors. Their system of robbing corn for their horses has, they believe, been almost sanctioned by custom into law ; and as, with something like justice, they conceive they are entitled to be higher fed than the scale established for the pauper, nothing they can honestly gain can possibly be sufficient to make them contented. And yet the countenances of these country clods are strangely contrasted with their conduct. We would trust them with our life—in no country in the world are there to be seen infants, boys, and lads of more prepossessing appearance—honesty, simplicity, and courage adorn them ; proving that they are the descendants of those who were once complimented by the remark that they were '*Non Angli sed Angeli.*' Their women, like their hops, have ten thousand clinging, clasping, blooming, undulating beauties ; and there seems to be no reason why, of their lovely native county, it should not still be said, '*Ex his, qui Cantium incolunt longè sunt beatissimi.*' But it is not of their materials we complain, it is only of our own workmanship—our poor-laws have ruined them !

The curate of a Kentish village told us, that while he was that morning earnestly exhorting a poor family to abandon their depraved habits, the labourer rose from his chimney-corner, and told him, that ' If he did not quit the cottage that moment, he would kick him out.'

An association is at this moment forming among them to resist the Poor-Law Amendment Act, and, in fact, all other acts and deeds, as will appear by the following extract from a communication recently sent to London, by the rector, churchwardens, and overseers of Wittersham. After stating that 'the unions are in the habit of holding their meetings very frequently at various places in this neighbourhood,' they proceed to detail the following evidence, which a labourer had just given to his master :—

'He says, two men stand, one on each side of the door, with drawn

drawn swords in their hands: they that intend to be members are sworn in, blindfolded, to fight if they are wanted; and that two of the greatest men in London are at the head, and they send others into the country; and they say that they have enough men to crush all the rest *now*, if they like to do it. The man says, that he expects, before a month's time, that nearly all the parish will have joined it, and what do not like to join, they intend to compel: no parish-relief to be received by a member. The man says, that they intend that the king should have less, the parsons less, and the poor people more, to live on; and when I said that it was out of their power to make that alteration, he said he expected it would cause war. I asked the man if he thought they would take in any farmers as members of the union; he said, they would not admit farmers into the room, for they were against farmers.'

It is impossible to read the rustic *programme* of this hob-nailed Parliament without a sense of ridicule and disgust: but ought there not to be also a deeper feeling of our own responsibility in having, by our sins of omission and commission, so largely contributed to the degradation of these uneducated and misguided men?

The Assistant Commissioner, having witnessed more of these scenes than we have time or inclination to detail, felt it his duty respectfully to address to the Poor-Law Commissioners a letter, from which we shall now make some extracts.

'During the inspection which I have made of one hundred and ninety-one parishes, I have very earnestly endeavoured to inform myself of the relative scale of diet between the pauper and the independent labourer; and, the result of my own observations having been in every instance corroborated without any hesitation, by the magistrates and parochial officers whose opinions I have asked, I feel that I have now sufficient authority to state to you, that as far as regards diet, in this county, the following is a fact which cannot be denied:—

Poor is the diet of the pauper in the poor-house;

Poorer is the diet of the small rate-payer;

Poorest is the diet of the independent labourer.

'In many instances, I have found that the hard-working independent labourer (and even the small rate-payer) has great difficulty in getting sufficient food for the seventh day in the week, while at the workhouse (take that of Swanscombe and Stone, for instance) the pauper who sits almost the whole day in indolence, scorching himself before a stove, receives—

Four hot meat meals per week,

Half-a-pound of butter per week,

One pound of bread per day,

Vegetables of various sorts, as much as he can eat,

One pint of beer per day,

Pudding on Sundays.

'So

'So far, therefore, as diet is concerned, the independent labourer, as well as the small rate-payer, exist with the pauper *above* them, instead of *below* them; and although a sense of honest pride induces them still to cling to their independent station, yet the double error of such a vicious system is—

'1st, That it encourages the labourer to become a pauper; and,
'2dly, That it discourages the pauper from becoming an independent labourer.

'I feel confident, that the parish-officers, as well as the magistrates, in all directions, would, if called upon, fully corroborate the foregoing statement, many of them having declared to me, that though their parish pays an annual subscription to a union, or receiving poor-house, yet they are afraid to send any labourers out of work there; the reason being, that the able-bodied paupers are fed so well in the workhouse, that if once labourers are sent there, they won't leave it.

'It will, I am sure, be evident to you, that were we to be totally regardless of the enormous expense of this system, yet, so long as it is permitted to exist, so long must the scale remain disorganized—so long will the number of paupers increase—the number of independent labourers diminish—until the fabric of our society, like a cone resting on its apex instead of its base, shall fall to the ground. But the remedy is, fortunately, as simple as the disorder is complicated; for, without interfering with the independent labourer or the small rate-payer, if we will but resolutely place the pauper *below* him, instead of allowing him to exist *above* him, he can thus only rise by gaining his own independence; while the independent labourer will no longer have an inducement to rise by becoming a pauper.

'Having had occasion, last week, to speak separately to the overseers of sixteen parishes, I took the opportunity of putting to them the following question; to which, every individual, without hearing what others had said, replied, without hesitation, as follows:—

'Q.—Supposing the pauper were henceforward to receive porridge for breakfast, bread and cheese or potatoes for dinner, and porridge for supper, do you consider he would, on such a diet, be as well off as independent labourers with large families?

'A.—Yes; *he would be better off.*'

'My own observation enables me most deliberately to concur in the above evidence, and seeing the mischievous effects as well as the injustice of such a system, I feel it my duty respectfully to recommend that public notice should as early as possible be given in this county, that from and after (say the first of May next), the diet of the pauper in the workhouse should no longer be better than that of the independent labourer, and, accordingly, that from the period stated it should consist of bread, porridge, cheese, and vegetables, with an allowance of meat only for people of above fifty-five years of age, or for such paupers as the medical attendant may recommend it.

'If what are commonly called the "*poor*" were really the *poorest* members

members of society, I feel confident that this county would strongly oppose the slightest reduction in their diet; but I have found the magistrates, farmers, and especially the yeomen of Kent, so sensible of the vice of the present system, that I am confident they entertain the manly feeling that it is false benevolence to disorganise society by forcibly obliging the small rate-payer to feed the pauper better than himself; and that it is injustice, and not charity, to raise men living in idleness and dependence above the labourer who is maintaining his independence by the sweat of his brow.

'In most of the towns in this county (people there not being aware of what is passing in the country) I have observed that public charity has ignorantly bestowed its affections on "the poor" instead of on "the poorer" and on "the poorest" members of society; and, accordingly, in such towns I hear great sympathy everywhere expressed for the pauper—very little for the independent labourer—and none at all for the small rate-payer, although, as I have already stated, the two latter classes are actually subsisting on less food than the idle inhabitant of the poor-house. By this class of townspeople considerable clamour would consequently be raised; but with so just and honest an object in view, such opposition I conceive need not be feared—particularly as it would cease so soon as the beneficial effects of the adjustment should have proved the reasons for which it had been ordered.

'With respect to the formation of large unions, you are aware that I am still prosecuting that object—at the same time it must be evident that no possible arrangement of bricks and mortar can possibly cure the evil of the late administration of the poor-laws, so long as you shall allow the dietary of the pauper to be superior to that of the small rate-payer and labourer.'

The simple act of lowering the diet of the poor-house to at least the level of the independent labourer's fare, would, we believe, without any other assistance, be sufficient, placidly, to correct almost every disorder to which our late poor-law system has subjected us; for as soon as the poor-house shall cease to be attractive, the whole of the physical as well as moral machinery for repelling applicants must at once become useless lumber; and if a healthy reluctance can only be created among the indolent (never mind whether it proceeds from the dictates of their heads or stomachs) to enter the parish gates, it must unavoidably follow (action and reaction being equal and contrary) that a manly desire to support themselves will instantly burst into being. Again, if the robust, well-disposed peasant does not like poor-house fare for himself, neither will he like it for his aged mother; and he will, consequently, prefer the pleasure of labouring for her support to the drunken enjoyment of government beer-shops.

As soon as the workhouse life shall become *per se* wholesomely repulsive,

repulsive, the rude, amorous ploughman will pause a little before he contracts a marriage which must ere long make him its inmate; whereas, if (as in the old system) his parish were to offer him not only the blooming girl of his heart, but heavy lumps of savoury food, the warm bribe, like the bride, must be irresistible. As soon as we shall have fortitude enough to make workhouse diet 'low' instead of high, not only will the labouring classes find a hundred excuses and ingenious expedients for not coming into 'the mansion,' but even among its inmates there will be invented similar excuses and similar expedients for quitting it; no one will come, no one will remain, if he can possibly help it. Society will thus be restored to a healthy state; in short, we appeal to every man of common sense—we go still higher—we ask, is there a philosopher or a mathematician in existence who can deny the pure truth of the two following axioms:—1st—That in the creation of every *sensible* poor-law system, the workhouse *must* possess a centrifugal, and not a centripetal influence; 2nd—That in every country under the sun, if x denote the situation of the independent labourer, x minus 1, and not x plus 1, *must* be the condition of the pauper; and that the only legitimate mode of bettering him is by raising the value of x ?—Simple as these truths are, yet have we violated them both. We have made all our workhouses centripetal instead of centrifugal—we have raised the condition of the pauper, not only to $x+1$, but in many cases to $x+21$; and we seriously ask, has not the punishment of our offence been an annual fine, in the form of poor-rates, of more than seven millions?

'But,' exclaimed a metropolitan orator the other day, his hand constantly striking his stomach, (probably mistaking it for his heart,) '*shall it be said, gentlemen, that we feed our paupers on coarse food? God forbid! Is the cruel triumvirate of Somerset House to determine the minimum on which our trembling nature can subsist? God forbid!*'

We would ask the defenders (and, legion-like, they are many) of these pug-nosed principles, whether it ever occurred to them, instead of speechifying, to *relieve* the poor—by which expression we mean the industrious and the hard-working poor—for in such a charity they, as well as all of us, might most beneficently combine? Will they enter into a subscription for raising the condition of the independent labourer? Oh no! on the contrary, they drive their bargains with *him*, if it be merely for digging a sooty garden eighteen feet by seven, as hard as they are able. 'What has a peasant's family to do,' they exclaim, 'with the price of fowls, eggs, butter, pork, or anything else that he brings to market from his cottage or his sty?' But if they have to deal with the pauper instead of the labourer—if the parish purse, and not the

the orator's, be doomed to pay—if parish contracts are to be increased in proportion to the demands on parish charity—then it is manfully argued in the vestry,—‘*Gentlemen, as Britons, let us be liberal; as Englishmen, let us be profuse! Shall it be otherwise? God forbid!*’ Of all the loathsome vices that disgrace our nature, none appear more odious and repulsive than when they dare to assume the mask of a virtue; and contrasted with such gouty charity, and such self-interested philanthropy as this—how simply beautiful do those words of truth and religious benevolence sound to us, which sternly declare, ‘For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat;’—again, ‘The industrious eateth to the satisfaction of his appetite, but the belly of the sluggard shall want;’—and again, ‘The sluggard will not plough because it is cold, therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing.’

In one of the visits we made to a very large poor-house in East Kent, we particularly remarked among the motley group that surrounded us a tall, slender boy of about fourteen, whose eccentric history has just flitted across our memory. We shall place it here as an episode.

Some fifteen years ago, there entered the family of a wealthy individual, a young, industrious, Hebe-looking, Kentish girl, who embarked in life in the menial capacity of a housemaid. Her tables shone—her stairs grew cleaner and cleaner—not a spider could exist in her dominions—nothing complained of her but her mops and soap. Some praised her for one excellence, some for another; but all agreed that so charming a complexion had never been seen—it was a mixture, infusion, or suffusion of red roses and white ones—the colours of which seemed always on the move—the slightest fear made her look pale—the smallest joy turned her all red—and as she was either frightened or delighted at everything she saw, her changes were as beautiful and as evanescent as those in the dying dolphin. With all these blooming flowers at her command, it seemed natural enough that a steady gardening-man in the neighbourhood should *ex officio* fall in love with her; and after a long, tedious, protracted courtship, the happy day of their marriage arrived. Her dumpy fellow-servant, the cook, clumsily danced at the wedding; while the great black footman, his arms flying round his head, was seen capering beside her like a mad scaramouch. Poor degraded wretch! in spite of his colour, he belonged to an affectionate race, and was not the less a man because his eyes were yellow, his nose flat, his mouth broad, his skin coarse as an elephant's, and because his arms and legs seemed made of whalebone.

In a certain number of months—we regret to say, that the tail of the figure happened to point upwards instead of downwards—(it was perhaps better it should do so than have no tail at all)—the wife was suddenly but safely delivered of a child, which the fond gardener hastened to caress the instant he heard its faint cry. It was of course presented to him; but when the blanket was unfolded—‘*Angels and ministers of grace defend us!*’—HIS BABY WAS A BLACK ONE! The phenomenon was inexplicable—a hundred times had the gardener grafted white roses on red ones, and yellow ones on pink ones; but never before had he heard of any of his trade succeeding in making the lovely flower black!

For five years the child lived with its parents, and prospered. The honest gardener loved it—he laboured for its support—on returning from his work he longed to hear its cheerful voice . . . and yet . . . there was a bilious look about its eyes—it had an elastic trick of throwing about its arms—there was something so cold and clammy in its skin—at times it felt so like a toad, that the father himself began to croak!

Time would probably have mellowed these hoarse notes, but his fellow-labourers incessantly tormented him, until the man at last, in a state almost of phrenzy, appeared before the vestry to declare, that unless the parish would accept the child, he would fly to America, leaving it and its mother behind him, for that live with it any longer he could not! The parish guardians, for some time, attempted by reasoning to repel the expense, but no sooner did they make use of the blooming mother’s own simple argument—namely, that just a week before her confinement she had unfortunately been frightened, dreadfully frightened, by a black man—than the gardener started forwards, dashed the cap from the head of the boy, and loudly exclaimed, ‘Look here, gentlemen! do you mean to say that fear can turn hair into wool?’ The appeal was unanswerable. The parish officers at once received the child, and for nine years they have very kindly supported it, under the name of Niggerfull John.

In several of the poor-houses of East Kent, the separation of man and wife has, without any disturbance, long been carried into effect; but wherever the rule had not been established, the commissioner was sturdily assailed by people of education, as well as of no education, who, with considerable ability, opposed the unpopular arguments by which he resolutely insisted on its necessity. The following is a specimen of the doctrines on both sides; in fact, it is a long-winded argument on the subject, between a young, ruddy, healthy labourer, and an emaciated representative of the Poor-Law Amendment Act:—

‘*Labourer.*

Labourer.—Sir ! I am out of work. I appear before you to beg relief.

Assistant Commissioner.—In the course of the last six months, how much money, which might have been saved, have you spent in gin or beer-shops ?

Lab.—I decline to answer that question. I have now neither money nor work ; I therefore, sir, respectfully demand relief.

As. Com.—What relief do you require ?

Lab.—Food, clothes, lodging, and firing.

As. Com.—They shall be immediately granted to you. Are you satisfied ?

Lab.—No, sir ; for I have also a wife, who is as destitute as myself.

As. Com.—At what age did you marry ?

Lab.—I married at eighteen.

As. Com.—What age was your wife when you married her ?

Lab.—She was just seventeen.

As. Com.—At the time you married her, had you the means of providing for her in case you should for a short period be (as you now are) thrown out of work, or forced for a time to work for wages only sufficient to support yourself ?

Lab.—I decline answering that question : we are now both destitute. Besides relief for myself, I demand it also for her.

As. Com.—What relief do you require for her ?

Lab.—Food, clothes, lodging, and firing.

As. Com.—They shall be immediately granted to you both. Are you satisfied ?

Lab.—No, sir ; for I have five young children, who are as destitute as ourselves.

As. Com.—Previous to your marriage, did you ever calculate whether or not you had the means of providing for such a young family ?

Lab.—I decline to answer that question ; it has nothing to do with my present case. We are all destitute ; we are therefore, I conceive, entitled to relief.

As. Com.—Are you aware that the relief you require can only be afforded you by a rate which must be levied on the industrious classes of society ? Are you aware, that if your petition be granted, the independent labourer of your own parish must be obliged to give up a portion of his hard earnings—in fact, that he must work a certain period every day—to support you ? Do you think this just towards him ?

Lab.—I decline answering any of these questions : but respectfully demand food, clothes, lodging, and firing, for myself, my wife, and my five young children.

As. Com.—They shall immediately be granted to you all. Are you satisfied ?

Lab.—No, sir : I require, moreover, that I should be permitted to continue to sleep with my wife.

As. Com.—On what grounds do you make this additional request ?

Lab.

Lab.—Because it is written, ‘ Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder.’

As. Com.—Have you any other reason?

Lab.—No, sir. I consider, that, in a Christian country, that argument is unanswerable.

As. Com. It is my painful duty most deliberately to refuse your request.

Lab.—Why, sir?

As. Com.—I might, I conceive—quite as fairly as you have done—decline to answer that question; but I prefer explaining to you, my friend, calmly and rationally, the grounds of a decision which, I repeat to you, is a painful one. The sentence of Holy Scripture which you have very correctly quoted, only alludes to divorce; it does not bear the interpretation you have given to it—namely, that a man, under all circumstances, is to sleep with his wife every night of his life; for, were that to be the case, it would be wicked, “ in a Christian country,” to imprison or transport a criminal without also imprisoning or transporting his wife.

Lab.—Sir, I am not a criminal; misfortune is not guilt.

As. Com.—Your observation is perfectly just, but, as an argument, it is false; for you did not demand permission to sleep with your wife, because you had been sober, because you had been careful, because you had been provident, but, properly enough, declining on these points to prove your own character, you claimed the right as one generally belonging to all men by scripture law; and you must surely see that you deserted your own argument, when you flew away from scripture to your private character. On which of these two foundations are you disposed to continue to support your argument? There is surely no violation of scripture in offering food, clothes, lodging, and firing to yourself, to your wife, and to your children! Permit me also to add, that in trying to prove to you that your quotation did not bear the general interpretation you have given to it, it was not my intention to class you among criminals. I only mentioned their case, to show you that your own argument (namely, that because you and your wife had been married, you could not, by any human law, be put asunder) was false.

Lab.—Well then, sir, I demand it on the score of humanity. It is possible I may have been thoughtless, but it is certain I am now unfortunate.

As. Com.—And in terms of humanity and reason I will reply to you. If you will observe and reflect for a moment on the artificial state of our society, you will see not only that a large proportion of men, from the highest down to the lowest, are occasionally separated from their wives; but that, if what you demand almost as a right, were even as a rule to be inflicted on society, it would be impossible for the business of this country to be carried on. Members of both houses of parliament, noblemen as well as gentlemen, who have estates and business in various counties—all people employed by government,

government, in missions at home and abroad, with their secretaries and attendants—carriers of despatches, commercial men, commercial travellers, bag-men, and even assistant commissioners of the Poor Laws, are all obliged occasionally to quit their families for a longer or a shorter time. Respectable servants, who have married, are, generally speaking, rarely enabled to spend their nights at home. On foreign service, officers as well as soldiers are not only completely separated from their families, but they often embark cheerfully for climates and for dangers which render it very probable they will never return. In his Majesty's navy, not even the officers are allowed to sail with their wives. The best sea-faring men are, I am sorry to say, after long voyages, forcibly torn from their wives; and it is a fact which, if you are reasonable, you cannot deny, that there is no class of people in England, who, generally speaking, more enjoy the uninterrupted blessings of living in their own climate with their families than the very labouring class to which you belong. Supposing, therefore, that any new law, incomprehensible to the peasantry, were to have the effect of obliging a small proportion of them to be separated for a short period from their wives, do you conceive that they could reasonably complain of it, seeing that it is an imposition which is fairly levied on all other classes?

Lab.—But there sounds something like a reason for the separation from their families of all those you have mentioned; but I am not a soldier, I am not a member of parliament—I only wish I was—and I ask, what necessity is there, sir, for separating me from Elizabeth?

As. Com.—I will tell you. If you were able to provide for Elizabeth; if (to say nothing of beer-shops) you were able to provide for the children you *already* possess, no person would have any disposition, indeed there exists nowhere any power to separate you; and believe me, that the Poor-Law Amendment Act is framed to cheer, reward, and elevate the independent labourer; but you must remember, it has been already settled between us, that you, Elizabeth, and your five children are to be supported by the sweat of other men's brows; and you must therefore keep in mind, that while you are thus supported, there must be some firm engine at work to make you all anxious to relieve the hard-working, independent labourer from the heavy tax you are imposing upon him; and if you admit that a portion of the labouring classes might fairly, like other people, be occasionally for a short period separated from their wives, do you not think it reasonable that those should be especially selected who come forward, of their own accord, to declare that they are unable to provide for their said wives, and that they must consequently be supported by others? Can you be dependent and independent at the same time? For the welfare of society, is there to be no difference between the domestic happiness of the one state and that of the other?

Lab.—Well then, sir, am I to understand that I and my wife are to be separated from each other merely to punish us because we

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are poor? Have you ever, sir, known what it is to want food yourself?

As. Com.—Perhaps I have; but that can have nothing to do with your case; for I repeat to you, that you, your wife, and your five children, are to have not only food, but fire, clothes, and lodging, at the expense of others: but while the Poor Laws of England are thus generous to you, they must also be just to those who are forcibly obliged to support you; and therefore, while we relieve you, it is our duty, at the same time, to satisfy them that there exists a coercion of some sort to induce you to relieve them from poor-rates, which you must know amount to twelve, eighteen, twenty, and in some cases even to twenty-five shillings in the pound. But, my friend, the stern justice of acting towards you on this principle is not the only thing that we and you too ought to bear in mind. Instead of building huge Union Workhouses, we are going, in East Kent, economically to avail ourselves of those which already exist. The rooms of our old house are generally large, and to give one of these immense apartments to every pauper and his wife would, you must admit, be perfectly impossible. Supposing we were therefore to allow you to choose for yourself, you could only continue with your wife by an arrangement which has been very common in the old workhouses; that is to say, by dividing your bed by a blanket from the beds of ten or twelve other lusty labourers, who are as uxurious, which means that they are as fond of their wives as you are. Now if you value, as I am sure you do very highly, Elizabeth's modesty, I ask you, my friend, whether you ought ever to consent to such a disgusting arrangement? Whatever may be her poverty, do you think it advisable that she should be introduced to a scene, such as among savages would scarcely be tolerated? Do you think it proper for your little children to be contaminated by such an existence? and lastly, leaving your own feelings out of the question, do you think that *any* poor-law amendment act could honestly consent to sanction an arrangement which you must know has long tended to demoralize the poor? Even supposing that an immense new poor-house was to be built, composed of innumerable little cells, suited to the various sizes of different families, do you think it would be possible to congregate two or three hundred men, women, boys, girls, and infants, without creating wickedness of every sort? Supposing that, in consequence of having taken a few nights' refuge in such a den, an honest peasant should lose for ever the affections of his wife—or, for the remainder for his life, have occasion to look with shame upon his daughter—do you not think he would pay very dearly for the poisonous relief which his country, under the mask of charity, had insidiously administered to him? Is it not much better for the poor themselves, and much wiser in the government under which they live, that the inmates of every poor-house should be judiciously and sensibly classified, so as to ensure that misfortune be not productive of guilt? Ought they not to be restored to independence at least as virtuous as when, for a

moment, they became dependent? But to return to your own case. You are young, healthy, and you seem to be an honest man. Your desire to continue with your wife certainly is no discredit to your character, but you have been guilty of imprudence. In a moment of sunshine you embarked in marriage—the storm has now come upon you—you seek for a harbour, not with an intention of anchoring there all your life, but only until the blue sky shall again appear. Take the harbour, therefore, as it is; enter it without abusing its regulations; and be thankful for the security it offers to you and your cargo. Remember that without it you would have foundered; and should its calm monotony induce you to determine never again to be caught flying before the storm; and should it instil into the minds of your little children, that by caution, sobriety, thoughtfulness, and by ever keeping a good look out a-head, they also may avoid these harbour-dues, depend upon it you will never regret the sound moral it has taught you.

Lab.—Sir! I am not satisfied yet. If you do not allow me to sleep with Elizabeth, I will appeal to the public.

As. Com.—You will do quite right. It will support you, and as loudly revile me; but, my friend, I clearly see my duty, and, until I am ordered to abandon it, that duty shall be performed. I deliberately refuse your request.

In the country villages, the advocates for rewarding improvidence were not all quite as eloquent as the honest labourer whose claim was thus dismissed. 'Poor folk,' said one great lumbering yeoman, 'have as much right to bread as the rich, and that they never can have till every man has land enough to keep a cow! How is a poor man, let me ax, to keep a wife and eight children on his wages?' 'But,' it was replied, 'why does he marry and get eight children, without any likely means of supporting them?' 'Why do folk marry? you maught as well ax why they do catch the small-pox, or aught of that! Nay, Zur! that's a matter o' God's own ordering, and man can't mend it. His very first command was "Increase and multiply," and there's *nao goeing agin it!*'

By far the most difficult task the Assistant Commissioner had to perform was to reply to those who inveighed against the cruelty of (we must unavoidably call it by its name) the Bastardy Clause of the Poor Law Amendment Act. Indeed, he scarcely met with one advocate in its favour. The Kentish ladies were all silently against it; but their lords, particularly after dinner, were loud in deprecating its harshness, and insisting on the necessity of its abrogation. Some especially pitied the poor women, some the poor children; but all abused the law, and many its Assistant-Commissioner.

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For the sake of both, we will, therefore, allow him to say a few words on the subject; and as the clause is decidedly, to say the least of it, one of apparent severity, we shall, we hope, be excused if we permit him to preface his arguments by wandering, for a moment, beyond the boundaries of East Kent.

He says in his note-book now before us—'The merest sketch of the History of the London Foundling Hospital, established by Royal Charter in the year 1739, shows very remarkably that charitable error, like the acorn, is easily planted, but before it has attained a century's growth, how difficult it is to grub it up! What was established as a *foundling-hospital*, now no longer dares to call itself an *hospital for foundlings*. Still it exists; still its "fifty-four governors," its "six vice-presidents," its "treasurer," and its "secretary," like Dervishes in their dance, pompously bow to each other. Still the "organist" plays his tunes. Still the "chaplain," "reader," and "preachers," go through their services. Still the "clerk" mutters his amen. Still the "vergers" wear their gowns. Still the "building committee," the "sub-committee," the "house committee," gravely perform their inexplicable functions. Still (*vide* the printed report of the hospital) "Miss Bellchambers, Miss Lloyd, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Atkins," &c. form "the choir." Still they chaunt, with glee and harmony, appropriate melodies, all set to the tune of "42*l.* per annum." Still the "house apothecary" mixes his drugs. Still the "storekeeper" arranges his checks. In this small creation, "the medical officers, steward, matron, porter, watchman, master of the boys, gardener, messenger, tailor, two cooks, laundress, housemaids, nurses of the wards, mistresses of the girls, and gown maker," are still seen mathematically moving in their respective orbits.

'Between an institution and the house, be that barn or palace, which contains it, there exists this important difference, namely, that the former can live long after it has nothing whatever to rest on; whereas, so soon as you destroy the foundation of the latter, down it honestly falls prostrate on the ground. If that splendid building, curiously called "the Foundling Hospital," because it now refuses to receive foundlings, and does not contain them, had had its basis only half as much exploded as the fallacy of the institution has already been exposed, the fifty-four governors, in their respective committees, would have been seen mournfully wandering together about our streets, like Christmas gardeners following a frozen cabbage; but the vitality of error is like that of the snake, and though you cut it into pieces, still it lives!

'Now that experience has sternly taught us the practical results of a public receptacle for fatherless and motherless children,

it is curious to look back at the following solemn decision of the House of Commons, dated 6th April, 1736 :—

“Resolved,—That the enabling the hospital for the maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children to receive *all* the children that shall be offered, is the only method to render that charitable institution of lasting and general utility. . . . That to render the said hospital of *lasting* and general utility the assistance of parliament is necessary. . . . That to render the said hospital of general utility and effect, it should be enabled to appoint proper places in all counties, ridings, or divisions of this kingdom for the reception of *all* exposed and deserted young children.”

On the House of Commons voting to the Hospital, as its first donation, the sum of ten thousand pounds, the gates of the charity were instantly thrown open, and on the 2nd of June, being the first day of general reception, one hundred and seventeen babies were handed in; and from this time to the 31st of December of the following year, a fruitful harvest of five thousand five hundred and ten little babies were safely gathered into our metropolitan barn, which among its ornaments still boasts of a grand picture painted by Willis, and inscribed with the 16th verse of the 18th chapter of Luke, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.’ The corporation, chuckling with delight, and encouraged by a parliament which, with paternal pride, exultingly crowed at its own performances, extended its views the following year to distant counties; county hospitals were instantly established over the kingdom, while large rolls of county governors, county committees, &c. &c. were created for the management of these subordinate establishments.

‘Like fiddle-strings in damp weather, apron bands now began to snap in all directions, white tape and stay-laces rose in value, pap and caudle bore a premium, babies’ cauls were “all the fashion.” In less than three years the House of Commons saw its error, and manfully endeavoured to correct it, but the system could not at once be arrested; the little babies who, summoned by parliament, had most innocently arrived, could not be put to death; those on the march could not now be stopped; as quietly as possible, however, parliament drew in the horns of its charity, by gradually withholding its support, but not until old England had purchased sucking babies and experience at the enormous national cost of 450,000*l.* !

‘The Foundling Hospital, deserted by the legislature, suddenly changed its course, and falling from the frying-pan into the fire, it adopted its present plan, which is even more hood-winked than the first. Retaining its high-sounding name, it resolved that foundlings (the expressed objects of the charity) should no longer be accepted;

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and it gravely decreed, that as babies really ought to have mothers, so from henceforward from none but their mothers should babies be received. All honest women are now denied admittance, on the ground that "the design of the foundation was to hide the shame of the mothers;" but those who happen to have children without husbands are rigidly examined by the committee, and if they can succeed in showing that they are really guilty, a day is appointed on which they are doomed painfully to produce and abandon their offspring,—to be re-christened, to be re-named, and, so long as they remain in the institution, never by their mothers to be seen again.

'We do not object to cutting through the isthmus of Panama, or even that of Suez, but to sever the connexion between a mother and her child is a work of ingenuity, we humbly conceive, culpable exactly in proportion to its success. As no animal but man could invent such an arrangement, so no creature in existence but a wretched, fallen, lost woman could bear to assist, even under momentary anguish, in carrying it into effect. What would the tigress do, if, even by a charter, one were to attempt to deprive her of her cub? Under what mask of charity could one approach the wolf, to ask her for her young? What does the scream of the most timid bird mean when the urchin is robbing her of her nest? why, as he hurries homewards, does she hover round his thoughtless head; and why does she press daily against the iron cage that imprisons her chirping brood? But it seems that not only men, but grave associations of men, can devote themselves to degrade a poor woman's heart.

'As impressed with these feelings, we lately stood in the splendid square of this mistaken institution, we were politely informed by its secretary that we had before our eyes one of the topmost feathers in the cap of the British nation; that its immediate object was to seek out young women who had been seduced, and by accepting their offspring, to give them what, with an air of triumph, he called a **SECOND CHANCE!!!** Now, if the subject were not almost too serious, it might excite a smile to reflect for a moment on the very comical mistakes into which we invariably fall whenever we presume to condemn and alter the wise arrangements of Nature. It would no doubt have been in her power to have bestowed upon all women this "second chance;" she could, moreover, have granted to a lady's character as many lives as the cat is said to possess—but, for her own reason, she decreed it otherwise; her law is beneficently irrevocable,—no charter can evade it, no act of parliament has power to revoke it.

'But let us consider how this "second chance" system practically works. The young woman, after depositing her offspring and her
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secret, modestly retires to some distant county; that her maternal feelings must pursue her no one can deny, but her beauty also she carries with her, and in due time she begins to observe that her sighs and her countenance are alike admired. In short, to end a tedious story, she at last finds herself at the altar, blushing obedience to some sober gentleman sentenced by charter to become initiated in this new-fangled doctrine of the "second chance." That such a trick in all countries has occasionally befallen very honest men is rather to be lamented by us than denied; but that in the great metropolis of England there should exist an incorporated association of fifty-four governors, an organist, a chaplain, three preachers, a building committee, a sub-committee, six choristers, an apothecary, a matron, a tailor, two cooks, and a gown-maker, for the avowed purpose of inflicting upon us by wholesale, and by charter, these "second chances," indisputably proves that at least in London our notions of charity are as mystified as our climate.

But to return to our subject and to East Kent. By far the most angry arguments urged there against the Poor Law Amendment Act were, as we have stated, against its bastardy clauses; and as these arguments have all appealed to the sympathy of our nature, they have naturally enough been apparently triumphant. The Commissioners and Assistant Commissioners, however, remain unshaken. 'It is so much easier' (the note-maker continues) 'to excite the passions than convince the judgment,—it is so much more popular to preach what is agreeable than what is right,—to reward even error than to punish it,—that it is not at all surprising that the chivalric weapons which have flown from ten thousand scabbards to defend the weaker, the lovelier, and the better sex, should have ended the contest by possession of the field. But the army is not always beaten that retires, and troops before now have proclaimed themselves to be "covered with glory," little thinking that by the simple elements of nature they were sentenced very shortly to become wanderers, fugitives, and vagabonds! It has not only been argued but preached, not only senators but divines have boisterously contended, that in cases of bastardy to relieve the man from punishment, and to leave his unhappy victim to shame, infamy, and distress, is a law discreditable to our national character,—impious, cruel, ungenerous, unmanly, and unjust. In some remarks published by a charitable association, it is beautifully stated by the Rev. T. Hewlett,

"Could we pourtray a mother's sufferings, what forms of agony should we not exhibit! At the time when the languor of the body and the growing anxiety of the mind powerfully claim, and in general receive additional tenderness, she is obliged to endure the severest affliction that fear could imagine or unkindness produce. If she look forward

forward into futurity, poverty and hunger pursue her, or at least her melancholy lot is daily to eat the bread of affliction and to drink the tears of remorse."

"We confess that we feel very deeply the force of these observations; at the same time it must be evident that we should have dreaded (we hope we may say so fairly) to have stated one side of the question, unless we felt convinced that there was something to be said on the other. That the virtues of the weaker sex are the purest blessings which this world affords us,—that they were so intended to be by nature,—and that, like all her works, they have not been created in vain, it is not even necessary to admit. From our cradle to our grave,—in our infancy, our boyhood,—our zenith and our decline,—rejoicing at our prosperity, ever smiling in our adversity, there is, we all know, a satellite attending our orbit which, like our shadow, never leaves us, and which too often becomes itself a shadow when we are gone; but as the satellite shines with borrowed lustre, so does the character of a woman much depend upon the conduct of him whose fate she follows;—and if this be true, how deeply important it is for a nation to take especial care lest, by too much human legislation, it may (as ours has too often done) interfere with the wise arrangements of nature, whose motto with all her kindness has ever been, *Nemo me impune lacesset*!

"Universally adored as woman is, yet it is an anomalous fact which no one can deny, that in every climate under the sun man appears as her open, avowed enemy—and strange as it may sound, the more he admires the treasure she possesses, the more anxious he is to deprive her of it—

"The lovely toy, so keenly sought,
Has lost its charms by being caught;
And every touch that wooed its stay
Has brush'd its brightest hues away!"

Now, if this arrangement were totally incomprehensible to us, yet surely it would not be altogether discreditable, were we to feel assured that the mysterious dispensation was benevolent and just.

"We have already observed, that with all her kindness, the punishments by which nature preserves her laws are irrevocably severe. Bestowing on us, with one hand, the enjoyment of health, with what severity does she, with the other, punish every intemperance which would destroy it—what human castigation, we beg leave to ask of some of our opponents, is equal to a fit of their gout? Compare a healthy peasant's cheeks with the livid countenance of a gin-drinker, and who can say that a magistrate's fine for drunkenness is as severe as hers? What admonition of a preacher is equal to the reproof of a guilty conscience? Even the sentence
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of death is what the meanest among us has fortitude enough in silence to endure, but the first murderer's punishment was "greater than he could bear!" and after all, what was this punishment but simply a voice crying to him in the wilderness of his paradise—"Cain! Cain! where is thy brother?" If abstinence be necessary for the recovery of our health, can any physician enforce it like the fever which robs us of our appetite? Can the surgeon explain to the man who has broken a limb the necessity of rest, in order that the bone may knit, as sternly as the excruciating pain which punishes him if he moves it? What would be our sufferings if one man were to have the gout for another man's intemperance? Or if the effects of gin-drinking were to be borne equally by all mankind? Leaving justice out of the case, would it be a wise arrangement to divide responsibility, and partially at the expense of the community to absolve an individual for neglecting the particular duty he has to perform? Now, if in these cases it be admitted, that Nature, though her lips be motionless, maintains our real welfare by a judicious system of rewards and punishments, surely it would follow, that it is probable she would consistently pursue a similar course in protecting female virtue, on which the happiness of all individuals, as well as of all nations, mainly depends. Would it be prudent to intrust it to any but her own keeping? If she alone receives the reward which adorns its preservation, is it not a sensible arrangement that she should likewise be the sole sufferer for its loss? Could any better arrangement be invented? In common affairs of life, do we not invariably act on the same principle? Have we not one officer to command our army in the field, on purpose to ensure a responsibility which would not practically exist, were it to be subdivided? But it is loudly argued—"Nature is wrong: a woman ought not to be the sole guardian of her own honour; let us, therefore, make it, by English law, the joint-stock property of the sexes—let the man be punished for its loss as much as herself, and under this clever and superior arrangement, which will make it the interest of both parties to preserve the treasure, it will remain inviolate; depend upon it, no bankruptcy will take place!"

'Well—this theory has long been reduced to practice, and what, we ask, has been the result? Have the lower orders, to whom it has been *exclusively* applied, become more or less moral than their superiors in station? Has the fear of punishment *had* its promised effect? Has it intimidated the enemy? Has it strengthened or ruined the fortress? Has it preserved the citadel? Is there now, as there used to be, but one seducer, or are there two? Has it become the interest of the woman, instead of opposing, to go over to the enemy? For consenting to do so, has

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not the law almost invariably rewarded her with a husband? Has it not forcibly provided for her? Has not the oath it has extorted from her been frequently productive of perjury? Before the altar do the ceremonies of marriage, churching, and christening, respectfully follow each other at awful intervals, or are they not now all jumbled together in a bag? Are the peasantry of England a more moral people in this respect than the Irish, among whom no poor-laws exist? Has it not been indisputably proved, that our domestic servants are, as to this matter, by far the most moral among our lower classes; and has not this been produced by our own unrelenting rule of turning them out of our houses, in short, like Nature, abandoning those who misbehave? Has not that severity had a most beneficial effect? Can there be any harm in our acting nationally as we conscientiously act in our own homes?

‘If,’ argues the Assistant Commissioner, ‘it should be impossible for the defenders of the old law, and the revilers of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, satisfactorily to answer these questions, surely it must follow, that our theory, having been unsuccessful, is false; and standing before the world as we do, convicted of being incapable, on so delicate a subject, to legislate for ourselves, surely we ought, in penitence and submission, to fall back upon that simple law of nature, which has most sensibly decreed, that a woman after all is the best guardian of her own honour, and that the high rewards and severe punishments which naturally attend its preservation and its loss are the beneficent means of securing our happiness, and of maintaining the moral character of our country. That we have erred from a mistaken theory of charity and benevolence—that we have demoralized society, kindly desirous to improve it—that in scrubbing our morality we never meant to destroy its polish—that, by our old bastardy laws, we nobly intended to protect pretty women, just as we once thought how kind it would be to nurse infants for them in our national baby-house the Foundling Hospital—and just as we thought how benevolent it would be to raise the pauper above the independent labourer—it is highly consoling to reflect;—but the day of such follies has past. This country has no longer the apology of youth and inexperience—it is deeply stricken in years—age has brought with it experience, and by experience most dearly purchased, it enacted, in the Poor-Law Amendment Bill, the clause to which so much obloquy has attached, but which, we humbly conceive, rests on a foundation that cannot now be undermined by the weak tools of mistaken sympathy, or reversed by explosions of popular clamour.’

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Having been assured by various classes of people as well as convinced by documents, which have already been submitted to our readers, that the Deal boatmen were in a state almost of famine, the Assistant Commissioner felt it his duty to look with considerable attention into their case. '*How they manage to live,*' said the overseer of the parish, '*God only knows!*' '*I can solemnly assure you they are starving,*' exclaimed one of the magistrates. '*It's them floating lights that government has put on the Good'in sands which has ruined 'em,*' observed a short, fat, puffy shop-keeper, a radical advocate for what he called the freedom of mankind. Finding that all people in different terms corroborated the same evidence, we strolled down to the beach and endeavoured to get into conversation with the boatmen themselves, but from them we could not extract one word of complaint. Yet their countenances told plainly enough what their tongues disdained to utter—in short, it was evident that they were subsisting on low diet.

Dressed in blue jackets and trowsers, they were sitting before their houses of call, loitering in groups on the beach, or leaning against the boats, while their tarred canvass clothing, apparently stiff enough to have walked alone, was hanging against the low clinker-built hovels which sheltered their best sails, oars, &c. from the weather. Excepting a wind-bound fleet, riding at anchor, with heads, like cavalry horses, all pointing the same way, there was not a vessel in sight, and their prospects altogether, certainly, did appear about as barren as the shingle under their feet. '*I am afraid you are badly off now-a-days, my men?*' said the Assistant Commissioner to four able-looking seamen who were chewing (instead of tobacco, which they would have liked much better) the cud of reflection. He received no answer—not even a nod or a shake of the head—'*Quanto sono insensibili questi Inglesi!*' we muttered to ourselves.

Finding there was no wisdom in the multitude, we returned to the inn, and having previously learnt that George Phillpotts was one of the most respectable, most experienced, as well as most daring of the Deal boatmen, we sent a messenger for him, and in about twenty minutes the door of our apartment opened, and in walked a short, clean-built, mild-looking old man, who, in a low tone of voice, very modestly observed that he had been informed we wished to speak with him.

At first we conceived that there must have been some mistake, for the man's face did not look as if it had ever seen danger, and there was a benevolence in it, as well as a want of animation in his small blue eyes, that appeared totally out of character with his calling. His thin white hair certainly showed that he had lived
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long enough to gain experience of some sort, but until he answered that his name *was* Phillpotts, we certainly did think that he was not our man.

'Well, George, what shall it be?' we said to him, pointing to a large empty tumbler on the table. He replied that he was much obliged, but that he never drank at all, unless it was a glass of grog or so about eleven o'clock in the morning; and strange as it may sound, nothing that we could say could induce him to break through this odd arrangement. As the man sat perfectly at his ease, looking as if nothing could either elate or depress him, we had little difficulty in explaining to him what was our real object in wishing to know exactly how he and his comrades were faring. On our taking up a pencil to write down his answers, for a moment he paused, but the feeling, whatever it was, only dashed across his mind like the spray of a sea, and he afterwards cared no more for the piece of black-lead, than if it had been writing his epitaph.

In answer to our queries, he stated that he was sixty-one years of age, and had been on the water ever since he was ten years old. He had himself saved, in his lifetime, off the Goodwin Sands, rather more than a hundred men and women; and on this subject, no sooner did he enter into details, than it was evident that his mind was rich in pride and self-satisfaction. Nothing could be more creditable to human nature, nothing less arrogant, than the manly animation with which he exultingly described the various sets of fellow-creatures, of all nations, he had saved from drowning. Yet on the contra side of his ledger he kept as faithfully recorded the concluding history of those, whose vessels, it having been out of his power to approach, had foundered on the quicksands only a few fathoms from his eyes. In one instance, he said, that as the ship went down, they suddenly congregated on the fore-castle like a swarm of bees; their shrieks, as they altogether sunk into eternity, seemed still to be sounding in his ears.

Once, after witnessing a scene of this sort, during a very heavy gale of wind, which had lasted three days, he stretched out to the southward, thinking that other vessels might be on the sands. As he was passing, at a great distance, a brig, which had foundered two days before, with all hands on board, its masts being, however, still above water, he suddenly observed and exclaimed, that there was something 'like lumps' on the fore-mast which seemed to move. He instantly bore down upon the wreck, and there found four sailors alive, lashed to the mast. With the greatest difficulty he and his crew saved them all. Their thirst (and he had nothing in the boat to give them) was, he said, quite dreadful. There had been with them a fifth man, but 'his heart had broken;' and his comrades seeing this, had managed to unlash him, and he fell into the breakers.

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In saving others, Phillpotts had more than once lost one or two of his own crew; and in one case he explained, with a tear actually standing in the corner of each eye, that he had lately put a couple of his men on board a vessel in distress, which in less than ten minutes was on the sands. His men, as well as the whole crew, were drowned before his eyes, all disappearing close to him. By inconsiderately pushing forwards to save his comrades, his boat got between two banks of sands, the wind blowing so strong upon them that it was utterly impossible to get back. For some time the three men who were with him insisted on trying to get out. 'But,' said Phillpotts, who was at the helm, 'I told 'em, my lads, we're only prolonging our misery, the sooner it's over the better!' The sea was breaking higher than a ship's mast over both banks, but they had nothing left but to steer right at their enemy.

On approaching the bank, an immense wave to windward broke, and by the force of the tempest was carried completely above their heads; the sea itself seemed to pass over them, or rather, like Pharaoh, they were between two. 'How we ever got over the bank,' said Phillpotts, who, for the first time in his narrative, seemed lost, confused, and incapable of expressing himself, 'I can tell no man!' After a considerable pause, he added, 'It was just God Almighty that saved us, and I shall always think so.'

On the surface of this globe, there is nowhere to be found so inhospitable a desert as the 'wide blue sea.' At any distance from land there is nothing in it for man to eat; nothing in it that he can drink. His tiny foot no sooner rests upon it, than he sinks into his grave; it grows neither flowers nor fruits; it offers monotony to the mind, restless motion to the body; and when, besides all this, one reflects that it is to the most fickle of the elements, the wind, that vessels of all sizes are to supplicate for assistance in sailing in every direction to their various destinations, it would almost seem that the ocean was divested of charms, and armed with storms, to prevent our being persuaded to enter its dominions. But though the situation of a vessel in a heavy gale of wind appears indescribably terrific, yet, practically speaking, its security is so great, that it is truly said ships seldom or ever founder in deep water, except from accident or inattention. How ships manage to get across that still region, that ideal line, which separates the opposite trade winds of each hemisphere; how a small box of men manage unlabelled to be buffeted for months up one side of a wave and down that of another; how they ever get out of the abysses into which they sink; and how, after such pitching and tossing, they reach in safety the very harbour in their native country from which they originally departed, can and ought only to be accounted for by acknowledging

how truly it has been written, 'that the spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters.'

It is not, therefore, from the ocean itself that man has so much to fear; it can roar during the tempest, but its bark is worse than its bite; however, although the earth and water each afford to man a life of considerable security, yet there exists between these two elements an everlasting war, a dog and cat battle, a husband and wife contention, into which no passing vessel can enter with impunity; for of all the terrors of this world, there is surely no one greater than that of being on a lee-shore in a gale of wind, and in shallow water. On this account, it is natural enough that the fear of land is as strong in the sailor's heart as is his attachment to it; and when, homeward bound, he day after day approaches his own latitude, his love and his fear of his native shores increase as the distance between them diminishes. Two fates, the most opposite in their extremes, are shortly to await him. The sailor-boy fancifully pictures to himself that in a few short hours he will be once again nestling in his mother's arms. The able seaman better knows that it may be decreed for him, as it has been decreed for thousands, that in gaining his point he shall lose its object—that England, with all its verdure, may fade before his eyes, and

While he sinks, without an arm to save,

His country bloom, a garden and a grave!

We suppose it is known to most of our readers that there exists, on the shores of Deal, a breed of amphibious human beings, whose peculiar profession it is to rush to the assistance of every vessel in distress. In moments of calm and sunshine, they stand listlessly on the shore, stagnant and dormant, like the ocean before them; but when every shopkeeper closes his door, when the old woman, with her umbrella turned inside out, feels that she must either lose it or go with it to heaven; when the reins of the mail-coachman are nearly blown from his hand, and his leaders have scarcely blood or breeding enough to face the storm; when the snow is drifting across the fields, seeking for a hedge-row against which it may sparkle and rest in peace; when whole families of the wealthy stop in their discourse to listen to the wind rumbling in their chimneys; when the sailor's wife, at her tea, hugs her infant to her arms; and, looking at its father, silently thanks heaven that he is on shore;—THEN has the moment arrived for the Deal boatmen to contend, one against another, to see whose boat shall first be launched into the tremendous surf. As the declivity of the beach is very steep, and as the greased rollers over which the keel descends are all placed ready for the attempt, they only wait a moment for what they call "a lull," and then cutting the rope, the bark, as gallantly as themselves, rushes

to its native element. The difficulty of getting into deep water would amount sometimes almost to an impossibility, but that word has been blotted from their vocabulary; and although some boats fail, others, with seven or eight men on board, are soon seen stretching across to that very point in creation which one would think the seafaring man would most fearfully avoid—the Goodwin Sands. To be even in the neighbourhood of such a spot in the stoutest vessel, and with the ablest crew that ever sailed, is a fate which Nelson himself would have striven to avoid; but that these poor nameless heroes should not only be willing but eager to go there voluntarily in a hurricane in an open boat, shows very clearly, that, with all his follies and all his foibles, man really is, or rather can be, the lord of the creation, and that within his slight frame there beats a heart capable of doing what every other animal in creation would shudder to perform. The lion is savage, and the tiger is ferocious, but where would their long tails be, if they were to find themselves afloat with English boatmen?

It must be evident to our readers, that the Deal boatmen often incur these dangers without any remuneration, and in vain, and that half-a-dozen boats have continually to return, their services after all not being required. So long as a vessel can keep to sea, they are specks on the ocean, insignificant and unnoticed; but when a ship is drifting on the sands, or has *struck*, then there exists no object in creation so important as themselves. As soon as a vessel strikes the sand, the waves in succession break upon as they strike and pass her. Under such circumstances, the only means of getting her afloat, is for the shore-boat to come under her bows and carry off her anchor; which being dropped at some distance to windward, enables her to haul herself into deep water. To describe the danger which a small open boat experiences even in approaching a vessel to make this attempt is beyond the power of any painter; in fact, he has never witnessed it, and even were he to be granted the opportunity, it is quite certain that, though he should paint, to use a sailor's phrase, "till all was blue," the artist would himself look ten times bluer than his picture.

Of all the most unwieldy guests that could seek for lodging in a small boat, a large ship's anchor is perhaps the worst; to receive or swallow it is almost death—to get rid of it or disgorge it is, if possible, still worse. Even in a calm, take it by which end you will, it is an awkward customer to deal with; and though philosophers have said "*leve fit quod bené fertur onus*," yet if it weighs sixteen or eighteen hundred weight, in a gale of wind, carry it which way you will, it is heavy. When a vessel, from bumping on the sands, has become unable to float, its last and only resource is to save some of the crew, who, lashed to a rope which has

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been thrown aboard, are one by one dragged by the boatmen through the surf, till the boat, being able to hold no more, they cut the only thread on which the hopes of the remainder had depended, and departing with their cargo, the rest are left to their fate.

But our readers will probably exclaim, 'What can all this have to do with the three Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales?' We reply, 'Is George Phillpotts, then, so soon forgotten? we have only verbally digressed from him—he sits still at our side.'

'Times have now altered with us!' with a look of calm melancholy, he observed; 'vessels now don't get 7*l.* a ton, where a few years ago they got 37*l.*' We asked him what a crew received for going off to a vessel. 'The boat that first gets to her,' he said, 'receives 25*s.* for going back and bringing off a pilot; if it blows a gale of wind it's three guineas; the other boats get nothing.'

'Well, Phillpotts,' we observed, 'we now want you to tell us honestly how it is you all manage to live?' He replied (we are copying verbatim from our Note-book), '*Many don't live at all! They only, as I call it, breathe! We often don't taste meat for a week together! Many that knock about for a couple of days, and when they come home they have nothing—that's the murder: single men can just live; for myself, I have not earned a shilling (it was then the 2nd of February) this year.*' After sitting in silence some time, he added, '*But I shan't be able to hold on much longer.*' By this he meant that he should be forced to end his days in Deal workhouse, which already contains nineteen old weather-beaten boatmen,* whom that same morning we had found, like other paupers confined to the house, sitting silently round a stove.

It is to be hoped that, while the Poor Law Commissioners perform the painful duty of fairly keeping the improvident sturdy pauper below the situation of the independent labourer, they will in no instance neglect to bring before the attention of the public, as an exception to the rule, every case of merit which has hitherto lain neglected in the mass; and, strongly impressed with this feeling, we earnestly submit to our readers in general, and to

* The total number of Deal boatmen, or, as they are nicknamed 'Hovelers,' amounts to about five hundred; of these, none but the aged will consent to enter the workhouse; about seventy of their families are now receiving from the parish a weekly allowance, but the overseer stated that, in many instances, individuals accepting relief had sent to say that they could now do without it. It used for about two years, and until two years ago, to be the custom for any wives or children of the boatmen, who required relief, to be admitted into the workhouse twice every day, at meal times: this arrangement, however, was found to encourage dependence, and it was therefore changed for the present weekly allowance of bread and potatoes.

the government in particular, that something better than the confinement of a workhouse should be the fate of the few veterans who have exhausted their strength in so brave, so useful, and so honourable an occupation as we have been now describing. So long as they are young, and can keep to sea, it matters comparatively but little on what they subsist: for as their power lies in their hearts, it may truly be said that that engine requires little fuel; and to the credit of human nature, most true it is, that the worse a young man fares, the less value does he place on the bauble of existence; but when a Deal boatman grows old, when the tempest gets too strong for him, the waves too many for him, and when he is driven from his element to the shore, for the sake of those he has saved, his old age, like his youth, should be gilded with honour; and, by a wealthy and generous country, ought he not to be raised above the idle, the profligate, and the improvident pauper—particularly now that floating lights have, fortunately for all but him, blighted the harvest by which he once might have provided for his own retirement?

Whether or not such a man as George Phillpotts would shed lustre or discredit on Greenwich Hospital; whether or not he would be welcomed or spurned beneath such a roof, by those who still talk of the tempest, and who well know what is due to those who perhaps may have saved many among them from a watery grave, may be a subject deemed fit for discussion; but that these men should at least enjoy their liberty, that they should be enabled in their old age to pace the beach, and help at all events to launch their children into the surf, is what, we fervently trust, no English legislator will deny.

To proceed.—Where we found so much to condemn or lament, we found also a little here and there to admire.

The system of administering relief to the poor in the parish and town of Ashford is so creditable to East Kent, it has produced such beneficial effects, and it offers such valuable instruction to the Poor Law commissioners, as well as to the country in general, that it may be useful to lay before our readers a short account of it. On attending one evening the weekly meeting of the select vestry, we found assembled round a large deal table the following individuals:—

Mr. Richard Greenhill, tanner, in the chair; Wm. Walter, inn-keeper; Wm. Parnell, brewer; B. Thorpe, draper; Walter Murton, farmer; Thos. Thurston, surveyor; Steph. Tonbridge, baker; John Hulton, miller; Richd. Lewis, farmer, churchwarden; John Bayley, upholsterer, ditto; Wm. Scott, grocer; Wm. Halber and Son, grocers; George Morgan, farmer; John Worger, grocer; R. Sharpe, shoemaker, overseer; Wm. Morley, grocer, ditto.

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Over the fire-place there hung, in a frame, a large sheet of drawing-paper, on which were inscribed the names of these individuals. In fifty-two columns there had been weekly inserted, in their own respective hand-writings, the initials of every member who had for that week been present at the meeting; and that it had been reckoned highly creditable to be present, was evident from a glance at the constant attendance many had bestowed upon this self imposed duty of watching over their own parish affairs. A more respectable jury, a more honest and creditable-looking set of men we scarcely ever saw assembled together. A small bell hung from the ceiling, within reach of the chairman's hand, and as soon as he pulled it, the first weekly claimant (a woman) was forthcoming, and the following dialogue (which we copy from our Note-book) ensued:—

Chairman.—What is your application? *A.*—To be excused from paying poor-rate.

Chairman.—What are your earnings? *A.*—Sometimes I get a day's washing in the week, and sometimes two.

Chairman.—What is the average of your earnings per month? *A.*—Can't say.

A Vestryman.—Is any person lodging with you? *A.*—Yes.

Q.—What do they pay you? *A.*—1s. 6d. per week.

Chairman.—You may leave the room. [She did so.] Well, gentlemen, you have heard the case, what is she to have?

A Vestryman.—She says she only gets work one day a week; all I can say is, whenever she is wanted, she can never be had.

Second Vestryman.—I propose it be granted.

Third Vestryman.—I second it.

Chairman.—Is there any amendment?

[There being no reply, the bell was rung, and the woman appeared, when the Chairman informed her that her demand was granted. As soon as she left the room, the second applicant entered—a tall, stout, hale man of about fifty.]

Chairman.—What do you ask? *A.*—Whatever, gentlemen, you choose to give me; but I must have support for my child.

A Vestryman.—Is it your child? *A.*—It is my wife's.

Second Vestryman.—What are you worth? *A.*—Gentlemen, I hope you won't ask a question of that sort; it is a delicate thing for a man to state exactly what he's worth. It is quite impossible for me to tell; all I know is, I can't support that child.

Third Vestryman.—That man is worth 300*l.* or 400*l.*: are you not? *A.*—Gentlemen, I hope you will not ask me a question of that sort.

Chairman.—We entertain no feelings of delicacy here; you come to us to ask relief, it is our duty not to give it unless you are in absolute

lute want. Is it true that you are worth 400*l*.? *A*.—Not 400*l*., it may be 300*l*.: but, gentlemen, I can't well draw upon that.

Chairman.—You may leave the room.—[*Exit Pauper*.]—Well, gentlemen, you have heard the case; what do you propose?

Vestryman.—I propose that the case be dismissed.

Second Vestryman.—I second it.

Chairman.—Is there any amendment?

Third Vestryman.—That man is connected with the press. He will give us all the trouble he can!

[The chairman rang his bell, and the man again appeared.

Chairman.—The Court has heard your application, and has resolved that it be dismissed.

Pauper.—Then, gentlemen, I must see further into it.

Chairman.—You are perfectly at liberty to take what measures you think proper. You may leave the room. [*Re-Exit Pauper*.]

(The *Third Claimant* now entered.)

Chairman.—What do you ask? *A*.—3*s*.

What have you earned since last Wednesday? *A*.—But 1*s*. 3*d*.

What has your wife earned? *A*.—About 1*s*. 9*d*.

What does she do? *A*.—She carries a basket.

What do you do? *A*.—I do the same: last week I walked with it eighteen miles in one day, and did not get one farthing.

Chairman.—You may leave the room.—[*Exit Pauper*.]—Well, gentlemen, what do you propose?

Vestryman.—I propose that it be dismissed.

Second Vestryman.—I second it.

Third Vestryman.—The man, it appears, and his wife have only gained 3*s*.; I propose that he should have 2-2-2. (Meaning bread, flour, and potatoes.)

Fourth Vestryman.—I second it.

Chairman.—Those in favour of the first proposition hold up their hands!—(There were three.) Those in favour of the second proposition hold up their hands.—(There were nine.)

[The bell was rung, and the Claimant again appeared.

Chairman.—The Court has heard your case, and has granted to you 2-2-2.

Pauper.—Thank you, gentlemen.

(*Fourth Applicant*, a woman.)

Chairman.—What do you ask? *A*.—A doctor for my daughter.

Chairman.—Your husband must apply; you know that is the rule. You must leave the room. [The woman retired.

Vestryman.—It is not her husband's child; and so he is ashamed to come himself—he never will.

Chairman.—That man is perfectly capable, I know, of supporting it; he works for me, and has been in the receipt of a guinea or twenty-four shillings per week.

(*Fifth*

(Fifth Claimant.)

Chairman.—What do you ask?

[The man seemed much affected: he said he was sorry to appear before the gentlemen—that his leg was almost well, and that he hoped soon to be able to work.]

Chairman.—Well, gentlemen, you have heard the case; what is your opinion?

Vestryman.—I know that he is an honest man: I propose that he shall have, per week, half a gallon of flour and one gallon of potatoes, till the 18th of March next.

Vestryman.—I second it.

Chairman.—Is there any amendment?

[The bell was rung, the man entered, and he very gratefully accepted the relief.]

Many other cases were introduced, which it might be tedious to detail. Every one of the applicants seemed to be known to some, and most of them to all of the vestrymen. The most scrutinizing inquiries were made; and, in several cases, attempts at imposition were detected, exposed, and the claim refused. In short, every applicant had the advantage of appearing before a well-educated jury of practical men, who, as far as we were capable of judging, seemed determined to administer justice with mercy.

As soon as the weekly claimants were finished, the bell was rung, and the inmates of the house were ordered to appear. Eight old men, with one able-bodied man, accordingly entered; and as soon as they were ranged in a row, the master of the workhouse was ordered to leave the room. Each man was asked if he had any complaint to make; they all replied in the negative. The bell was then rung for the master, who was asked if he had any complaint to prefer: he had none, and the party were dismissed.

The boys were then sent for, and in a similar manner ranged in a row. They were fed in the workhouse, but made to work every day for any who would employ them. Their earnings were inquired into, and the statement they made corresponded with the master's account. They were a fine-looking set of country lads, with not a depraved face among them—they had open countenances, large mouths, and big butter or bacon teeth. There were two chubby little creatures, with cheeks like roses; and when it came to their turn to answer whether they had any complaint to make, they laughed at the sentence, as if it had been Greek. The master had no complaint against them, except against the eldest, a lad of about seventeen, who, he said, 'Got out o' nights.' The

boy received from the chairman a lecture, and the band were dismissed.

Next appeared a row of old, lame, withered women, each hobbling one after the other, like Mother Goose: as they stood leaning against the wall, no attitude seeming exactly to suit them, a row of healthy little girls, with shining faces, whose heads scarcely reached their apron strings, were ranged before them: each case was very shortly inquired into, and there being no complaints on either side, the party were dismissed. The vestryman who had made the minutes of the evening's proceedings then read them out to the court, and the business being thus closed, the meeting was dissolved.

The moral effect of this sensible, humane, and business-like system it is almost impossible for any one, however deeply he may have considered the subject, to calculate. Hundreds, who would think it a joke to dun, and even to browbeat, a solitary overseer, would be afraid of appearing before such a large assemblage. Many, who would not hesitate to be beggars in private, would shrink from the disgrace of being mendicants in public. Impostors dreaded detection—the insolent were awed—the bully was intimidated. On the other hand, the widow, the orphan, the person really in want, had in their favour a tribunal in which the best ingredients in the English character were undoubtedly to be found. We may add, that the court has at its disposal a sum of about 30*l.* a year, which is distributed privately, and very judiciously, as encouragement to the indigent to retain their independence and to prevent their incurring the discredit of appearing before the court.

To calculate the effect of such a system upon the morals of the lower orders, we repeat, is impossible; for if the gradual demoralization of an individual be imperceptible—if hourly, daily, and yearly, man or woman may slowly sink—until at last their good feelings are destroyed—so, on the other hand, from a state of almost any degradation, may they as imperceptibly be stimulated, encouraged, and even *forced* to rise in their own estimation.

A rude guess, however, of the providence or improvidence, of the morality or immorality, of a parish may not improperly be formed from an attentive inspection of its poor-rates; and if this be admitted, the following statement will sufficiently explain what effects have been produced since the paternal attention of the select vestry of Ashford has been so sensibly directed to the best interests of the parish. It is to be observed, that the select vestry commenced their duties in the year 1818.

A Statement

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A Statement of the Monies expended in the Parish of Ashford, yearly from 1818-19 to 1834-35; with an Account of the Weekly Relief in each Year.

Date.		£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
1818-19	Total Amount Expended	3450	15	1	Total Weekly Relief	1212	17	6
1819-20	" "	3347	12	9½	" "	1245	4	3
1820-21	" "	3189	10	0	" "	1238	18	6
1821-22	" "	3057	0	2½	" "	1193	14	0
1822-23	" "	2146	9	5	" "	862	17	6
1823-24	" "	1854	2	3½	" "	832	17	5
1824-25	" "	2436	6	6	" "	427	14	3
1825-26	" "	2285	4	6	" "	490	1	0
1826-27	" "	1658	15	5	" "	458	18	4
1827-28	" "	1492	10	11	" "	446	3	5
1828-29	" "	1965	17	3	" "	463	3	7
1829-30	" "	2056	6	1	" "	402	9	9
1830-31	" "	1828	8	7	" "	452	6	3
1831-32	" "	1505	10	10	" "	437	17	4
1832-33	" "	1575	2	4½	" "	441	19	4
1833-34	" "	1565	13	4	" "	435	19	4
1834-35	" "	1160	12	4	" "	358	19	1

RICHARD THORPE }
WILLIAM MORLEY } Overseers.

The above account speaks so plainly for itself, that it is almost needless to add, that if every parish, or if unions of parishes, had bestowed, or would even now determine to bestow, the same attention on their poor as the parish of Ashford, the Poor-Law Amendment Act might instantly be repealed, and its commissioners, their secretary, and their assistants scattered like chaff before the wind*: but we regret to say, that the parish of Ashford is but an oasis in the desert; and to those who know the country, we need but name the adjoining parish of Wye, in proof of the melancholy truth of our assertion.

As a contrast to the select vestry of Ashford, we will merely mention, that a few days after we witnessed the creditable scene we have described, the commissioner called upon the overseer of a parish not fifty miles from the place, to inquire why he had not filled up the return which had been required of him, and which all the other overseers had completed. The poor man, (a total stranger to the Commissioner), who was dressed in a dirty smock-frock, actually shed tears as he delivered his explanation, which was verbatim as follows:

'Sir! the captain wants to go to church in his carriage through the little gate that the corpses go through—there's a great gate again the little one—the alderman won't let it be unlocked, and there's no

* The select vestry of Minster in Sheppy (formed only two years ago), assisted by its most able chairman, G. B. Chambers, Esq. succeeded the very first year in reducing the poor-rates from 8222*l.* to 6237*l.*; and there will be this year a still further reduction of about 1000*l.*

friendship atween them. We never has no vestry in no form; two or three of us come grumbling about what we don't understand, and then 'tis postponed for a week, and we never settles nothing—we can't do nothing in no form, because the gemmen won't attend. I'm no scholar myself, the schoolmaster's adoin' it for me—and I beg your pardon, sir.'

One other contrast out of many we could give to the Ashford vestry, we will offer to our readers. We feel much pain in doing so, as the inquiry to which it relates has ended tragically.

From several parishes of ——— in the county of ——— a petition was forwarded in November last, to the Poor-Law Commissioners for the formation of a union. On the most experienced of the Assistant-Commissioners repairing to the spot, he was received with acclamation by all classes of society; but without any reason being known or assigned, a strange prejudice seemed everywhere to exist among these amorous parishes against any matrimonial connexion with the parish A. The mayor of the most influential parish in the proposed union assured the commissioner that he would do anything to facilitate the project, *provided* his dominions were not to be united with the said parish A. Go where he would, the commissioner met with the same request, the blooming parishes all saying, 'We will do anything you want, but PRAY don't unite us with parish A.' No one, however, had any reason to assign, except that so often used by man against his neighbour—namely, that he was a being much more demoralised than himself.

The commissioner listened to these objections with respectful suspicion, but on directing his attention to the common enemy, he found that, during the last five years, four members of poor parish A. had been hung—that nine had been transported for fourteen years—and that the number of convictions in proportion to their population had trebled that of any of the contiguous parishes. With a population of eight hundred and fifty, the poor-rates amounted to 1300*l.* a-year, being about 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* per head on the number of inhabitants!

On inquiring who might be the overseer, the commissioner learnt that this UNPAID individual had virtually reigned ten or eleven years; that he lived at his farm-house, and was himself a large landholder. On calling upon and demanding an inspection of the parish books, the overseer appeared confused, and said he would send for them, but Mahomet insisted on going to the mountain, and accordingly the commissioner and the overseer proceeded together to a large shop (in the village), on the counter of which lay the volume. This shop was kept by the overseer's brother, who was also his servant, and on passing the threshold it

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was evident to the commissioner that he had reached a bazaar of considerable importance. Three hundred loaves were sitting on the shelves—more than two sheep were hanging in joints—bacon, groceries, and draperies of all sorts filled up the interstices—and with these articles arrayed in evidence before his visiter, the officer confessed that, besides being overseer of the parish, he was a farmer, a miller, a baker, a butcher, a grocer, a draper, and a general dealer in all sorts of provisions and clothing. With this scene before his eyes, it was impossible for the commissioner to help silently comparing in his own mind the thriving business of the overseer, with the profuse expenditure and hectic symptoms of the parish funds; and, indeed, the parochial books, as they lay on the counter, seemed to hint that between the parish account and the shop account, there existed a consanguinity—in fact that they were cousins barely once removed. A few days afterwards the commissioner unexpectedly appeared at the vestry, held as usual at the public-house, and as soon as the pipes and ale were finished, the business of the day commenced. As the paupers successively appeared, their cases were heard, and in every instance they were desired to attend ‘*at the shop*’ the following morning, when the decision of the vestry would be communicated to them—this had been the constant practice.

On arriving ‘*at the shop*,’ the pauper was freely permitted, if he chose, to receive the whole of the relief ordered by the parish for his support IN MONEY; but, odd as it may sound, he generally found out that somehow or other he happened to be in debt at this very shop—and, by all of his class, moreover, it had long been remarked, that they were dealt with by the vestry according to their docility at the shop. The sum of 1200*l.* a year transferred from rate-payer to rate-receiver had thus annually passed over the overseer’s own counter; and if, as was generally said, his goods had been sold at forty per cent. above the usual price, it was not surprising he had made no complaint against the inconvenience of such an arrangement.

The overseer himself confessed, that the paupers were sometimes in his debt for half-a-year’s wages, but as on his counter there was also lying the book of ‘casual relief,’ the parish was the shopman’s security, and so what the vestry did not decree to his creditors, he himself had the honour to award!

The overseer, besides thus picking up the crumbs which fell from the rich table of the parish, was also the proprietor of fourteen cottages, the rent of which was paid by the parish, that is to say, by himself to himself!

It may appear strange, and ‘passing strange it is,’ that this man should have managed to maintain his influence in the vestry; but the

the paupers becoming *dependent* upon him, in proportion to their insubordination and degradation, these aggressions were successfully urged by him as a plea for gaining the confidence of those whose concurrence he required. In short, he had the entire control over the collection as well as distribution of the rate; and when the little shopkeepers became indignant at seeing their fair-dealing profits thus absorbed by their overseer, they were bribed to silence by being left out of the rate altogether; nay, even the *vicar of the parish* honestly declared to the commissioner, that, though but too well aware of the existing oppression, *he* also had been left out of the rate, on the distinct understanding that he was not to interfere in any of these concerns. In fact, so completely was the overseer triumphant, that he had even dispensed with the usual form of making a rate, but when he wanted more cash he laconically stuck on the church-door the following official notification—'A rate wanted.' In obedience to this mandate, 'a rate was granted;' and the said rate was collected by his brother, and servant, who was also the paid servant of the parish!

As samples of this man's conduct to his inferiors, the two following cases may be selected:—A member of parliament who is also a magistrate, informed the commissioner that a parishioner of parish A., who lately applied to him for relief, stated that he had been working for a considerable number of weeks (not on the parish account) for the said overseer, nominally earning ten shillings a week; that during so long a period, 'never having seen the colour of his master's money,' he at last ventured on a Saturday night to ask for *two shillings* instead of wares of the shop—that his request was granted, but that he was discharged—and thenceforth all parochial relief denied him.

A man with his family, consisting of a wife and four children, solicited permission to live in a hovel belonging to the parish, with an understanding that he should pay no rent, but should support himself by his own exertions. He performed his contract—until at last a small sum was requested and allowed him for the maintenance of his ninth child, an idiot. The poor man kept his dwelling in tenantable repair, and for eighteen years spent his earnings in 'the shop.' At length having ascertained that half-a-crown would go elsewhere as far as four shillings *there*, he deserted 'the shop;' however, no sooner did the small stream of his earnings cease to flow over that counter, than a sheriff's officer demanded from him the sum of 4*l.* for forty weeks' rent in arrear—the debtor was insolvent, and his very bed was sold to satisfy his creditor. On hearing this tale the commissioner again inspected the overseer's books, and he there found, in *his own hand-writing*, a single charge of 46*l.* 10*s.*, for rents paid by *himself to himself!*

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The above case, duly attested, being forwarded to the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales, they deemed it their duty to order that this overseer should instantly be dismissed. No sooner did he fall from his exalted station, than the base feelings which his own demoralising system had created unkindly turned upon him; among the lower orders there was left no sentiment of generosity to pardon his errors—no disposition to overlook his frailty—no creditable reluctance against trampling on a fallen foe—the poor wretch fell a victim to vices of his own creation—his life became a burden to him, and with very great regret we add, he has just ended his career by suicide!

In many cases, on calling on the overseers, the assistant-commissioner found that the parish account was kept by their wives! In one instance, on his insisting to see the 'laird his-sel,' the old lady answered that he was forty miles off at sea, fishing; and it turned out that this was the man's regular trade.

In another instance, calling on a fine healthy yeoman who had neglected to make out his return, the commissioner found he was out; but a man with a flail in his hand, protruding his red-hot face from a barn-door, explained that *the gemman* might easily see the parish accounts, as the person who kept them was within. The *gemman* accordingly dismounted, entered a most excellent house, and in less than five minutes found himself in a carpeted parlour, seated at a large oak table, with the parish accountant on a bench at his side. She was the yeoman's sister, a fine ruddy, healthy, blooming, bouncing girl of eighteen. As her plump red finger went down the items, it was constantly deserting its official duty to lay aside a profusion of long black cork-screw ringlets, which occasionally gambolled before her visitor's eyes. She had evidently taken great pains to separate, as cleverly as she could, the motley claimants on the parish purse, just as her brother had divided his lambs from his pigs, and his sheep from his cows. She had one long list of 'labourers with families'; 'widows' were demurely placed in one corner of her ledger; 'cesses' stood in another; 'vagrants or trampers' crossed one page; those receiving 'constant relief' sat still in another; at last the accountant came to two very long lists—one was composed of what she called 'low women'—the other, veiled by her curls, she modestly muttered were 'hilly jittimites.'

An assistant commissioner observing, in a parish book, constantly repeated the charge of 'for sparrows 2s. 6d.,' ventured to inquire what was allowed for destroying them? 'Why, 4d. a dozen!' the overseer instantly replied; but how it had happened that the parish gun always killed exactly half a crown's worth, never more or never less, the man in office could only explain

explain by observing, as he scratched his head, "Yes! and we're eaten up by 'em still!" One parochial item was

'To John Bell, for cutting his throat, 12s.'

The following is, *verbatim et literatim*, the copy of an overseer's answer to a printed circular of grave inquiries, forwarded to all the parishes by the Poor-Law Board:—

'It will never do we any good to alter the law in our parish, as our parish is very small, and there is no probabiltis of alter our kearse at all. There is no persons fitter to manage the parish better than ourselves. T. T., oversear.'

'Why have you so long continued this charge of a shilling for tolling the church-bell at the death of every pauper?' said the Assistant Commissioner to a parish overseer. 'Why, sir,' replied the officer, in a whisper, 'the clerk is a dreadful man, and always threatens to fight me, whenever I wants to stop that ere charge!'

About five weeks ago a parish clerk gave notice, during divine service, of a rate, and then added, 'And I am further desired, by the poor of this parish, to give notice, that they mean to hold a meeting this evening, at seven o'clock, under the rook-trees, to consider on the best means of doing for themselves.' The meeting was accordingly held in the dark, and its obscure attendants resolved unanimously 'to do no more work.'

In one parish it appeared that there existed a person in the community almost fit to rival Mr. Mathews or Mr. Yates:

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| Q. Who is the overseer? | A. Mr. Parker. |
| Q. Who is assistant overseer? | A. Mr. Parker. |
| Q. Who is the warden? | A. Mr. Parker. |
| Q. Who collects the rate? | A. Mr. Parker. |
| Q. Who is master of the workhouse? | A. Mr. Parker. |
| Q. Who determines on the rates? | A. Mr. Parker. |

Besides these trifling duties, Mr. Parker performed also in the public characters of a butcher, a farmer, a quarrier, a carman, and a constable. 'Well, Mr. Parker!' said the Assistant Commissioner, 'you seem to have got all the parish affairs on your hands; I only hope you take care of these poor children, and give them a good education?' 'No, sir,' replied Mr. Parker, 'God forbid! all the six and thirty years I have been overseer, I never gave children no *larning*.' 'Why not?' 'Why, sir, it be a thing quite injurious; we have no long-legged children on *our* parish turned out of school; when I finds a promising child I sets him to work.' Accordingly, it turned out that there was not one of the poor children in Mr. Parker's parish that could write or read.

The master of a workhouse was asked by the commissioner for

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for how many persons he was serving up dinner; in fact, how many paupers there were in his house? The man could not tell, but said he would 'send and ask Mrs. Smith, because she be got a wonderful memory, and will recollect all about it.' This Mrs. Smith was an old blind pauper, who at the moment was up two pair of stairs. On descending, and on hobbling into the room, she instantly solved the problem, by stating that there were thirty-seven people in the house.

In one instance, an assistant overseer replied, repeated, and persisted, to the commissioner, that his parish had 'no *population*.' It turned out he did not know the meaning of the abstruse word.

In a large poor-house, the commissioner, wishing to know exactly how the paupers were fed, desired the governor to produce his 'dietary.' His excellency hesitated so much, that the commissioner suspected he had not got one; the governor persisted that he had, but said he could not possibly bring it into the vestry-room, for it was a fixture! 'Well,' said the commissioner, 'if the dietary cannot come to us, let us go to the dietary!' The governor slowly led the way, until he reached the great hall, when, pointing to a thing about 18 feet by 4, he said, 'Here it is, sir!' It was the paupers' dining-table!

As a national jest-book, the history of our parishes, and the contents of their ledgers, stand, we must confess, unrivalled; but 'when we reflect that the sum total of this expenditure has annually exceeded seven millions, that the poor-rates of any country are the symbol of its improvidence, and the sure signal of its distress, we must,' says an Assistant-Commissioner, 'also admit that there exists in the history of our kingdom nothing more sorrowful, nothing more discreditable than our late poor-law system.' Supposing that any person were gravely to inform a serious, sensible, right-minded body of commercial men, say, for instance, the partners in Coutts's bank, that there existed, in a certain part of this globe, an establishment, the annual receipts of which amounted very nearly to the enormous sum of eight millions, to be collected as well as expended in small sums, as changeable as, and actually influenced by, the weather;—that this immense establishment had no officers of any sort at its head, no well-educated, responsible people to overlook its general management, to govern or control its expenditure;—that there were no people appointed to audit these accounts, but that the whole capital, left to the dictates of almost any one's heart, was governed by no man's head;—that in executing the duties of this immense business, particularly as regarded both the collection and expenditure of its income, it was exceedingly popular to act wrong, excessively unpopular to act right, yet that such duties were imposed upon

upon unpaid men, who were often extremely unwilling to serve at all;—that these impressed accountants were often grossly illiterate, and in many cases, dressed in hob-nailed shoes and common smock-frocks, were scarcely able to read or write;—that lest by practice they should *learn* the business, it had been established as a rule that they should be changed every year;—that in all cases they had also their own private business to attend to, and that the *great account* was consequently often left to their wives, and even to their young playful daughters! Now, if Messrs. Coutts and Co. were requested to be so good as, from the above data, to state what, in their opinion, would be the result of this vast establishment, can there be any doubt but that their verdict would unanimously be—INEVITABLE BANKRUPTCY? and, after death, what sentences could the coroner pronounce over such a carcase, but those of ‘*Insanity*,’ and ‘*Felo de se*’?

Having now submitted to our readers a few plain sketches illustrating the old pauper system, we will proceed to inform them in what manner the assistant commissioner proceeded cautiously to carry into effect the Poor Law Amendment Act in East Kent.

We need hardly observe to our readers that the county of Kent is one of the most favoured regions on the surface of the habitable globe. Situated between the steep Surrey hills and the flat land of Essex, its undulating surface enjoys a happy medium, alike avoiding the abrupt inconvenience of the one landscape, and the dull insipidity of the other. Its villages, and the houses of its gentlemen and yeomen, shaded by the surrounding trees, are scarcely perceptible; and from any eminence, looking around in all directions, there is a tranquillity in the scene which is very remarkable. It seems to be a country without inhabitants,—it looks like Paradise, when Adam and even Eve were asleep. Its hop-gardens, in the winter season, resemble encampments of soldiers; its orchards ornament the rich land, as its woods do the barren. Little is seen in motion but the revolving sails of white windmills, which, on various eminences, are industriously grinding the produce of the season's harvest. The low, unassuming, flint-built village church possesses, in its outline and architecture, an antiquity and a simplicity peculiarly appropriate to its sacred object, while the white tomb-stones, and the dark gnarled yew trees which surround it, seem to be silent emblems, speechless preachers, of death and immortality.

After traversing the county in various directions, and comparing its actual state with the reports of the population, poor-rates, number of people out of employment, &c. of each individual parish, it appeared evident that, as the population of the parishes

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was eccentrically unequal, it would be quite impossible to bring them under the new system, or under any one system which could be devised. In one instance there were only seven individuals in the whole parish, in another only fifteen; three other parishes united did not amount to a hundred souls; twenty of the parishes were below 100; there were fifty-one below 300; while in the larger parishes the population amounted to 1,200, 1,900, and in some cases to 5,000.

It being impossible, therefore, advantageously to give to each parish any government which could enable it independently to take its part in a general system of amended administration, it appeared advisable—particularly for the small parishes, which could afford no independent government whatever—that the whole county should be grouped into convenient unions of parishes, which, by a subscription from each, to be fairly levied only in proportion to its late actual expenditure, might be governed with a due regard to economy, and with a sensible but humane provision for the poor; in short, it seemed that it would be generally advantageous that the parishes, which, like loose sticks, were lying scattered over the country, should be gathered together in faggots for the benefit of all parties. But there appeared, at first, to be many difficulties in carrying this plan into execution—for, besides the eccentric shapes of the parishes, there were other lines equally jagged, which to a certain degree it seemed necessary to attend to. We allude to the divisions of the Lathes, the divisions of the hundreds, the dominion of the Cinque-ports, the corporate boundaries, and last, though not least, the magisterial divisions of the county. The Island of Sheppey, the Isle of Thanet, Oxney Island, and Romney Marsh, had also limits which it appeared equally advisable to attend to. On entering into a scrutiny of all these various divisions and sub-divisions, it turned out, however, that several were of little importance. The boundaries, for instance, of the hundreds were in many cases almost obsolete. Some of the corporate proved to possess a smaller population than many of the county parishes. With the Cinque-ports, from their locality, it would not be necessary to interfere, and the boundaries of the Lathes and of the magisterial divisions proved to be in many cases identical. The boundaries, therefore, which on reflection it seemed more advisable to follow were the magisterial divisions of the county. In grouping the parishes into unions, it seemed not only advantageous, particularly for the poor, that they should continue to remain under the parental government of their own magistrates—of those they had all their lives been accustomed to respect—but that it would be exceedingly inconvenient to the parish officers of a union if they had weekly to transact business with

with two benches of magistrates, each separated at a considerable distance, and each holding its meeting on a different day from the other.

For these reasons it appeared proper that the magisterial divisions of the county of Kent should be the guide for the assistant commissioner, and, accordingly, that he should form each into a union or unions, to be submitted by him for approval to the Board in Whitehall. But there arose in Kent an insuperable objection to an arbitrary execution of this arrangement, for although the Poor-Law Amendment Act, by clause 26 enacts,

'That it shall be lawful for the said commissioners, by order under their hands and seals to declare so many parishes, as they may think fit, to be united for the administration of the laws for the relief of the poor, and such parishes shall thereupon be deemed a union for such purpose;'

yet the commissioners are strictly denied the power of altering or dissolving existing unions; it being by clause 32 distinctly declared 'That no such dissolution, alteration, or addition, shall take place, or be made, unless a majority of not less than two-thirds of the guardians of such union shall also concur (by consent in writing) therein.'

Why the legislature gifted the poor-law commissioners with the bump of 'philoprogenitiveness,' and withheld from them the organ of 'destructiveness'—why it granted them the power of forcing alliances between parishes, without granting them the power of divorcing bad matches—need not be argued, it being quite sufficient to state that such is the law of the land.

As there existed eight large unions in East Kent, formed under the 22nd of George III., it was evidently impossible that the assistant commissioner could, under the authority of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, carry into effect his proposed unions, without first obtaining the consent in writing of the respective guardians for the dissolution of their existing unions. But the reader may possibly feel disposed to ask what necessity was there for the dissolution of these old unions? Why might not they exist, and the remaining parishes follow by matrimony their example? A map of the localities of the parishes comprehended in the old unions would at a single glance show not only that the old unions were evidently for their own interests, and especially for the interests of the most poor, most inconveniently formed; but that, instead of forming a dense phalanx or congregation of interests, they madly straddled over the country without any apparent rule whatever. For instance, the pauper of Swingfield parish lives only three miles and a half from the great River Union workhouse, and only seven from the Martin Union workhouse; however, after passing the former workhouse, he had eight miles farther to walk before

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before he could get to his own union at Eastry! The pauper from Walmer, after walking above three miles, actually passed the gate of the Martin Union workhouse, and then had five more weary miles to trudge, in order to get to the workhouse at River, to which he has been irrationally sentenced to belong. One of the old unions belonged to three different benches of magistrates; and a number of parishes were so remote from their poor-houses, that it was banishment to the pauper to send him there.

The assistant commissioner had, consequently, the double duty of forming and of unforming unions, and though it at first appeared that the regular mode of proceeding would be to attempt to level the old unions before it should be proposed to build up the new ones, yet on reflection, for the following reason, it was determined on pursuing the contrary course. It was perfectly evident to the commissioner, and indeed to every body, that there existed in the county a considerable prejudice against, or rather an utter ignorance of, the new law; and in order to encounter that prejudice, it seemed better that he should appeal to large bodies of men, among whom he would at least have the advantage of meeting with many well-educated persons, whose presence would probably smother the expressions of narrow interests, than to risk an application to the petty tribunal of the guardians of the old unions. It appeared better he should commence his labours by recommending the formation of new unions, armed by the power he openly possessed under the new act of carrying them (unless good reasons were shown to the contrary) into effect, than defencelessly to sue, in *forma pauperis*, for permission to dissolve existing unions, some of which might, or might not, be cemented by private rather than public interests. It was evident that if he should happen to succeed in his large meetings, his success would carry with it considerable weight in the minds of the guardians, whereas their approbation would avail him nothing before the county at large; while, on the other hand, their rejection of his proposition would practically amount to its final condemnation.

As his project was to divide the magisterial divisions into unions, by circular letters he separately collected together the magistrates, parochial officers, and principal rate-payers of every division in East Kent.

As the subject was one of intense interest, these meetings were attended by almost every magistrate in the county, by many of the clergy, and by all the parish-officers; and when it is stated that the magisterial divisions in East Kent are composed of fifty-six, fifty, forty-two, twenty-five, and twenty-six parishes, it may easily be conceived that the assemblage was so large, that it was,
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in general, necessary to repair to the national school to obtain admittance for every one. Among the parish-officers the feeling towards the Poor-Law Amendment Act was generally hostile; and not only did most of them leave their houses intending individually to oppose the measure, but before the meeting took place they, in many instances, met together, talked the affair over, and, having no idea of the plan to be proposed, many of them collectively agreed together that they would hold up their hands against it. The commissioner being perfectly aware of the existence of these feelings, knowing also they were engendered only by ignorance, as soon as the meetings were assembled, requested the magistrates to pardon him if he should commence his duty by endeavouring to explain to the parish-officers (what he was sensible the magistrates much better understood than himself), namely, the real object of the Poor-Law Amendment Act; and, with their permission, he then read to the overseers a memorandum, which, he truly enough stated, had been hastily written, under the idea that in the disturbed parts of Kent he might come at once into collision with the labouring classes, to whom it might be very desirable he should clearly explain his object.

From the address 'To the Labouring Classes of the County of Kent,' which he then read, we extract what follows:—

'In old times, the English law punished a vagrant by cutting off his ear; and, said the ancient law, "*if he have no ears*" (which means, if the law should have robbed him of both), "then he shall be branded with a hot iron; his city, town, or village being moreover authorised to punish him, according to its discretion, with chaining, beating, or otherwise." The legislature, driven by the progress of civilization from this cruel extreme, most unfortunately fell into an opposite one, wearing the mask of charity. Instead of mutilating individuals, it inflicted its cruelty on the whole fabric of society, by the simple and apparently harmless act of *raising the pauper a degree or two above the honest, hard-working, hard-earning, and hard-faring peasant*. The change, for a moment, seemed a benevolent one, but the prescription soon began to undermine the sound constitution of the labourer—it induced him to look behind him at the workhouse instead of before him at his plough.

'The poison, having paralyzed the lowest extremity of society, next made its appearance in the form of out-door relief, and it thus sickened from their work those who were too proud to wear the livery of the pauper. In the form of labour-rate, the farmers next began to feel that there was a profitable, but unhealthy, mode of cultivating their land by the money levied for the support of the poor. He who nobly scorned to avail himself of this bribe, became every day poorer than his neighbour who accepted it; until, out of this distempered system there grew up in every parish petty laws and customs, which, partly from

from ignorance and partly from self-interest, actually threatened with punishment those who were still uncontaminated by the disease.

'To the provident labourer they exclaimed, "You shall have no work, for your dress and decent appearance show that you have been guilty of saving money from your labour; subsist, therefore, upon what you have saved, until you have sunk to the level of those who, by having been careless of the future, have become entitled more than you to our relief!"

"You have no family," they said to the prudent labourer, who had refrained from marrying because he had not the means of providing for children—"you have no family, and the farmer therefore must not employ you until we have found occupation for those who have children. Marry without means!—prove to us that you have been improvident!—satisfy us that you have created children you have not power to support!—and the more children you produce, the more you shall receive!"

'To those who felt disposed to set the laws of their country at defiance,—“Why fear the laws?—the English pauper is better fed than the independent labourer—the suspected thief receives in jail considerably more food than the pauper—the convicted thief receives still more—and the transported felon receives every day very nearly three times as much food as the honest, independent peasant!”

'While this dreadful system was thus corrupting the principles of the English labourer, it was working, if possible, still harder to effect the demoralization of the weaker sex. On returning home from his work, vain was it for the peasant to spend his evening in instilling into the mind of his child that old-fashioned doctrine, that if she ceased to be virtuous she would cease to be respected—that if she ceased to be respected she would be abandoned by the world—that her days would pass in shame and indigence, and that she would bring her father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"No such cruelty shall befall you," whispered the poor-laws in her ear: "abandoned, indeed! you shall not be abandoned—concede, and you shall be married; and even if your seducer should refuse to go with you to the altar, he or your parish shall make you such an allowance, that if you will but repeat and repeat the offence, you will at last, by dint of illegitimate children, establish an income which will make you a marketable and a marriageable commodity. With these advantages before you, do not wait for a seducer—be one yourself!"

'To the young female who recoiled with horror from this advice, the following arguments were used:—"If you do insist on following your parents' precepts instead of ours—don't wait till you can provide for a family, but marry!—the parish shall support you; and remember that the law says, the more children you bring into the world, without the means of providing for them, the richer you shall be!"

'To the most depraved portion of the sex—"Swear!—we insist upon your swearing—who is the father of your child. Never mind how irregular your conduct may have been; fix upon a father; for

the words, '*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,*' are not parish law—what's *wrong* before the altar, we have decreed *right* in the vestry! Swear, therefore; and though you swear ever so falsely, you shall immediately be rewarded!"

'I have now endeavoured to explain to you the two extremes of error under which the English poor-laws have hitherto existed; the ancient error having proceeded from the vice called cruelty, the modern one from false virtues assuming the name of charity. Of these two extremes, there can be little doubt that the latter was the worst. However, it is useless to argue—both are now at an end. The new act reigns in their stead, and we have therefore now only to consider what this really is. . . . Those who are enemies to its mechanism, tell you that this new act has a grinding propensity; but so has the mill which gives us our bread. The act truly enough *does* grind; but before we condemn it, let us clearly understand who and what it is that will be ground by it.

'The act rests upon that principle which, whether admitted or not by law, is indelibly imprinted in the head and heart of every honest person in this country, namely, that no individual, *whether able-bodied, impotent, or vicious, should be left to suffer from absolute want*. To this principle of common social justice, there is attached a liberal feeling almost as universal, namely, that the poor of this wealthy country should not only be barely supported, but totally regardless of expense, they should receive as many comforts and as much alleviation as can by any man's ingenuity possibly be invented for them, *without injuring, corrupting, or demoralizing other members of society*.

'Upon this liberal principle—upon this Christian-like feeling, but with this salutary caution always in mind—the act of parliament in question has been framed. . . . The Central Board has no power to punish the vicious—no right to revile the improvident—no authority to neglect the impotent. Their wants alone constitute their legal passport to relief, which is to be administered to them with an equal attention to generosity on the one hand, and justice on the other. Every comfort, every accommodation which the indigent can name they are strictly entitled to, *provided* it does not raise them above the provident and independent labourer—but if a pauper, improvident and dependent, should insist on being placed higher up on the scale of society than an independent labourer—then, indeed, the bill becomes a grinding one, and it will continue to grind until it has reduced this man to his proper level. The Central Board has no power to prevent a lad without a shilling from marrying a girl without a sixpence; the couple and their offspring, the moment they are in want, are strictly entitled to relief;—but if, not satisfied with this, they moreover demand (according to the late system) that the unmarried, hard-working, prudent labourer is to lose his employment, and to take a berth in the workhouse instead of *them*, then the bill will grind down their pretensions. The Central Board cannot discard the most abandoned women who solicit support for themselves and their illegitimate

illegitimate offspring ;—their prayer for relief will at once be granted ; but if such people presume to disorganise society by raising their guilty heads above the honest, virtuous peasant-woman and her children, then the bill will grind them down, but only till they reach their proper station. With the same impartial justice, should people in a much higher class endeavour to maintain an exalted station, and at the same time draw illicit assistance from the poor-rates, thus secretly existing on money which has been collected from rate-payers infinitely poorer than themselves—then will the machinery of the new bill come quickly into action, while exclamations against its grinding nature will be uttered and advocated in vain. To every sober, reflecting mind, it must surely be evident that the substitution of the present act of parliament for the late one will slowly, but most surely, confer inestimable advantages on our society in general, and on the provident, industrious, and independent labourer in particular. All that he gains will in future be his own—he will no longer be afraid of appearing decent and cleanly in his person—with honest pride he may now display the little earnings of his industry, without fear that they will throw him out of work—and from his example, his children will quickly learn, that in England honesty has become once again the best policy.

* In gradually withdrawing, even from suspected impostors, outdoor relief (offering them as a test the workhouse instead), individual cases of real as well as of apparent hardship must occur ; but deeply as such cases ought to be lamented by us, yet, on the other hand, it should always be kept in mind, that the greatest degree of misery which in its very worst form can exist under the new Poor-Law Amendment Act, amounts after all to food, raiment, bedding, fuel, and shelter ; and the man can have seen but little of this world—he must be sadly ignorant of the state of its immense population—he can himself have suffered very little from adversity, if he presume to declare that such relief is absolute misery. But whatever may be its character, I beg leave, in concluding, most particularly to impress upon you, that as this relief (bad as it may be called) is given as charity, and is by no means inflicted as a punishment, all benevolent people, who really wish to raise the situation of the lower classes, have now only to bestow their charity on the independent labourer, and by doing so they will instantly enable the Central Board to better, exactly in the same proportion, the situation of the pauper ; for the Central Board will always be happy to raise the condition of the pauper as high as it can be raised without disorganizing society. The independent labourer is entitled, in common justice, to rank above, and not below, the man who is dependent on his parish for support : every reasonable being must admit that the *hanger-on* ought not to be raised higher than him on whom he hangs.

On concluding this address, the Assistant Commissioner explained to his audience that, as the whole country was now under

the Poor-Law Amendment Act, it was only for parishes to determine whether each would still endure the expense of a separate poor-house, separate officers, &c., or whether, by congregation, it would be most for their interest to avail themselves of the immense advantages of wholesale management. He observed, that the Poor-Law Board had neither made the law, nor were responsible for its existence—their only duty was to accommodate it, as far as it allowed them, to all existing interests—to prevent it oppressing, and to alleviate its rigor as far as they were able;—that to attend, *de die in diem*, to the complaints of all the paupers of 14,000 distinct parishes would be utterly impossible; but that if East Kent, for instance, should approve of being grouped into compact unions of parishes, it would then perfectly be in the power of the Poor-Law Commissioners to attend to their collective interests, and to take an especial care that the poor of each union were sensibly and humanely provided for. As far as regarded the interests of the rate-payers, he showed them what an immense diminution of expenditure had invariably taken place wherever a body of steady practical men had zealously undertaken the management of their own parochial interests;—that though no one little parish of seven, twenty, or a hundred individuals could produce this jury, yet the guardians of each union would form such a body;—that that body would have the pleasure as well as the popularity of expending every shilling collected for the poor,—while, on the other hand, all that was unpopular would fall upon the Poor-Law Amendment Act, upon the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales, and upon their assistants;—that under the old system, the overseers and guardians, they well knew, had been looked upon as the composers as well as the executors of the poor-law—and that they must be perfectly sensible that not only had they themselves been reviled by the labourers, unless the law as well as the relief proceeding from it had been modelled to meet their demands—but that labourers who had been refused relief had been heard to leave their vestries saying almost aloud, ‘You all want a few more good fires!’—that intimidation, however ashamed they might be to confess it, in many cases had been successfully exerted, and that designing men were still endeavouring to promulgate to the disaffected the maxim that fire would produce relief, and that relief alone could extinguish fire; but that henceforth, in a union of parishes under the new law, the guardians would stand before the poor in the same situation as county magistrates, who, having been enabled to refer to and actually to read aloud the law to every offender, had been able to carry all its severest sentences into execution, without losing their well-earned popularity—the reason being that, when the lower orders

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orders of people saw that their object was evidently to temper justice with mercy, however they might have reviled the law, they felt it impossible to withhold respect from those who had mildly administered it;—that if men for pleasure could walk, in order to go to fairs, five miles, (which was about the greatest distance any pauper in any of the new proposed unions could live from its centre)—that if they thought it no hardship to go the same distance to their market-towns—that if they cheerfully went a still greater distance to ask for relief at the magisterial bench—there was neither hardship nor injustice in requiring them to proceed a similar distance to a union workhouse, to be there clothed and supported by the sweat of other men's brows;—that if their diet when they got there was what in this country alone would be termed *low*, yet, after all, would they be fed there better than the Russian peasant, the Prussian peasant, the French peasant,—than almost every independent labourer in Europe;—In fine, that to feed its paupers *better* than the independent labourer of Europe was what no country in the world could afford;—that our having weakly attempted to do so, without at the same time increasing the fare and condition of our honest labourers, had brought us to a condition in which the farmer was now scarcely able to cultivate his land—and that, if we should continue to pride ourselves on such a sin, we should soon as a nation be deservedly humbled to the dust.

With respect to the houses of the proposed union, the Commissioner suggested, that for the interest of the lowest orders, it would be highly advantageous that classification to a certain extent should be effected. He detailed to the parish officers the various scenes he had witnessed, and the melancholy results of depravity which a promiscuous intercourse was even still creating. He appealed to them as fathers, whether they did not think that it was their duty at least to shield the rising generation from the vices and errors of the present day—whether it was not benevolent and not cruel, that the children of those who were unable to support their offspring should receive education as well as food; and that, if improvident paupers called upon an enlightened country to support their progeny, it should be permitted for the public good to insist on mingling moral instruction with the sustenance which, in the name of charity, they received—whether, in fact, it was more cruel for a pauper's child to be sent to school than for the children of our most wealthy classes?

As to the provision for the aged, the Commissioner submitted to the opinion of the meetings, that, instead of being thrown among children and young men and women, their comforts would be materially increased by their being kept together. He asked whether

whether quietness was not one of the kindest charities which could be bestowed on age—whether a diet as well as a home might not be provided for them properly suited to their infirmities—and last, though not least (if there was no one to deprive them of this benefit), whether many additional comforts and indulgences might not be granted to old people beyond what could or should be afforded for every description of applicants?

He observed, that for the aged, as well as for the children, no expensive government was requisite, inasmuch as a respectable pauper and his wife could always be found capable of superintending the children, while the aged, if they enjoyed but rest and quietness, scarcely required any government at all—that consequently it was not only demoralizing to the children, and distressing to the old people, but destructive of the powers which would be necessary to control the able-bodied labourers, to think of congregating all classes together in one large building—that such a building would disfigure the face of an agricultural county, and would unavoidably assume the revolting appearance of a prison or a jail.

With respect to the government of the able-bodied paupers, the Assistant Commissioner submitted, that for the welfare of society the whole powers of their parochial resources ought in prudence to be concentrated on that difficult object, and not to be unscientifically spread over a vast promiscuous assemblage of all the paupers in the union. He contended that the able-bodied paupers ought to receive sufficient food, clothing, firing, lodging—that arrangements ought to be made for giving them also work—but that, with every disposition to be charitable to them, their situation on the whole ought, in spite of clamour, unavoidably to be made such that they should be unwilling to come and anxious to go—that they should feel disposed in the new system to break rather out of the workhouse, than according to the old system to break into it—that to create such a feeling was the only solid basis of social life, and that if we wished to restore the invaluable *distinction* which once existed between the English labourer and the pauper, we could only effect that object by resolutely creating a *difference* between them.

In regard to able-bodied paupers haughtily refusing to go five miles to the proposed new union poor-house, or rather to the old existing poor-houses—for he was anxious, if possible, to erect no new buildings—the Commissioner observed, that a vessel in distress ought thankfully to go to the harbour, not expect that the harbour is to come to it; that when an able-bodied man asks for relief, to use an old adage, 'the beggar should not be a chooser;' that, even after a long day's march, our soldiers abroad had occasionally five miles to trudge to get to their billets for one night's

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rest; and most especially, that in East Kent such an objection should not be urged against the Poor-Law Amendment Act, inasmuch as in the old unions many of the parishes were nine and twelve miles from the union workhouse; and at the old Coxheath union, paupers had been and still were sent by parishes to poor-houses which were situated twenty miles distant!

These addresses were generally followed by very long and anxious discussions.

There was one great practical question, however, which at all the meetings was invariably addressed to the commissioner, namely, '*Does the new proposed system offer us any means of employing the immense number of labourers, who with every desire to seek employment are now totally out of work? for that is our sole evil;*'—and to this all-important question, which appeared uppermost in every one's mind, the commissioner replied, that he conceived the Poor-Law Amendment Act did not pretend to find these men employment—that the new law was a system against a system—that it was the old system, and not the new one, that had created more labourers than work—that any man of common sense might twenty years ago have prophesied that such would be its result—and that it required no gift of prophecy to foretell, that if the old system were to continue, the most dreadful of all revolutions would very shortly ensue—namely, that the upper classes would lose all they possessed, while the lower classes would gain nothing but depravity and demoralization—that if *intimidation* had not arrived it was at least clearly in view—and that the instant the lower orders succeeded in establishing *that*, property, and institutions of all sorts would be at an end—that to arrest this system was the avowed and determined object of the Poor-Law Amendment Act—that if a vessel were sinking, it would be a false argument to use against the carpenter, who was ordered to stop the leak, to say, that he should not do so unless he could tell what was to be done with the water which was already in the hold; for that, in the execution of his duty, it mattered to him not one straw whether there was five feet of water aboard or ten. What would be the carpenter's reply, but '*Pump it out, or drink it, if you choose; my duty is to stop the leak!*' It would be for the legislature by other Acts to provide for the alleviation of the evil to which these inquiries so naturally referred: Emigration to the colonies might and should be encouraged—the Allotment System might and should be encouraged; but that even the Poor-Law Amendment Act, though it could not undertake directly to meet the evil, would, if it had fair play given to it, so operate as indirectly to diminish the evil to an enormous extent. He appealed to the parish-officers whether it was not undeniable that every farm

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in the county could employ many more labourers than it did, if the farmer had it in his power to threaten the labourer with his discharge—that hedges might be put into order—that even a different style of husbandry might be introduced, and that the present necessity of overlooking every labourer would cease to exist if the farmer could only say to him, ‘If you will not serve me faithfully, I will discharge you!’ But he asked them whether at present the very best labourer did not often say, ‘Master, I have no complaint; but I don’t see why I should be working hard for you, when I can live well and work lightly for the parish!’

The Assistant Commissioner read to the meetings a communication which the Poor-Law Board had lately received from Manchester, earnestly begging for labourers, and saying,

‘When a family in a Sussex village is starving on 7s. per week, or living hardly in a workhouse, a letter from some friend settled in Lancashire, stating that he is getting 25s. and 30s. weekly, will electrify him into the means of arriving at the land of promise. Give the *wish*, and the means he will find himself.’

But he asked whether it was likely that the labourer would take the trouble of migrating (not to a foreign climate, but even to a neighbouring shire in his own native kingdom)—whether it was likely that he would take the trouble even to cross a hedge—so long as there was nothing to oblige him to do so; in short, so long as his energies were undeveloped by necessity? He asked why it was that the Irish managed to rob the English labourer of his employment? Was it by *overworking* him? No! but it was by *under-living* him; and so long as the diet of our poor-houses created indolence and pampered sloth, so long would the English peasant be beaten out of his own field by his inferior.

As soon as the discussion had worn itself out, the Assistant Commissioner declared to the meetings, that having now concluded his endeavours to show what advantages society in general, and the poor in particular, would derive by the formation of the new proposed unions, he would now beg leave to take the opinion of the magistrates and parochial officers of the division on the subject. Before doing so he would only observe, that although it was not for him to meddle with, alter, or presume to avert the Amendment Act, which was now the law of the land,—although the Poor-Law Commissioners had power arbitrarily to create the unions he had submitted to their consideration,—yet that, without going against it, he had so far the means of evading the law, that in case a majority of those present should, after all he had said, deliberately express a wish to remain as they were, he could, and if the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales should permit him, he *would*, meet their wishes by proceeding at once to some of those districts

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districts in England which were eagerly requesting to be reformed. They had therefore now to determine whether he should remain in East Kent, with every desire to forward its interests, or at once proceed elsewhere.

The Assistant-Commissioner then produced and read to the meetings the following paper:—

‘A. B., Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, being desirous to obtain the sentiments of the Magistrates and Parochial Officers of the ——— Division of the County of Kent, on the important subject of a Union, or Unions of Parishes, requests the sense of this meeting on the following proposition:—

‘IT IS PROPOSED, That the Division of ———, in the County of Kent, should (subject to the approbation of the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales) consent to resolve itself into Unions of Parishes, for the purpose of establishing within each of the said Unions classified and well-regulated workhouses, in which the paupers (especially those that are able-bodied) may be set to work.

(Signed) A.B.’

On the sense of the meetings being taken on the above proposition, the following was the result:—

Meetings.	Number of Parishes.	Population.	Number of Magistrates, Parish Officers, &c. present.	For the Proposition.	Against it.
Upper Division of the Lath of Scray.....	50	35,540	197	194	3
Archbishop's Palace, Canterbury.....	25	5,074	42	42	0
Wingham Division of St. Augustine Lath.....	56	26,661	196	193	1
Ashford Division...	42	22,669	171	170	1
Elham Division...	26	14,899	104	104	0
	199	104,843	710	705	5

In the history of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, it is with pleasure we record, that every magistrate who was present at these meetings (as well as every clergyman not a magistrate) not only refrained from opposing the proposition, but gave to the Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner the most generous support.* ‘Clearly seeing,’ he says, ‘that I was both incompetent and unqualified for the arduous duty I had to perform, in every instance they generously crowded around me, encouraged me by their speeches, maintained me by their influence, and nothing can be more true than that without their assistance I could not have succeeded in

* The Chairmen of the several meetings, namely Lord Harris, Rev. C. Hallett, T. P. Plumtree, Esq., M. P., E. Knight, Esq., W. Deedes, Esq., and the Earl Amherst, most particularly supported him by their speeches and arguments.

any object.' On entering East Kent, it had been more than once hinted to him by several individuals that the magistrates were against the new law, because, depriving them of the expenditure of the poor-rates, it could leave them nothing but most painful duties to perform. The theory was certainly a plausible one, but those who jealously urged it little knew that it is by disregarding petty interests and paltry distinctions that he who is really a gentleman invariably disappoints the calculations of the vulgar! The magistrates of England have, we believe, been very unjustly accused of having been the *cause* of the profuse expenditure of our poor-rates. That they have been the *instruments* we do not deny, but with no controlling power, with no public accountants, with no assistance, with no support—and with the storm of false humanity against them—we contend, it was utterly impossible for them to govern a vessel which had neither rudder, compass, nor pilot! That they would willingly have done their duty in this matter, as they have done it in all others, is indisputably proved (at least as far as regards East Kent) by the manner in which they have unanimously supported the Poor Law Amendment Act; and should that act eventually confer on society the blessings which its framers contemplate, we conceive that these Kentish magistrates will, by having set this example, be allowed *optime meruisse reipublicæ*.

The Assistant Commissioner, having obtained from the magistrates and parochial officers their approbation of his project, proceeded to the guardians of the respective Unions, which had all been formed under the 22nd of Geo. III. We will not tire our readers by detailing the very great difficulties he encountered in persuading these people to put hand to paper signing the death-warrant of their own authority,—in several instances he was obliged to have three meetings on the subject; but the support he had met with was eventually irresistible, and the guardians of nine Unions, comprehending ninety-nine parishes, at last signed the paper submitted to them, and their dissolution was immediately declared.

In the whole of East Kent there was one little Union of three parishes which alone resisted every argument that the Assistant Commissioner could use. We will not even mention its name, it being quite sufficient to observe that the governor of the work-house ordered by Gilbert's act to be appointed by the guardians, received his salary without even living in the poor-house, and that this said governor was actually one of the guardians. In fact he had appointed himself. With this trifling exception the old Unions in East Kent being, by consent of their guardians, *all* levelled to the ground—and the whole district willingly submitting itself to
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the recommendation of the Poor-Law Board—it was divided into sixteen Unions, most of which comprehend, within a circle of about ten miles diameter, a population of nearly ten thousand.

Although a general fear to undertake the novel duty naturally exists, several most respectable guardians for these Unions have already been appointed, and the Assistant Commissioner is now attending on each to lend his humble assistance in their first steps, which must unavoidably be attended with considerable difficulties. That many little embarrassments will at first occur—that those most competent to discharge the duties of guardians will at first hang back—that some incompetent to the duty will be appointed—that prejudice and ignorance—that the narrow-minded—that men of sickly judgment—that false philanthropists—in short, that all descriptions of ‘*Second chance men*’ will do their utmost to impede the progress of the Poor-Law Amendment Act—there can be no doubt whatever: but as our readers probably, like ourselves, are sleepy, and for the moment dead tired of the subject, we will only beg them to call to mind the practical result of the Ashford select vestry; and with that in view, we conclude by observing, that if a dozen or two sensible guardians of a compact union, supported by the strong powers of a Central Board, shall prove incapable to govern their own affairs, it is perfectly evident that no human power can assist them.

With respect to the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales, we know little of them, but what little we do know we will state. Out of about two thousand applications which they have received for the situation of Assistant Commissioner they have selected twelve individuals, to at least ten of whom they were previously total strangers. Their urbanity has already gained for them the zealous co-operation of their servants, and since their own appointment they have unremittingly devoted themselves to the laborious duties of their office.

The creation of a Central Board for the administration of the Poor-Law was strongly and repeatedly urged in this Journal long before the new Act had been framed, or, we believe, thought of—we are of opinion now, as we were then, that such a Board, if judiciously constituted, must *eventually* act on the best possible information—that this information must become better than any opinion of any individual, of any parish, or of any district—and that it is particularly for the interest of the poor that a corps of assistant commissioners should henceforward be circulating among them, ready to listen to their complaints, and eager to remedy their grievances.

ART. IX.—1. *Thoughts upon the Aristocracy of England.* By Isaac Tomkins, Gent. London: Henry Hooper, 13, Pall-Mall East. 1835.

2. *A Letter to Isaac Tomkins, Gent., Author of Thoughts upon the Aristocracy:* from Mr. Peter Jenkins. London: Henry Hooper, 13, Pall-Mall East. 1835.

THE pamphlet 'upon the Aristocracy of England' is announced as the first of a series;—the name of 'Isaac Tomkins, Gentleman,' may well be called a *nom de guerre*; and the publisher is one of the regular agents for that *system* of societies—of which the eldest assumed the title of 'The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge'—and the latest has not feared to proclaim itself 'The Society for the Diffusion of *Political* Knowledge.' The founder and president of all these ultra-philanthropic societies is Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux; and common report has ascribed to his lordship's versatile pen the pages which his lordship's agent, Mr. Hooper, has just published as the production of 'Isaac Tomkins, Gentleman.'

We have, from internal evidence, no sort of doubt that public report is in this instance correct. Any one who is acquainted with the noble and learned lord's style, and has carefully watched his conduct during the last two or three years, will, we think, either arrive at the same conclusion with ourselves, or, at the least, consider himself as fully entitled to assume that these 'Thoughts on the Aristocracy of England' have been revised, and sanctioned, and promulgated by his high authority. The Right Honourable Schoolmaster has, we know, a legion of pupils about his footstool, and it is possible that he may have caused one of these to hold the pen on this occasion; but there are allusions, some of them meant to be very sly, in every paragraph, which reveal internal feelings not likely to have found a place in any breast in England—save one: and, in short, we have no more doubt about the real parentage of this bantling than the reader of the preceding Article can have as to the case of 'Niggerful John.'

We shall not offer any commentaries on Mr. Tomkins's views and opinions. We merely think it our duty, by a very few extracts, to introduce this 'Gentleman' to the acquaintance of our country readers.—The indefatigable Diffuser of Useful, and Entertaining, and Political Knowledge, writing three weeks after the opening of this session of Parliament, thus opens his argument:—

'The happy audacity which has tempted the naturally cautious Tories to take office, and make one of the most desperate experiments on record (next to that of the Charleses and Polignacs in 1830), will advance reform by ten years, and hasten the improvement and re-moulding

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re-moulding of our aristocratic institutions in Church and State. This consideration points out the expediency of attending a little in detail to the aristocratic principle (and practice also) among us. The moment is favourable ; and we must not lose sight of justice and of moderation merely because our triumph approaches.

‘The nobility of England, though it forms the basis and the bulk, forms not the whole of our aristocratic body. To all practical purposes we must include under that name all their immediate connexions, and even all who live in the same circles have the same objects, and from time to time attain the same privileges. The law of the constitution is, that only a peer’s eldest son succeeds to his father’s honours, and therefore we constantly hear it said that all the rest of the family belong to the body of the people. Nothing can be more true as regards legal rights—nothing more false as regards political and social bias. It is certain that the eldest son alone is deemed by our institutions to be born a lawgiver, a senator, and a judge ; that he alone, be he ever so ignorant, stupid, and vicious, is allowed to decide upon the great questions of policy and of jurisprudence, and to sit in appeal upon the decisions of all the legal tribunals of the country, and to judge without review all his fellow-citizens for property, liberty, limb, and life. These high functions are so essentially inherent in him, that no bankruptcy, no idiocy (short of being found lunatic by commission), no criminality, can deprive him of his judicial and legislative attributes. He may have committed felony, and been transported—or perjury, and been pilloried—or fraud, and been upon the tread-mill ; yet, the day after his sentence expires, he may take his seat next the *Lord Chancellor* or the *Archbishop of Canterbury*, and turn by his vote the fate of a great measure for diffusing universally the justice which he has contemned and outraged ; as indeed one voice threw out the *Local Courts’ Bill*. [Eheu !]

‘That all these high, precious, grievous, absurd, and revolting privileges are confined to the eldest sons of peers is certain ; it is equally certain that a more gross mistake never was committed than theirs who for this reason affect to consider all the younger branches of noble families as equal with the rest of the people. Equal they are in law : they can only sue and be sued like their neighbours ; they pay taxes like them ; they cannot ride down the peasants or the shopkeepers with impunity ; but so neither can the peers themselves. And yet who shall say that, except privilege of arrest from debt, and the power of sitting in parliament and as judges, there is any real difference existing by law between the eldest son and his brothers, further than there is between a rich man and a poor ? All belong to the same caste ; all are alike a favoured race in the government and in society ; all have advantages unknown to us of the common people ; and therefore all constitute the body of the aristocracy in fact, be the law ever so plain in the eldest son’s favour.

‘The same remark applies to all persons who, from their fortune
and

and education, live with the noble families habitually. They are admitted to the same familiarities; they receive the same respect from those who foolishly look up to rank and yet more foolishly gaze at fashion; they find the avenues to power as well as distinction open to them; they are born even to a political supremacy which others earn by working for it and deserving it. What difference in society is there between a lord's second son, or indeed his eldest, and the son of a rich squire, especially if he be of old family, that is, if his father and grandfather have been squires before him?

'The aristocracy, then, as at present constituted, consists of all the classes to which we have been referring. That hereditary privileges are at the bottom of the whole, is not denied; that *those privileges being destroyed* all the worst parts of the other evils would cease, is admitted. But we are now to see the consequences of that very artificial state of society which now exists—of those unnatural, those forced, and factitious differences of level into which the flood of society is driven, and closed, and dammed up—in order to ascertain how far it would be expedient to reduce the banks and restore the natural level—the *natural equality*—that equality which alone is wholesome.'—pp. 3-8.

Mr. Tomkins proceeds to sketch a detailed picture, which he says 'is not agreeable, but like,' of the miseries to which the sons of 'reputable shopkeepers, &c.' are subjected, in consequence of the 'high, precious, grievous, and revolting' privileges of the aristocracy. And one of the worst of these miseries turns out to be—what? Neither more nor less than the comparative difficulty of access to the circles of what is called 'high life,'—the social intercourse of 'the dukes and marquises, their wives, their mistresses, their girls, and their lads'—p. 19—'which circles are drawn round THE VERY FOCUS of all hatred and contempt for the people.'—p. 11. Yet from the distinguished author's account of these contemptuous circles, drawn round this hateful focus of St. James's Palace, we cannot suppose that he seriously commiserates the disappointment of those 'reputable shopkeepers, &c.,' who would fain find a gap in their barriers.

'The want of sense and reason which prevails in these circles is wholly inconceivable. An ignorance of all that the more refined of the middle or even of the lower classes well know, is accompanied by an insulting contempt for any one who does not know any of the silly and worthless trifles which form the staple of *their* only knowledge. An entire incapacity of reasoning is twin sister to a ready and flippant and authoritative denial of all that reason has taught others. An utter impossibility of understanding what men of learning and experience have become familiar with, stalks hand in hand, insolent and exulting, with a stupid denial of truths which are all but self-evident, and are of extreme importance.'—p. 13.

• The

'The respectable journals are no favourite reading of theirs. The newspaper that fearlessly defends the right; that refuses to pander for the headlong passions of the multitude, or cater for the vicious appetites of the selecter circles; that does its duty alike regardless of the hustings and the *boudoir*; has little chance of lying on the satin-wood table, of being blotted with ungrammatical ill-spelt notes, half bad English half worse French, or of being fondled by fingers that have just broken a gold-wax seal on a grass-green paper. But more especially will it be excluded, possibly extruded, from those sacred haunts of the Corinthian order, if it convey any solid instruction upon a useful or important subject, interesting to the species which the writers adorn, and the patricians do their best to degrade. Even wit the most refined finds no echo in such minds; and if it be used in illustrating an argument or in pressing home the demonstration (which it often may be), the author is charged with treating a serious subject lightly, and of jesting where he should reason. Broad humour, descending to farce, is the utmost reach of their capacity; and that is of no value in their eyes unless it raises a laugh at a friend's expense. *Some who have lived at court, and are capable of better things, say they carefully eschew all jests; for princes take such things as a personal affront—as raising the joker to their own level, by calling on them to laugh with him. One kind of jest, indeed, never fails to find favour in those high latitudes—where the author [qu. Mr. Tomkins?] is himself the subject of the merriment.*

* From a contemplation of the aristocracy, the result of sorrowful observation, *not of irritable displeasure* [!!!], we naturally turn to its lamentable but inevitable consequence. Can society long remain in this most unnatural state? Can the whole faculties and accomplishments of a great people be severed with impunity from *the wealth, the rank, the privileges*, and the personal and individual interests that exist in the state? The middle, not the upper class, are the part of the nation which is entitled to command respect, and enabled to win esteem, or challenge admiration. They read, they reflect, they reason, they think for themselves; they will neither let a pope, nor a prince, nor a minister, nor a newspaper, form their opinions for them; and they will neither from views of interest nor motives of fear be made the dupe or tool of others. They are the nation—the people—in every rational or correct sense of the word. By them, through them, for them, the fabric of the government is reared, continued, designed: *How long are they likely to suffer a few persons of overgrown wealth, laughable folly, and considerable profligacy, to usurp, and exclusively to hold, all consideration, all individual importance?* Can the scales of society be kept steadily adjusted when the unnatural force, violently exerted in favour of the feather, makes the unaided gold kick the beam?'—pp. 16-18.

'Only see how the aristocracy and the Upper House of Parliament oppress the country and cause the mismanagement of its concerns!

First,

First, the aristocracy as a body is essentially the enemy of all reform. Exceptions there are. Excellent sense in one; in another, good education *for about the worst-educated country in Europe*; in a third, party-zeal; in a fourth, personal spleen,—may alienate members of the body from their natural connexions, and enlist them in the cause of the people. For the aid of these men the country can never be too grateful. Far from repelling them by insult, and damping their generous efforts in our behalf by a cold and sullen reception, it is our duty and our interest to hail their arrival among us with open arms. They are of infinite use to us. Their motives should not be too narrowly scrutinized. They are worthy of all acceptance; and, if we know either what becomes us, or what serves us, we shall affectionately and gratefully receive them. The body at large is *our foe*; that is incapable of conversion. Mr. O'Connell may threaten, and Mr. BROUGHAM [*Mister Brougham!*—H. B.!] may educate for ages; that body is beyond all the fears which the former can excite, and all the improvement which the latter can produce. All their habits—all their connexions—all their interests—oppose any conversion short of what a miracle could work.

The abuses of the system are not merely the protection of their order, but its *direct presiding genius*. For them sinecures exist; for them jobs are done. They it is that profit by the over-payment of public functionaries. *They it is that amass wealth by the tax imposed upon the bread consumed, and alone consumed, by the people.* For their sons, an *overgrown army* provides commissions and staff-appointments. For their sons, a *bloated church establishment* displays *deaneries*, and *prebends*, and *bishoprics*. To teach their children Tory principles, the public schools (*the best education in England, and one utterly below contempt*) train the patrician infant to lisp in slavish accents. To confirm the lessons of Eton and Winchester, Oxford opens her conservative arms, and eradicates whatever feelings of humanity, whatever reasonable opinions, the expanding faculties of the mind may have engrafted upon the barren stocks of Henry the Sixth and William of Wickham. In truth, the universities are the very forcing beds of Tory aristocracy; and hence the peculiar jealousy with which the House of Lords, as if instinctively, regards whatever can by any possibility touch those haunts of bigotry and intolerance. The fact is, that go where you will, in these times, even in liberal circles, you find the youth—the fashionable youth—all embodied with the mothers and the tutors against liberal principles, and bent on resisting all improvement.

That the result of the whole system should give us the kind of Upper House which now assumes to govern the country, who can wonder? Upon its character and propensities there need few words be wasted. The habitual enemies of all reform—the steady supporters of intolerant measures—the determined opposers of liberal principles—what but the apprehension of mischief has prevented them

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from coming to an open collision with the other House of Parliament? *Until either their privileges are restricted, or their constitution is changed, the country has little chance of good government, or a continued sound legislation.* No man who understands our constitution—no man who has observed the necessity that exists in it of a second chamber of Parliament to revise the acts of the first, can desire to see the House of Lords abolished. That much is required to be done before *its prolonged existence can be considered either beneficial or safe to the community*, no one who regards its composition and looks back to its history can doubt.’—pp. 20-22.

While we were hesitating as to the propriety of making some further extracts from Mr. Isaac Tomkins, there reached us a *Letter* addressed to that ‘gentleman’ by Mr. Peter Jenkins—an affectionate kinsman of his, who not only patronizes the same printer and publisher, but pursues exactly the same argument, and, we must say, deals with it in exactly the same style. Jenkins, in short, is obviously the same enlightened patriot with Tomkins; but he appears under *somewhat* different circumstances, and therefore takes rather a wider scope. Tomkins feared that the King and the House of Lords might, after all that had been said and done, be able to prop up the Peel government against the majorities of the Commons: the sagacious Jenkins begins, a fortnight later, to be apprehensive that the *aristocratic* element in the *reformed* House of Commons itself may still be sufficient to exclude ‘the real friends of the people’—the ‘diffusers of useful knowledge’—from the sixth cabinet of the reform era. Hear the ‘voice from Berkeley Square,’ of April the 10th, 1835!—

‘Dear Sir,—I have had the great satisfaction of reading your able and just remarks upon that Aristocracy, which form the chief bane of all policy, as well as all society, in this country, and which tends not much more to destroy good government over us than to sap good morals amongst us. You deserve all our thanks for the striking exposition you have made of this prevailing evil. But why do you stop short? Why do you dwell so much on the slighter parts of the subject? What can be more insignificant to the nation at large, than the way in which lords and ladies spend their time at their *grandee* palaces? Let their society be ever so refined, or ever so gross—let their talk be as solid as that of rational creatures, or as silly and unsubstantial as you describe it, I care not—we and our fellow-citizens of the middle classes value not a rush the admission to that intercourse, and could well bear our perpetual exclusion from it, if that were all we had to suffer from the present aristocratical government of the country. I want you, therefore, to consider and to discourse upon our *real grievances*—those *burthens* by which the aristocracy *grind the faces*—[not the backs!]*—of their inferiors.*

‘Look only at the *House of Commons*—to take an example from what indeed lies at the root of the evil tree, whose bitter fruits we

are all of us now eating. The aristocracy represent us in Parliament; and, at the late election, as at all such times, they were clothed in fine smooth words—full of expressions to overflowing—glittering in pledges and promises; while they smiled from ear to ear in kindness and courtesy towards us. They would take off the malt-tax; and who, as Sir Roger Greisley said to the Derby gulls of farmers, who dared accuse *them* of ever breaking a promise? They would oppose ministers, and restore reformers to power—as the Copelands, the Richardses, and I know not how many more, so solemnly vowed. They were no party men to bring in a Whig aristocracy, any more than to keep in a Tory one. But to reforming men and reforming measures they would look—and they would devote themselves to give cheap food to the country—and a reforming—a real reforming ministry to the king!

Next look at what these honest and faithful stewards have been doing ever since. They had a majority on the first vote—a strong vote indeed it was felt to be—the speakership. What next? They did not venture to make an amendment on the address which was worth one farthing; they took an alteration just strong enough to disgrace the ministers—not strong or even plain enough to help on the cause of reform one single step. Do I blame Lord John Russell for proposing so weak a thing? Far from it. He knew well the stuff his majority was made of, and that if he had made it one syllable stronger or more intelligible, he would have been in a minority of fifty instead of the majority of seven, which by *paring, and clipping, and weakening, he with difficulty obtained.* Do not let us disguise the truth from ourselves. OUR REPRESENTATIVES HAVE DECEIVED US;—DO NOT LET US DECEIVE OURSELVES. A CONSIDERABLE MAJORITY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IS AGAINST ALL REFORM.* That majority, in its heart, hates the people. Its fears are pointed to the progress of improvement; its care is for the privileged orders; its darling object is to keep all things as much as possible in their present state, and just to give us as much relief as they cannot either resist or evade giving. They do not, in substance or effect, differ from the House of Lords, which is their natural ally, and their only lawful superior, to whose interests they are quite willing to sacrifice their constituents at any moment they can do it in safety. The Lords will not oppose a reform when they are afraid of being swept away if they do. The bulk of the Commons—a majority of 100 at the least—will let reform pass, which they dare not resist without being sure of losing their seats. Do I, or does anybody, think the Lords friendly to any kind of reform, merely because they let some reforms pass? Not at all: they do it because they cannot help it. Does any one dream, that above 200, or at most 250, of the Commons really love reform, merely because the other reformers, the merely *nominal liberals*, do not dare throw out reform bills and motions? Not a bit of it: they hate reform bitterly—hate it for its own sake—hate it for their sakes—hate

* N.B. These are the *capitals* of Mr. Jenkins.

it for the sake of the House of Lords, whom they really love, and where most of them hope to sit. But they fear us as well as detest us, and they must vote whether they will or no on many questions. Only see the effects of this. It is like the argument of *measures not men*. Those members only give us just as much support and protection as they cannot possibly withhold; and in all other cases they refuse to stir for us. Hence, neither Lord John Russell could frame an amendment worth a straw, excepting for merely party purposes, nor could Mr. Hume support the people's most important right, to stop supplies till grievances were redressed. Hence all motions of any value are put off, because there is a struggle to turn out *one set of aristocrats*, and put another in their place. Hence, if the hearts of a very large majority of the House, and even a considerable number of the opposition, were opened, and we could endure so hideous a sight, we should find not one trace of the country's good—not one vestige of the people's welfare—not the faintest impression of the public opinion; but all would be heats, hatreds, furies, fears, (not a reflexion of the public wishes,) about selfish objects, never rising nearer to the tone and temper of patriotism than so far as party feeling now and then borrows its hues for an ornament, and wears its garb for a disguise. Those men who I know are the majority of the House—who I am almost certain are some of the opposition—vote, from a fifth to a fourth, because they dread the loss of their seats—some because there are places which they possess or expect. They will try to patch up an expiring and impossible ministry, or to hatch a middle scheme to gratify jobbers, and frustrate all the hopes of the country, or make a new cabinet altogether; in which it is a hundred to one that we, the people, shall hardly find any men who are thoroughly disposed to do us justice, and whose heart is in the work of helping the people. I do not blame those men—the chiefs of the liberal and popular portion of the Whig party; on the contrary, I feel the debt of gratitude we owe them. But what can they do with such a *system*? They dare not break with the aristocracy, to which almost all of them—more than nine in every ten—actually belong; they dare not fly in the face of the court, which, as things are now arranged, may turn out a ministry without notice, and without the least reason assigned; and, after plunging the country in confusion, retreat, and suffer no kind of penalty or even inconvenience from its intrigue. They cannot work miracles in such a House of Commons, or make bricks without straw. They could not act for our true interests even if they really felt as they ought, and actually wished what we desire, because they are only supported by a mixed body in the House of Commons, and opposed by a very determined and interested mass of steady, unflinching, unscrupulous enemies to all reform. *Our friends are the minority; and the rest of the opposition, who, in case of a change, will be the ministerial body, is composed of men in whom the country never can again place any trust.*

* It is easy to declaim against such men as your Greisleys and Hall

Dares—

Dares—your Bingham Barings and your Pechels. But the persons whom we really have a right to complain of, and whom all honest men must blame, and all men of spirit despise, are the forty or fifty pretended liberals, who have not gone over openly to the enemy. These rotten members are the true cause of all the mischief that is befalling us. They will possibly make it impracticable to form a good liberal ministry: they will almost certainly cause any government that is formed to be *ill-constructed—patched of feeble men—unpopular statesmen—and puny reformers, if reformers at all*; and they will assuredly make it quite impossible for even such a ministry to last: so that we shall be driven very soon back to the Tories; and that vile and intolerable dominion will be perpetuated over us to the lasting disgrace of the country.'

'Your true friend,

'PETER JENKINS.'

Be it kept in mind that 'Peter Jenkins' published his pamphlet within two days after the resignation of Sir Robert Peel. It is very possible that the next letter of the series, whether signed 'Nathaniel Perkins,' or 'Jonathan Simkins,' may speak another sort of language. Nay, we may venture to prophecy, that—should the founder of the Diffusion Society creep again even to the corner of the woosack—the next Number of the 'Edinburgh Review' will not, like that in which 'Tomkins' has just been so loftily extolled, be sprinkled *passim* with abuse of 'aristocracy'—denunciations of the pension-list and the corn-laws—earnest lectures on the necessity of making the Lords and Commons sit and vote henceforth as one body—and, last not least, hints sufficiently intelligible about the 'heavy cost of monarchical government, (p. 220,) and 'dangerous experiments by ONE INDIVIDUAL IN TWENTY-TWO MILLIONS,' (p. 16,) &c. &c.

ART. X.—*The Influence of Democracy on Liberty, Property, and the Happiness of Society considered, by an American, formerly Member of Congress. To which is prefixed an Introduction, by Henry Ewbank, Esq. London. 1835.*

WE wish that Mr. Washington Irving, or some other adequate pen, would give us an 'American Plutarch.' We mean succinct and *readable* lives of the founders of their republic. There were amongst them one or two *great*, and a dozen very *eminent* men, fellow-soldiers and colleagues of Washington, well fitted to be the assistants of his labours, and well entitled to be partners in his fame. The severe *mortification*—we have long since learned to think it no *injury*—which their success inflicted upon this country,

country, has prevented us from doing them full justice. English writers could hardly be expected to feel, or the English public to have partaken in, much interest as to the characters of their victorious antagonists. The French care only about themselves, and the rest of the Western continent had too little personal or political motive to pay much attention to these Transatlantic worthies; and we think we may venture to say, that Washington and Franklin are alone in possession of that European reputation which many others—though not, we admit, in so high a degree—appear to us to deserve. The lives that have been published in America are too voluminous for general use. We can neither afford money nor time for the cumbrous biographies of such distant acquaintance. One or two octavo volumes, comprising Washington, Montgomery, Lee, Armstrong, Franklin, Hancock, Jay, Hamilton, Robert and Gouverneur* Morris, Samuel and John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, containing an accurate statement of the events of their lives, and an impartial summary of their principles and opinions, would be not merely popular amongst us, but permanently useful and instructive. The grave has now closed over all the men who have any pretensions to enter into such a work; and the passions, partialities, and prejudices which their living conduct had excited, are now pretty well extinguished,—nearly as much so as they are likely to be for two or three generations to come,—while there is still alive enough of personal interest and of traditionary anecdote to enable an author to give to his historical pictures the additional charm of individual portraits. This suggestion is made in the most friendly feeling towards our Transatlantic brethren—dead and living—in whose honour and fame we take, as is natural and just, a strong *family* interest; and most happy should we be to have contributed, even in so humble a degree as by the expression of a wish, to a work which, if adequately executed, must tend to advance the combined fame, and to reconcile the partial differences, of that great class of mankind whom we may designate by the *common* name of the *British race*.

Whether the life of Fisher Ames, the ingenious and amiable person whose works have led us to these observations, was of sufficient public importance to procure him a place in such a select biography, we cannot venture to determine. Of that an American only can safely judge; but the slight biographical sketch prefixed to the volume now under our consideration, and still more the patriotism, benevolence, and sagacity, exhibited in the work itself,

* We wish that Mr. Sparks, who has published *extracts* from Gouverneur Morris's diary during his residence in Paris in the early part of the French Revolution, would publish it *in extenso*—it is serious and important.

convince us that he is not unworthy a place in the historic gallery of his country. America must possess more men of distinction than we have hitherto supposed, if in such a biography there be not room for Fisher Ames!

But we will confess that we have an immediate object of political utility in recommending such a publication. The American revolution has been, by many causes and some accidents, the parent, and lies at the bottom, of all the revolutions which have disturbed, distressed, and desolated the European world for the last half century.

— Mater quæ gurgitis hujus

Ima tenet—

America owed us a compensation—and that compensation has been in some degree made, by the opinions of Washington, of Hamilton, of Morris, of Ames—of all the best and the wisest of her statesmen who lived to dread the practical operation of the *democracy* to which she had unconsciously given birth. To Mr. Ames's share of the corrective the public attention has now been drawn, by the republication of several essays, in which—soon after the American contest had subsided—his sagacity anticipated, and his patriotism proclaimed, the dangers of *democracy*, and proved the *impossibility* of the existence of such a thing as a *democratical government*, which is, in his opinion, an absolute contradiction in terms and in fact. A democratical anarchy, or a democratical prelude to an anarchy, he easily conceives—it is a part of his case; but that *government*—the control of the vices and the passions of men—the guarantee of property and other personal rights—the safeguard of public liberty—should exist under a democratic influence, is what he cannot imagine; and what, as he shows, has never yet occurred in the history of mankind.

We have on many occasions, since we began our labours—and recently more earnestly than ever—advanced similar opinions; but our opinions might be supposed to be influenced—first, by our education, as Englishmen, under a constitution which, while it indulged in theory, restrained in practice, the democratical principle; and, secondly, by our attachment to that party in English politics which has for many years considered the democratic element to be the most formidable of the internal dangers of the constitution; but from such a bias the opinions of Mr. Ames must be free: here is an American citizen—one of the founders of that *pattern republic*—one of the disciples and associates of Washington and Franklin, who had hardly terminated his share in the completion of a constitution which professes to be entirely democratic, and is, we believe, more so than has ever before existed, when he

began

began to doubt of the ultimate success of the experiment; and, as we read of some of the Gothic tribes, sang over the new-born babe, not songs of hope and promise, but dirges of sorrow, at all the misery it was destined to suffer and to cause.

But if the extension of the democratic system in America was and is an object of so much anxiety to so many of her statesmen, with what terror should it not strike us, upon whom it comes,—not only with its natural and intrinsic evils, but—with the additional and incalculable danger of being a sudden irruption, a volcanic revolution, for which we are not merely unprepared, but unfitted by our manners, our feelings, our principles, and even our prejudices,—by, in short, all the inveterate habits of a long-established and complicated system of social and political life. We say '*sudden*' and '*unprepared*,' because, although our constitution gradually evolved a strong *popular* principle, it had originally no *democratic* element whatsoever; and although the popular principle had been (as is its nature) gaining upon the antagonist powers, yet it was not till the *Reform Bill* that anything like *democracy* could be said to have a share in the government of England. We are not ignorant that the theoretical writers were used to combine the English constitution of three elements,—monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy,—'a kind of democracy,' says Blackstone,—'a kind of democracy,' we add, which had nothing of the essence of what now-a-days is called democracy; for it was admitted alike by the advocates and opponents of the Reform Bill that the House of Commons had never been, in form or in fact, a *democratic* body; and all the objections of the Conservatives to that measure might be summed up in one word,—that it was *democratical*, or which, perhaps, expressed the idea still more correctly, *autocratical*;—that the House of Commons must inevitably become under it, not *one* of a *triad* of powers—not *tertius*, nor even *primus inter pares*—but the *sole* essential authority; and that the prerogatives of the other two estates must dwindle at first to a mere nominal existence, and eventually, cease to exist at all.

Who denies that much of the prophecy has been already accomplished?—Would that we could doubt that the rest is in rapid progress!

To exhibit, *first*, the greedy and engrossing nature of democracy, which

'Like Aaron's rod must swallow all the rest;'

and, *secondly*, the despotic tyranny which a victorious democracy must exercise; and, *thirdly*, to show that such a despotic democracy must end in a single military despot,—are the objects of Mr. Ames; and it is a strong proof of his natural sagacity, as well as of the truth of his reasons, that he published some of the works
which

which open these views, even before the French Revolution, with its second stage of *Terror*, and its third stage of *Despotism*, had made them familiar to all thinking men. Much of course of what Mr. Ames wrote from time to time, under the pressure of the current events of his own country, is not appropriate to the general question, nor applicable to *our* present condition; but his principles are so surely founded in human nature, and his reasonings are conducted with such logical truth, that his editor, Mr. Ewbank, thought, and justly, that he should be doing a great benefit to this country by republishing, in a more condensed and connected form, and with the omission of mere local and temporary topics and details, a selection from the series of essays in which Mr. Ames had endeavoured, and with great success, to stem the current of democracy, by a display of its false pretences, its real objects, and its inevitable results; and as truth—eternal and ubiquitous—suits all times and places, we are not surprised to find a vast portion of his work as fresh in our day, and as appropriate to our circumstances, as if it had been written since the passing of the Reform Bill,—nay, since the recent confederacy between the Whigs and Radicals. In one point only is Mr. Ames mistaken:—He, an American, and one of those who had contributed to set the seal upon American independence, did so much justice to the old constitution of England, and such *unmerited* honour to the good sense and patriotism of her people, that it never entered into his imagination that the plague against which he was warning his own country could, by any possibility, ever invade *ours*. If he for a moment alludes to such an hypothesis, it is to employ it as the argument *ab absurdo*.

‘By removing or changing the relation of any one of the pillars that support the British government, its identity and excellence would be lost: a revolution would ensue. When the House of Commons voted the House of Peers useless, a tyranny of committees of that body sprang up. The English nation have had the good sense, or, more correctly, the good fortune, to alter nothing, till time and circumstances enforced the alteration, and then to abstain from speculative innovations. The evil spirit of metaphysics has not been conjured up to demolish, in order to lay out a new foundation by the line, and to build upon plan. The present happiness of that nation rests upon old foundations, so much the more solid, because the *meddlesome ignorance of professed builders has not been allowed to new lay them*. We may be permitted to call it a *matter of fact* government.’—pp. 77, 78.

Alas! ‘*meddlesome ignorance*’ has been allowed to ‘*new lay the foundations of our happiness*,’ and the *matter of fact* government of England is at this moment the most unsettled, the most problematical,

matal, even as to the prospects of a few weeks, that now exists on the face of the earth,—France is at this moment *terra firma*, and Greece and Belgium have a *pied à terre*, when compared to England.

Mr. Ames explains, with good sense, the dangers to which a popular government is exposed,—dangers against which he believed that the modified constitution of England had sufficiently guarded, but which must beset any form more unlimitedly popular : ‘ that a species of government in which the people choose all the rulers, and then, by themselves, or ambitious demagogues pretending to be the people, claim and exercise an effective control over what is called the government, would be found on trial no better than a turbulent and licentious democracy. The danger is, that their best interests would be neglected, their dearest rights violated, their sober reason silenced, and the worst passions of the worst men not only freed from legal restraint, but invested with public power.’—pp. 45, 46.

Against the progress and triumph of such principles, what is the obstacle or what the defence ? Mr. Ames received in his day the same answer that we have lately heard :—

‘ that in the most desperate extremity of faction or usurpation, we have an unfailing resource in the *good sense* of the nation.’—p. 49.

The good sense of the nation ! as if the *good sense* of a nation could be of any real and effective avail, where the power of the state is lodged in democratic constituencies, is exercised under the excitements of popular elections, and, not intrusted, but *lent on pledges*, to men whose sense and talents, if they have any, or, in defect of sense and talents, whose vanity, ambition, and turbulence must endeavour to secure their vicarious existence by pandering to, nay, by stimulating the vicious appetites of the mob. For

‘ It never has happened in the world, and it never will, that a democracy has been kept out of the control of the fiercest and most turbulent spirits in the society ; they will breathe into it all their own fury, and make it subservient to the worst designs of the worst men ; and the more free the citizens, the bolder and more profligate will be their demagogues, the more numerous and eccentric the popular errors, and the more vehement and pertinacious the passions that defend them.’—p. 51.

In pursuing this view of the subject, Mr. Ames rebukes the apathy and false confidence with which what are called moderate men are disposed to look on such proceedings, in a passage which, as his editor remarks, is, even in its smallest circumstances and allusions, wonderfully appropriate to our recent condition :—

‘ We enjoy, or rather, till very lately, we did enjoy liberty, to as great

great an extent as it has ever been asserted, and to a much greater than it has ever been successfully maintained.

'While we look round with grief and terror on so much of the work of destruction as three years have accomplished, we resolve to hope and sleep in security for the future. We will not believe that the actual prevalence of a faction is any thing worse than an adverse accident, to which all human affairs are liable. Demagogues have taken advantage of our first slumbers, but we are awaking and shall burst their "Lilliputian ties;" and as we really do expect, that the jacobins [*radicals*] will divide, and that * * * and others will turn *king's* evidence to convict their accomplices, we resolve to indulge our hopes and our indolence together, and leave it to time, no matter what time, and truth, to do their slow but sure work, without our concurrence. We still cherish the theories that are dear to our vanity. We still expect, that men will act in their politics, as if they had no passions, and will be most callous or superior to their influence at the very moment, when the arts of tyrants or the progress of public disorders have exalted them to fury. Then, yes then, in that chosen hour, reason will display her authority, because she will be free to combat error. Her voice will awe tumult into silence: revolution will quench her powder when it is half exploded; the thunder will be checked in mid volley.

'Such are the *consolations* that Bedlam gives to philosophy, and that philosophy faithfully gives back to Bedlam—and Bedlam enjoys them. The *Chronicle*, with the fervour of scurrility, and all the sincerity of ignorance, avers, that there is no danger—our affairs go on well; and *Middlesex* is comforted. *They* can see no danger; if Etna should blaze, it would not cure the moles of their blindness.'*—p. 182.

'*Consolations of Bedlam*' we fear they indeed are which suggest comfortable hopes from the 'good sense of the nation' after half, at least, of the guiding power shall have been taken away from the natural depositaries of that good sense, while the remainder of it is paralyzed and distorted by the blind passion of *faction*. No, no; in all such struggles—(unless *faction* be laid aside among those whose real interests are all alike *conservative*)—the victory is beforehand *assured*, not to good sense, nor good policy, nor good intentions, but to *audacity*—not to talents, property, or character, but to audacity—not even to strength or numbers:—The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; audacity wins both—an audacity of which respectable men are in every way incapable—an audacity which is compounded of hatred of *rank* which it cannot attain—of envy of *character* which it does not possess—of contempt of *law* whose control is irksome—

* Mr. Ewbank adds in a note:—'The reader is assured, however strange it may appear, that this paragraph is copied with perfect fidelity;—a moderate sagacity will enable him to divine *why* this passage in particular needs such an avowal.'

of a dishonest greediness of *wealth*—of a dishonourable desire of *power*—and, generally, of that reckless passion for *change*—which is sometimes the symptom of a morbid understanding, and more frequently the last stake of desperate fortunes. These are the qualities which rise in revolutions, and obtain preponderance in democracies. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean that revolutions are ever *made* by men of this class; on the contrary, we quite agree in the maxim that they are *never made from below*. The good sense of a nation would be always strong enough to arrest, *in limine*, any attempt that openly bore such a wild and desperate aspect. They are always *set agoing* by men of *rank*, character, and property, for private personal motives, but with some plausible public pretence, in which—for the sake of conciliation, and in the hope of *stopping there*—the *good sense of the nation* is reluctantly induced to acquiesce; but the good sense of the nation can seldom be available afterwards—the velocity of the movement accelerates—*καλινδετο ΛΑΟΣ ἀναιδής*—the headlong mass rolls on—in the whirl all senses are confounded. The original authors of the revolution are overtaken, overthrown, trampled to death by their followers, as *these* are, in turn, by another and more furious rout: then, when the crowd becomes weak and weary with exhaustion and suffering, comes one strong man who restores order by despotic power, under which the nation reposes till it has gathered sufficient sense and strength to return to something like the ancient system from which it had originally departed. This is the summary of all the revolutions the world has yet suffered; and *this*—if the *good sense* of the nation continues to be rendered powerless by the insanity of *party*—*this* will, undoubtedly, be the course and the result of that in which the British empire is now involved.

It may be said that America herself is an exception to this general rule; but it is not so. America achieved her independence, it is true, by repudiating a distant metropolis, an unknown aristocracy, and an unseen sovereign—but she underwent no revolution—the stations of men, the rights of property, the territorial divisions, the force and form of the law suffered little change. The *name* of the sovereign power was altered, but *authority* was never for a moment suspended; the United States passed from a monarchy, which, from its colonial circumstances, had been a monarchy only in name, to a republic which continued to be administered by the same laws and customs, and, in a great proportion, by the same men as under the former system.

Two other important circumstances have contributed to preserve America from the excesses of democracy. The first is the vast extent of her territory, which operates in two or three ways—it affords room for the emigration and self-removal of the discontented and turbulent

turbulent—it renders difficult, if not impossible, the assembling democratic crowds in such numbers and such places as could affect the general security; and the places in which such crowds could be assembled—the great towns on the coast—are so distant and so disconnected from the vast body of the interior as not to possess the same kind of influence that the capitals of densely-peopled countries—Paris or London for instance—exercise over their provinces. The other great distinction is the *federal* nature of the supreme government, which preserves it from sudden shocks and local impulses. The several States are so distinct in position, and so diversified in interests, that they serve to balance and control each other, and cannot, within any reasonable probability, be ever universally and simultaneously affected by any one popular paroxysm. If Virginia or Carolina should go mad, New England and the Jerseys are in their senses, and the extravagances of Kentucky or Ohio are counterbalanced by the good sense of Massachusetts and Delaware. The assemblage in the supreme legislature of so many constitutional powers, each with different interests, views and principles, exhibits in practice something of the same system of combination and check which existed in the British House of Commons, while, under its old constitution—it contained not exclusively (or nearly so) the delegates of popular bodies, but, in fair proportion, the virtual representatives likewise of the crown, of the peerage, of the church, of education, of agriculture, of commerce, and of the colonies; and, in short, to use an anatomical illustration, all the different members and all the antagonist muscles which, blended in one body and influenced by one soul, gave activity, unity, health, vigour, and life to the complicated but harmonious system.

The day will no doubt arrive when the increasing density of population and the diverging interests of the different States must destroy this equilibrium;—what may then happen it would be at present idle to speculate: we have, we think, said enough to show, that the American republic affords no real example, or rational encouragement, for attempting a democratic government in such a country as England. Yet we have a melancholy conviction that the attempt will be made,—that it is actually in progress. The tendency of the Reform Bill, by excluding the influence of the Crown and the Peerage from that assembly where the main business of the nation is done, is, we have from the onset feared, to reduce those two estates to little other share even in the *theory* of the government, than the naked exercise of a VETO,—a perilous privilege, which, in fact, the Crown can never, nor the Peers on any really important occasion, exert. The pretence of three independent estates is becoming, if it has not already become,

come, a mere illusion, under which the House of Commons may exercise, *with less odium*, the real government, and which must vanish—with or without an explosion—on the very first conflict in which the two houses shall be really in earnest.

Towards the close of the second year of the *Reform Era*, the ministry which had conferred that great, popular, and salutary boon on a grateful and satisfied empire, found itself—without any diminution of the royal favour—without any shocks from parliamentary opposition—without any embarrassment from foreign politics—without any one external cause of any kind—that ministry, we say, was already, within two years, scattered to the winds. Lord Durham and Sir James Graham—the two most efficient members (as we are told) of the sub-committee of the cabinet which framed the Bill—had gone off on *opposite tacks*:—Lord Stanley, its most able defender (though, we believe, he had no great share, and perhaps no share at all in its actual composition) was gone:—Lord Ripon and the Duke of Richmond were gone. And *he himself*—Lord Grey—the patriarch of reform, was also extruded from his own cabinet—not like the patriarch Simeon with a grateful *nunc dimittis*, but (as the world thought) insulted, cheated, and betrayed! But this was not the real cause of his fall—the truth is now, at last, avowed—he was expelled, not by the spontaneous treachery of his colleagues, but by the influence of the democracy. Hear what the organ of the Roman Catholic and Democratical party in Ireland now avows about Lord Grey:—

‘Let the truth be spoken out at once—Lord Grey is hated in Ireland. His very name is abhorred by the coerced people of this country, whom he ruled with a rod of iron—and in forging new chains for whom he broke up his cabinet. No, no; we have had enough of the tyrant in friend’s garb; and if oppression is still to be our lot, let us, in resistance—for, in that case, resist we will—have at least an open foe to encounter. What! submit again to *Draco’s* rule?—[poor Lord Grey, *Draco*?]—never! Rather let every man, woman, and child in Ireland perish! Why did Lord Grey resign? Was it not because he found that some of his colleagues, and the majority of the House of Commons, were determined to clip the iron fangs of his tiger proposition? Did he not fling up office because he could not obtain the consent of the representatives of the people to the hell-born clauses of his atrocious Coercion Act? Let Lord Grey come into office once more, and the union which now exists between the several sections of the liberal party will be dissolved, and to harmony will instantly succeed discord dire. If we could tender a word of friendly advice to Lord Grey’s advocates and admirers, either here or in England, we would tell them to leave the Noble Earl in his old age to the peace of domestic retirement, and not to force upon the public the consideration of his ministerial conduct, under circumstances that do not bear a strict

a strict analysis or a close observation. They are injudicious and indiscreet friends who thrust before the public gaze a character

with tatters bark'd about,

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,"

—*Freeman's Journal*, 8th April.

It is one of the worst features in the aspect of the times, that Lord Grey's colleagues chose rather to submit to the opprobrium and personal dishonour of having cheated and betrayed their friend and leader, than confess the true cause of his expulsion—which had in it really nothing personally dishonourable for them—the influence of the Popish democrats of Ireland! It proves that political cowardice is a stronger principle than personal honour. Well; after this combination of intimidation and treachery—this, as M. de Pradt so well calls a similar proceeding, *ruse doublée de force*—fraud lined with violence—the majority of the Reform Cabinet—the absolute majority in numbers, and the incalculable majority in talents and personal consideration, of the Reform Cabinet, was gone. The spirit, the essence, was evaporated, and the *caput mortuum* alone remained. To the Duke of Wellington's celebrated and ever-to-be-remembered question, of 'how, after the Reform Bill, the King's government is to be carried on,' the answer is not to be expected from Lord Grey, nor Lord Stanley, nor Lord Ripon, nor Sir James Graham!

The vacancies thus created were filled, as was natural, by the power which had made them—the democracy. The King, though he had, like many others, been deluded as to the objects and effects of the Reform Bill, was by no means prepared for an entire subversion, and would not have submitted to accept the *extreme* men of the democracy; he was, therefore presented, *en attendant*, with a new set of ministers, whose rank and connexions afforded an illusory promise to the monarchy, while their known principles and actions were a more substantial pledge to the democracy. But in revolutions half measures never succeed, and Lord Melbourne's cabinet, founded on the false principle expressed by the popular proverb of 'running with the hare and holding with the hounds,' sunk at once into as much odium as was consistent with great contempt;—or, to speak more truly, it was hated by one party in the nation—and despised by all the rest.

Mr. O'Connell—whose talents and *following* have raised him to a political station in the empire which will justify our special mention of him—Mr. O'Connell amused his autumnal leisure, and astonished the idle and bewildered public, with a series of Catalinarian epistles against his late—his recent friend—Lord Duncannon, then newly appointed to preside over the Home Department. His Lordship was *on the wheel*—and the torture was proceeding, with all the

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the desultory cruelty of that mode of execution, in the gradual mutilation of the victim. In one letter a leg was broken—in the next another—in a third the left arm, and in the fourth his right—but fortunately, or unfortunately for the sufferer, 'the *coup de grace*' was suspended by the dissolution of the Melbourne government—and the unhappy patient has so far recovered as to have been lately seen *leaning* on the quondam executioner, and by the kind assistance of that *friendly arm*, tottering down to reassume his *uneasy* chair at Whitehall.

We most anxiously solicit the memory of our readers to recall and preserve the circumstances of this extraordinary transaction—the *public* quarrel and *sub silentio* reconciliation of the Melbourne cabinet and Mr. O'Connell, is a most portentous example of the spirit of the Whig and Radical parties. Hear Mr. O'Connell's opinion, six months since, of these statesmen, with whom he has now coalesced.

Of Lord Melbourne Mr. O'Connell thus speaks in one of his vigorous, and, for his object, just and well-reasoned letters to Lord Duncannon—

'In plain truth, my Lord, it is quite manifest that Lord Melbourne is *utterly incompetent* for the high office he holds. It is lamentable to think that the destinies of Ireland should depend in any degree upon *such a person*.'

Of Lord Grey and Lord John Russell he says—

'Of what value is it to Ireland, that Lord Grey should have retired, if he has left to his successors the same proud and *malignant hatred* he appeared to entertain towards the Irish nation? Are the representatives of that sentiment predominant in the Cabinet? *I know that Lord John Russell cherishes feelings of a different description*.'

Of Lord Lansdowne—

SIMILAR

'Lord Lansdowne, too, is *hostile* to Ireland, with a *hatred* the more active and persevering, because he is bound by every obligation to entertain diametrically opposite sentiments.'

Again—

'The *dotage* of Wellesley is allowed to doze in Vice-regal dignity—and to him, forsooth, is intrusted the chief government of such a country as Ireland—the *drivelling* of Littleton, a man of *too much cunning to possess intellect*, and too varying to possess political principle.'

Of Lord Brougham (then on his northern progress) Mr. O'Connell says—

'If we look to England, we see the Chancellor *twaddling* in the most childish Toryism, courting with a *discreditable* servility the defeated remnants of that faction, and pledging his Ministry to do nothing in the ensuing season.'

And,

And, finally, of Lord Duncannon himself, and the whole Whig Government, Mr. O'Connell says—

‘We abided, in respectful hope and expectation, your time to *begin* to act with *common sense* and *common honesty* towards the Irish people. Alas! alas! with what *drivelling fatuity*, with what *disgraceful folly*, have you *deluded* and *deceived* us!’

Yet with these *utterly incompetent, malignant, hostile, doting, drivelling, twaddling, discreditable, false, and fatuous* FOOLS Mr. O'Connell has coalesced; and by that coalition has in all likelihood, before these pages are published, the choice of a ministry been dictated to the Sovereign.

The facts are before every man's eyes, and the results and consequences are within reach of every man's understanding. In the whirl and din of the battle such incidents may not be sufficiently observed—but when the history of these times comes to be matter of consideration and reflection, the alternate strife and amity, and amity and strife, and the final confederacy of the Melbournes and the O'Connells, will be an important test and exemplification of the views and principles of the Irish democrats and the English whigs.

We hope that in applying the term *democrats* to a great, and we regret to say, powerful party, both in the House and the country, we do not use a phrase which they can consider as insulting or injurious. Mr. Ames's opponents gloried in the title; and we believe that *our* reformers do not repudiate, but, on the contrary, are forward to profess that their principles *are* democratic—we are sure that their tendency is so—and this opinion we mean succinctly to express by the use of the words *democrat* and *democracy*, but without intending anything like a personal reflection on gentlemen who, like any other class of politicians, have a perfect right to pursue the course which they conceive most consistent with the principles and interests of their party—or, as they no doubt consider it—their country. Many men, to whom no suspicion of any personal bias can attach, have been and are favourable to a democratic form of government; and there are a great many more in whom that opinion is mixed up with those motives of ambition and self-interest which are natural to the human heart. Nor can their opponents claim to be exempt from the operation of feelings of the same character—and the two great classes into which the world is divided, those who are *satisfied*—and those who are *dissatisfied*—with *things as they are*, must mutually confess that there may be a strong feeling of self-interest mixed up with their opinions and arguments. The difference we take to be this—those who would maintain the present system of affairs have, on their side, all the principles on which human
society

society has ever been, and, as we think, *must ever be constituted—law, justice, vested rights, prescription, the experience and assent of ages—fortified by the miserable and disastrous failures which have attended all democratic innovation: in short, we wish to keep our own station and property—the fruits of the industry, the wisdom, and the talents of our ancestors and ourselves, and to transmit them, as we have enjoyed them, to those who are, by the social contract under which they were born, entitled to inherit them.* Our opponents, on the contrary, assert that a more democratic government might produce more wholesome laws—a juster distribution of property—a general increase of the happiness of mankind—and they allege that the failure of all attempts hitherto made at attaining these objects by a democracy has arisen from the error of the workmen, and not from the defective principle of the machine. They, in short, would take a short cut to rank, wealth, and power, at the expense of present possessors—forgetting, however, that their success would establish a precedent, by which they, after a very short interval, would find themselves in turn the plunder and the prey of new adventurers. However this may be, we hope we have sufficiently excused ourselves for using the term *democrat*—in no personally offensive sense, but according to the genuine meaning which all Europe and America assign to the word.

We return to Lord Melbourne's ministry: which—although aided in the Public Opinion of England and the Protestant Opinion of Ireland by the opposition of Mr. O'Connell—yet had within itself the seeds of early dissolution. The King, finding that his ministry had not one cordial friend in the whole empire out of the cabinet-room, and that even in the cabinet-room there was neither unanimity nor ability, dismissed them—and called to his councils the ablest—by unanimous consent the far ablest of that assembly in which the chief business of the country must be done—a man recommended to the King—by his Majesty's own knowledge of his character—by the advice of the most illustrious and the most generous of the servants of the public—and by such unhesitating and universal approbation of the People, that the natural excitement of a great public crisis and the national impatience of the English character were, for once, satisfied to wait—through an unprecedented period of suspense—for the final resolve of the absent statesman. Sir Robert Peel came home: and, even if he thought, as we certainly did, that the call had been too early made upon him—the favour of his sovereign, and the relying confidence of the nation, obliged him to take the government. He had with him the King and the People—but as we have—from the first disastrous dawn of the Reform Bill—invariably foretold—the voice of the King and the

People have been made so subservient to the opinions of *individual constituencies*, as to be of little comparative weight in the system of which they once were *all in all*.

The reforming ministry, in the height of its power and popularity, had failed in procuring the *return* to parliament of some of its most eminent members. Sir Robert Peel could hardly have reckoned either upon the success of so many elections as the official vacancies must create, or on the general temper of a house chosen by his adversaries—and chosen with a greater profligacy of power and influence than, we believe, had ever before been exerted. He therefore conceived it necessary, as the first measure of his government, to dissolve the parliament. The result of the general election was, that notwithstanding the general confidence and approbation of the country, the democratic constituencies created by the Reform Bill were so powerful that, on the first question—the choice of a Speaker—a question in which, by the personal qualities and claims of the candidates, it is not too much to say that the ministers had already an immense advantage—they were, contrary to all precedent, public reason, and personal justice, defeated by a majority of 316 to 309. After *such* a division on *such* a question, the new ministry would have been quite justified in resigning what must then have appeared to them (as it did to us) a hopeless struggle; but the circumstances of the times required energies and devotion not to be measured by the principles or precedents of the *old* constitution. Sir Robert Peel felt that he had taken the government subject to the new conditions of political life—and he resolved to persevere in placing before the country his own measures, undeterred from bringing them to a fair trial, by incidental disappointments or affronts upon bye questions, which, however vexatious or mortifying, did not affect the real business or the vital interests of the country.

In this magnanimous course—a thousand times more painful and therefore more magnanimous than resignation—Sir Robert Peel persisted. He produced successively measures for the arrangement of the most difficult and delicate questions—questions so delicate and so difficult that the late governments had either not attempted to redeem their own pledges about them, or had made attempts so futile and unsatisfactory as to have been abandoned as abortions. A space shorter than Lord Melbourne had taken to frame his bill on spring-guns and man-traps produced a report from the Ecclesiastical Commission, in which the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of London, Lincoln, and Gloucester concurred with the Cabinet; and to which no adversary of the government, (as far as we know,) nor any friend of the church, (except as to some local details,) has raised,

even

even the shadow of objection—a report which, in its principles, is safe and satisfactory, and in practice would (with some trifling alterations) be found, we are convinced, to give security to the temporal interests and a wider efficiency to the spiritual duties of the church—a report on a most entangled and difficult subject, which, we will assert, at once silenced cavils, confounded misrepresentations, appeased scruples, and opened views of rational, effective and conciliatory improvements, far beyond any ecclesiastical proposition of modern times.

He next produced a Dissenters' Marriage Bill; and in that difficult matter—and how difficult we thought and still think it, our readers may recollect, or will see if they will turn to our opinion on the failure of Lord John Russell's attempt to legislate on that subject (*Quarterly Review*, vol. LI., p. 511.)—in that difficult matter Sir Robert Peel's proposition was received with the unanimous approbation of the organs of the Dissenters in the House of Commons, and without any objection, that we have heard, on the part of the church or churchmen.* Believing, as we before stated, that the grievance alleged by the Dissenters was in truth very little felt, and convinced as we are that the most active of their leaders *prefer* the grievance to any remedy, we shall not be surprised to find that future objections may be raised; but it is enough for our present purpose that the measure was at first received by the Dissenting body as a boon and a remedy, and acquiesced in by the Church as involving no sacrifice of her rights or principles, and that there was every appearance of a happy and conciliatory adjustment of this vexatious question.

On the infinitely more difficult and more important subject of Irish tithes, a measure was also introduced—so satisfactory on the whole (considering that there was but a choice of difficulties) that no substantial objection was or could be made to the proposition. But then came the tug of war. If this bill were permitted to pass, Ireland would have been pacified—the master grievance would have been removed, and the Protestant Church would have been rescued from instant penury and approaching annihilation. That would never do! Yet how was it to be defeated?—the bill was unexceptionable—its principle had been taken in the Whig proposition of the former year, and its details had been so judiciously managed as to remove all the objections which had impeded the former measure. A device was adopted of no great ingenuity; nay, we will say, so weak and so irrational, that it would never have been adopted by any men however foolish or however

* Some legal positions in Sir Robert Peel's introductory speech, particularly as to the state of the law of marriage prior to Lord Hardwick's act, appear to have been questioned by Dr. Lushington; but these *other* details had no bearing on the practical proposition, which, we repeat, was unanimously approved.

factions, who were not conscious that their strength lay in their numbers and not in their arguments, and that, with such a numerical majority as had been shown on the Speaker question and the Address, it was not necessary to be too curious and over nice in the reason or justice of the proposition. With the actual measure no fault could be found; but an abstract principle was advanced, or rather a future and very distant question was *anticipated*, about the distribution of a certain possible surplus, which, in certain possible contingencies, might accrue in a certain possible time: and on that, we must be allowed to call it, idle and fictitious issue, the immediate fate of the Irish Tithe Bill, the future fate of the Irish Church, and the consequent fate of Sir Robert Peel's administration were tried. With what result, the indignant and misrepresented people of England know—with what result, we tremble to think that Ireland may be taught to read in letters of fire and blood—with what result may perhaps be eventually told (*avortat Deus*) in the repeal of the Union, and the dismemberment of the empire.*

We have said that the people of England are misrepresented, and indignant at being so. And such is the fact;—but really in the case under consideration it is still worse—the people of England are not merely misrepresented; they are overborne—subdued: and in the *first* great conflict of opinions under the boasted Reform Bill—the *people of England*—they, the founders of the liberties of mankind—they who were free and great while Ireland and Scotland were yet obscure and barbarous provinces—they who in remote ages created, and through succeeding times matured and perfected, that constitution, the best result of human prudence and the most effective guarantee of national greatness and domestic happiness—that *people* has been subdued, defeated, and enthralled by the consequences of a measure which they were told was to render their power more direct, their influence more authoritative, their dignity more august. How has that fallacious and impudent promise been kept? In the question of the Speaker there were of *English* members for Sir Charles Sutton 248, against him 228; but this majority of *English* members was overthrown by a majority of 30 Scotch and Irish, who, voting for a *Scotchman* at the nod of an *Irishman*, have left *England* in the strange predicament of giving its title and supplying in a tenfold proportion its resources to a government in which it is the insulted minority. Nor was this an accident—the subsequent divisions all produced the same result—the division on the Address was of

* The magnificent speech of Sir R. Peel on the 2d April, which exhausts every branch of the subject, has been separately published in a corrected form; and constitutes a legacy worthy of the greatest statesman that has appeared in the House of Commons since the death of Mr. Pitt.

English members, for Sir Robert Peel 247, for the Opposition 219. And again, on the Irish church, or, to speak more correctly, on that branch of the Protestant Church of England located in Ireland, for Sir Robert Peel's amendment 235, for Lord John Russell's resolution 228. The majority in all these cases was composed of Scotch and Irish members, and in the latter case it is peculiarly remarkable that the majority was made by members professing the Roman Catholic religion, who, on taking their seats in the House, had sworn not to exercise any vote or power that their seats gave them to the injury of the Protestant Church. If anything were wanting to prove the inefficacy of oaths as a political guarantee in the case of Romanists, it would be this circumstance, and in this view we think it worth while to copy this oath.

'I do swear that I will defend to the utmost of my power the settlement of property within this realm as established by the laws. And I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment, as settled by law within this realm. And I do solemnly swear, that I will never exercise any privilege to which I am, or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant Government in this kingdom. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make the declaration and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever.'

We make no other comment upon it.

Lord Brougham, it seems, had never heard the witty allusion to the senatorial anarchy that followed the great victory of Pulteney over Walpole; but, with his Lordship's leave, we venture to quote it from Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's contemporaneous ode; and it never was so strikingly true as at this moment, that the governing power of the country

——— 'is like a snake,
And the tail moves the head.' *

We have already stated that Sir Robert Peel was justified—we would even say bound—not to abandon his effort for the deliverance of the king and the people from the democratic and Romish factions, as long as perseverance could afford any hope of a beneficial result, or even of the temporary palliation of delay. He bore the unprecedented loss of the usual ministerial patronage in the choice of a Speaker—he bore the unprecedented affront of an adverse Address—he bore—and nothing but the jeopardy of still higher interests and the peril of still more sacred principles, could have justified his having borne—the invasion of the King's most appropriate prerogative in the business of the London

* Williams's Works, vol. i., p. 138.

University; a question contemptible enough in regard to the joint-stock association in whose favour it was passed—but, in both its principle and details, a more serious and fatal precedent against the monarchical branch of the constitution than had ever been before so much as imagined.—The principle was this: that in its peculiar authority and under its peculiar responsibility of granting charters, the Crown may be instructed, directed by the House of Commons, which constitutionally has no more right to interfere in such a matter than in the prerogatives of favour and of mercy—and this extraordinary proceeding was rendered more monstrous by the fact, that the subject was in pendent discussion before the proper tribunal—the King's Privy Council, to whom it had been referred—by Sir Robert Peel? No;—by persons hostile or indifferent to the institution? No; but referred by the former ministry, the patrons of and shareholders in the would be University; but who, now having left the king's councils, voted to withdraw the question from the tribunal to which they themselves had carried it, and to take into the hands of the House of Commons what *they themselves* had so lately and so solemnly decided to be the exclusive prerogative of the Crown!

Upon this invasion of the constitution—enormous in principle, though contemptible in the object—Sir Robert Peel must have resigned, if previous notice had not been given that a graver and higher trial was approaching in which the safety of the Protestant Church and the integrity of the Empire would be at stake—which it was his still more imperious duty to resist, and which, if carried, would furnish a still clearer and more imperative call for his resignation. He had long dared his opponents to try their strength with him on a fair field. He had defied them to bring forward a question of *confidence*. They knew that public opinion was too strong in his favour to tolerate—even with such implicit numbers as they commanded—a censure on his conduct or his motives. Therefore,

‘With that low cunning which in some supplies,

And, *amply too*, the place of being wise.’—

they devised how they could wreck the administration by side winds and on sunken rocks—they would try the opinion of the House on the *Speaker*, but not on the *Minister*—they would censure the dissolution of the *last* parliament, but they would not put in direct question the confidence of the *present*—they would address the Crown to grant a charter to *Gower-Street*, but not to give a new tenant to *Downing-Street*—they would not boldly and fairly reject the Irish Tithe Bill, but they would render it impracticable or noxious. They played their political Chess—not with the usual acknowledged object of giving *check-mate* to the king and his ministers,

ministers, but—with that mean device, the success of which in that typical game is reckoned as *defeat*—they endeavoured to reduce it to a *stale-mate*—in which their unconquered and unconquerable adversary should be reduced to inaction by the complicated embarrassments by which he was surrounded. Not even the certainty of superior numbers, nor even the flush of victory, could induce them to deviate from this tortuous course—even their last vote was of the same torve and squinting aspect; they did not venture to propose to carry their resolution to the throne—they did not attempt to incorporate it in the Irish Tithe Bill—either of which would have been a more direct and manly course, and if successful would have produced the same result; but they moved an insulated proposition, that no bill which did not include their project for the appropriation of the imaginary surplus should receive the sanction of the House of Commons! Such tactics may be very statesmanlike—though they certainly have, at first sight, the appearance of trick and juggle;—but one thing at least they will testify to history—that the opposition feared to meet their adversary face to face—that they doubted whether their own troops could be brought to stand in open field against Sir Robert Peel wielding, with the strength of his own character, the sacred arms of the constitution.

But in all this it was not merely the dread of their powerful antagonist which affected the Coalition: they were quite as much influenced by the discordance and differences of their own host. The majority of the House of Commons was not prepared to oust Sir Robert Peel's ministry by a direct vote; Lord Howick said, in the debate on the Address, that he would not vote for the amendment if he thought the result would remove the ministry. What else he could have meant by his vote we cannot guess; but the fact is certain, that his lordship and many others were, or affected to be, unwilling to dissolve the government; and to some scruples of that sort we perhaps may attribute much of the tortuous and zigzag conduct of the opposition.

The time, however, arrived when what neither personal feeling, nor political precedent, nor mere parliamentary difficulties could have produced, was dictated by a sense of public duty. The law is inoperative in Ireland—the countenance given by the late ministry to the resistance of the payment of tithes had reduced the clergy to penury,—and the call for the repayment of the million loan without affording any means for collecting the arrears rendered the passing of the Tithe Bill of the most instant and urgent necessity; but—the House of Commons having resolved not to pass that Tithe Bill without the addition of a principle which would have *virtually* spoliated the church and violated the Act of Union—the ministry—who, on the one hand, could not defer

defer the arrangement of the existing and urgent difficulties of the tithe question, and on the other could not purchase the passing of that bill by what they thought little short of robbery and treason—felt it to be their duty to resign the nominal conduct of affairs which had been substantially taken out of their hands by their antagonists.

But it was not alone the character of the individual measure that must have forced a constitutional ministry to resign. The general temper and avowed intentions of the majority of the House of Commons left no hope to the ministry of regaining the constitutional weight and influence which the *King's ministers* ought to possess in that House. It was a precedent pregnant with danger to see the royal prerogative and authority reduced to the humiliation of impotence, or worse. We have been always afraid that 'to this complexion we must come at last,' but it was not for a Conservative ministry to give countenance and assistance to the establishment of such a precedent. It was meet and right, and their bounden duty to bring the question to an issue, and not to abandon their posts as long as it might be hoped that the difficulty was transient, or the defeat was accidental, and that the authority of the king in their hands might recover its constitutional influence;—but a succession of defeats on every accidental topic, and the wholly inadequate progress—or rather, indeed, the absolute suspension—of every branch of public business, were indications not to be misunderstood, or neglected, that, in their hands at least, the royal authority could be no longer exercised.

But is this a mere change of ministry?—Is there no reason to fear that it is but another of many successive symptoms indicating the gradual transition of our monarchy to a democracy? Let us look at the broad and indisputable facts of the case. A cabinet was dissolved—not by opposition or intrigue, but—by the death of Lord Spencer, and difficulties arising out of that event between the King and his Ministers. That ministry at the moment of its dissolution represented no party in the country. It had lost Lord Grey and the old Whigs—Lord Stanley and the moderate Whigs: Mr. O'Connell and our own Radicals were in violent hostility to it: the Conservatives looked upon it with contempt: the well-informed public considering it, from its origin, as a mere temporary expedient, were perfectly indifferent about it; and the English populace hardly knew the names of the ministers, and certainly showed no interest or anxiety in their fate. There was, therefore, no constitutional principle or party offended by the dismissal of that ministry, and of course no preliminary prejudice against a change—nor was there any objection (except, as we shall see by-and-by, in the *Democratic* and *Popish* factions) to the choice that was made by the King. His first minister was confessedly the first man in the House of Commons.

mons. The domestic policy of the new Government received unanimous approbation even from its opponents—its foreign councils under the guidance of that great man, who possesses, in the highest degree, the respect of the European world, inspired universal confidence. The Cabinet was known to possess the favour of the House of Lords; and the choice of the Sovereign had been made still more marked and distinctive by the circumstance that it was a choice made not only without the knowledge but almost against the consent of the Prime Minister himself. Here, then, was a case—if ever there was—in which the constitutional prerogative of the Crown might be exercised without any disturbing force from any constitutional power. The Minister stood on the spontaneous choice of the King—the support of the House of Lords—the confidence of the property and intelligence of the country—and the acquiescence (we might say, approbation) of the country at large. Did ever a ministry come into power with so little objection to the mode of its accession, or with so large a concurrence of constitutional support? What was wanted to confirm its stability?—the DEMOCRACY—that power artfully, fraudulently created—we say created, for it never before had a sensible existence among us—by the provisions of the Reform Bill, which has transferred to one class a power that had hitherto been exercised by a combination of all ranks and classes—that selected and favoured class being one in which, from a variety of causes, hostility to the Monarchical, Ecclesiastical, and Aristocratical Institutions of the Empire happens to be concentrated, and therefore, by the superior activity and organization of the holders of such opinions, powerful far beyond even their numerical force.

By the majorities of that class in the several electoral districts—majorities amounting perhaps in the whole empire not to 20,000—the balance of the elections was turned; the choice of the Sovereign, and the support of the House of Lords—the confidence of the property and intelligence of the country—the approbation of the people at large—have been nullified; and a decided minority of the real constitutional power of the state have dismissed Sir Robert Peel, and dictated to the King, the Peers, and the Country, the resumption of a ministry which had been lately dismissed with equally just and general contempt.

We have said, 'dictated to the King, the Peers, and the Country,'—though for our argument it would have been enough to have said the 'King and the Peers,' and that the third estate had imposed its measures on the other two branches of the constitution; but we do not argue this matter on mere technical grounds, and we re-assert that the country itself—in the just acceptation of the word, for the vast majority of property, education, and intelligence,—in short, of all the legitimate elements of political power—has been,

been, in this instance, as much overborne by the coalition as the King and the Peerage.

This is a fact so notorious as to require no other evidence than the notoriety itself; indeed, it is a fact of which notoriety is the best of all evidence;—and we are ready—waving for the moment all nicer constitutional doctrines, all the theoretic balances of De Lolme and Blackstone—to put the whole question on this issue—*Had Sir Robert Peel, or had he not, the support and confidence of the BRITISH NATION?*

Amidst the effulgence of proof of the affirmative of this proposition which blazes upon every eye, there are one or two circumstances not unworthy of particular notice. The tendencies of a free press are democratical, and it requires a strong conviction in the writers themselves, and a strong sympathetic disposition in the people whom they address, to render them, in any great proportion, advocates of the prerogative of the Crown and the power of a minister. Yet what is the state of the public press at this moment? Why, a positive majority of the organs of public opinion, and an *immense preponderance of their influence*, have pronounced decidedly for Sir Robert Peel. But if we go one practical step further, and deduct, as in the present argument we ought, from the literary enemies of Sir Robert Peel those who *avow* republican principles and revolutionary hopes, then—as between Sir Robert Peel and his opponents *as minister of the Crown*—the press may be said to be almost unanimous in its preference of the late administration.

Again; public bodies and communities of people have sometimes conveyed to a minister expressions of public confidence; and such addresses—seldom very numerous, however respectable—have generally been produced or followed by strong declarations of an opposite opinion;—But when did it ever before happen that any minister, even in the plenitude of his power, much less after his fall, was honoured and rewarded with *five hundred and twenty-six** addresses, from all classes of men in all parts and parties? And when has it happened that such an outbreak of public opinion has not been met by counter-declarations and antagonist addresses?†

* This number we have reckoned up to the day (15th April) on which we write, and it looks as if another week would double the number. The addresses to the King, within the last fortnight, sent through the Home Office, and expressive of confidence in Sir R. Peel, are up to the same date *two hundred and twenty-six*; these, of course, being in addition to those presented at the levee, or by Peers at audiences.

† We see that a counter-address is announced from Edinburgh; and we have no doubt that hundreds may be procured amongst the democratic constituencies in support of the votes of their members—but the observations in the text apply to the *first and genuine ebullition of public feeling* towards the principles and conduct of an individual minister.

One of these addresses to Sir Robert Peel, the signatures to which have been published—that from Oxford—deserves particular notice, not merely from its being signed by an unparalleled combination of rank, property, learning, and every other element of respectability, but from the following, we had almost said, touching incident. We have been informed, that the day on which the nobility, clergy, and gentry of that city, university, and neighbourhood were signing their address, happened to be market-day—the farmers and country people at the market, hearing that something of the kind was going forward, proceeded spontaneously to the place where the address lay for signatures, and with the true and ancient spirit of English yeomen begged permission to add their humbler, but not less respectable, names to a list which, illustrious before for rank and talent, became still more so by the uninvited and unexpected addition of the plain good sense and good feeling of these honest and patriotic men.

With such facts before our eyes, we are far indeed from despairing of the destinies of our country, even though the helm is to be—not entrusted, but—abandoned to the indolent inconsistency of Lord Melbourne, and the flippant mediocrity of Lord John Russell—directed, rather than supported, by the discontented and deluded influences which the Reform Bill has enabled to exert, for the present, an electoral predominancy.

We hope, and indeed we sincerely believe, that neither Lord Melbourne nor Lord John Russell—nor their colleagues—nor indeed the majority of the present House of Commons—have any design of pushing the country to democratic extremities. When once gratified with the possession of place and power, we believe that the Whig Lords would gladly stop. We have the evidence of their conduct during their former administrations, that, to use a phrase of Mr. Wilberforce's, 'they wish no more public calamity or disorganization than may just serve to keep them in power;' and we should have felt no satisfaction at their former dismissal, nor should we now form a single wish against their success and stability, if we could hope that they could execute their own purposes and remain their own masters, or the servants only of the Crown—but we fear that they cannot. We, from the first proposition of the Reform Bill, foresaw its democratic tendencies; and every act, and every measure of the various Reform Ministries which we have already had, confirm those opinions. What they were not able to prevent—what they were not able to do—their changes of men—their vacillation about measures—the unnatural alliances which they made—the impotence of their resistance—the fruitlessness of their concessions—all showed, on the one hand, their desire to arrest the progress of the principle they had set in motion,

motion, and, on the other, their utter inability to do so. Those same scenes are about to be played over again—with, however, a tremendous addition to the public danger. The Whigs have already, to secure their return to power, sacrificed some great principles which a year ago they were pledged to maintain—the charter of the London University, and the Irish Church, for instance. Here have been completed, as far as depends on them, two most important encroachments: the one on the royal prerogative—the other on the inviolability of the United Church of England and Ireland, and, consequently, either on the Act of Union itself, or on the religious constitution of the empire! Having attained power by these concessions, they will be forced to maintain themselves by further sacrifices, which will occasion fresh disunion in the cabinet, new accessions of democratical influence, and increased and increasing danger to all the institutions of the country: Their ministry will not last a year—but what may be done within that year, we tremble to think.

We take this opportunity of recommending to the consideration of the new ministry, and of the new opposition, and of the people at large, the following passage from Mr. Ames's 'Appeal to Patriotism,' which describes, almost as if it had been written for us, our position, and our prospects—

'Let the lovers of the constitution cling to it while it has life in it, and even longer than there is hope. Let them be auxiliary to its virtues; let them contend for its corpse, as for the body of Patroclus; and let them reverence its memory. Let them delay, if they cannot prevent its fate. Despair not only hastens the evil, but renders any remedy unavailing. Time, that soothes all other sufferings, will bring no relief to us, if we neglect or throw away the means in our hands. What are they?—Truth and argument. They are feeble means,—feeble indeed, against prejudice and passion; yet they are all we have, and we must try them. They will be jury-masts if we are shipwrecked.

'Our assailants are weaker, and our means of defence greater, than the first patriots of France possessed; our good men, instead of running away, like the French emigrants, and giving up their estates to confiscation, must stay at home, and exert their talents and influence to save the country. Events may happen to baffle the schemes of Jacobinism; and, if the country should not be sleepy or infatuated, our adversaries will never be able to push the work of mischief to its consummation.'—pp. 178-180.

This country is not now, whatever it was three years ago, either 'sleepy or infatuated.' The intelligence and the property of this Protestant Monarchy are at length wide awake to the danger in which their all has been involved; and their just influence, direct and indirect, if strenuously and unremittingly exerted, may even

yet

yet rescue us from the worst natural results of our own miserable infatuation. England has indeed 'means of defence' far greater than France either had or deserved to have: her Church was not such as ours is—her Aristocracy was not such as ours—whether in its own resources or in its more important relations with the other classes of society;—and her Institutions had never in their hour of peril any such rallying point of hope and confidence as the great name around which the Conservative strength of England is now gathered.

Let us, be excused if we conclude by quoting what the late Mr. Canning said in this Journal six-and-twenty years ago, at a moment when the prospects of our country were as dark as foreign hostility could ever render them:—

'In any case, let us hope! It is not a blind, unreasoning confidence that we recommend; but a reflecting though courageous belief in the efficacy of those sentiments, qualities, and exertions by which, in different ages of the world, the career of successful villany has been arrested, and the liberties of nations vindicated, preserved, or restored. A sober, anxious, and apprehensive calculation of chances and probabilities,—a disposition to consider, and a desire to provide against the worst, we are not inclined either to blame or dissuade. Such is the temper of mind with which it befits us to look at events doubtful in their issue, and at the same time so formidable in their consequences. But we do dissuade, and we should be inclined to blame, that species of panic, that fear in the nature of fascination, which anticipates the issue of the contest, not from a comparison of the two contending parties, but from the dread of one of them; which, presuming failure, would refuse assistance; which not only cherishes its own terrors, and spreads them with a spirit of proselytism, but repels and resents any attempt to dissipate them, and is almost prepared to feel any result which contradicts them as a disappointment.'—*Quarterly Review*, No II. p. 255.

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